

# MERRY'S MUSEUM.

## VOLUME II.



### The Siberian Sable-Hunter.

#### CHAPTER I.

IN the northern part of Asia, there is a vast country called Siberia. It is nearly destitute of mountains, and consists of a great plain, stretching out to an immense extent, and being in many parts almost as level as the sea. In some places it is barren and bare, but in others it is covered with forests. Sometimes these are of pine, cedar, hemlock, and other evergreens, and grow so thickly as to make it difficult to pass between the trees.

Several great rivers cross this country, the chief of which are the Irtysh and Obi, the Yenisei, and the Lena. These are almost as large as our great rivers of America. They flow from south to

north, and empty themselves into a wide sea called the Arctic Ocean.

Siberia is a cold and desolate region, where the summer is short, and where winter reigns about two thirds of the year. There are few towns or cities, especially in the north, and thus large portions of the country are both uncultivated and uninhabited. There are vast tracts given up to solitude, or visited only by wolves, bears, and other savage animals, or are occasionally crossed by wandering parties of Tartars, who are the chief inhabitants of the country, and who are almost as wild as our American Indians.

This great country, which is more extensive than the whole of Europe, and about three times as large as the entire

territory of the United States, belongs to Russia. It is under the government of the emperor of that country, who, you know, reigns over a larger portion of the earth than any other ruler.

It would seem that it could be no great advantage to hold possession of such a cold and dreary land as Siberia; but yet it produces a good deal of gold, silver, and copper, and the southern portions, having a rich soil, yield vast quantities of grain. The Tartars are fond of rearing horses and cattle, and so abundant are these creatures in some places, that a horse sells for two dollars and a half, and an ox for a dollar and a quarter! Oatmeal is sold for five cents a bushel, and a man may live for ten dollars a year! But though articles seem so very cheap, it must be remembered that a man must labor for about four cents a day; so that, after all, he has to work pretty hard for a good living.

But what I have been saying relates to the southern part of Siberia, where the climate is milder and the soil rich; as you go northward, the cold increases, and vegetation diminishes. At last you come to a country where there are few people, and where, as I have said before, the whole region seems to be given up to savage animals. In the loneliness of the forests here, the wolf and bear roam at their pleasure, being the sovereigns of the country. Yet it is in these very regions that a great source of wealth is found—for here are various animals which yield fine and beautiful furs. The most celebrated and valuable are produced by a species of weasel, called the sable—one skin of which sometimes sells for a hundred and fifty dollars. Beside the sable, the black fox, whose skin sells for twenty to seventy-five dollars, martens of two or three kinds, and other animals, are found, which produce valuable furs; and it is to be considered that it is the very coldness of the coun-

try which renders the furs so excellent. Creatures living here have need of very warm shirts and jackets, and nature, like a kind mother, takes good care of her children. Considering that the animals of the north of Siberia live among regions of snow and frost, where summer comes only for a few weeks in the year, and winter holds almost perpetual sway, she gives the sable, and the marten, and the fox, and even the wolf and bear, such nice warm clothes, that kings and queens envy them, and hunters are sent two thousand miles to procure these luxuries.

Thus it is that Siberia, after all, yields a great deal of wealth, and the emperor of Russia therefore holds on to it with a greedy grasp. But it is not for its productions alone that he holds it; for the emperor has a large family—about fifty millions in Europe and Asia—and as he is a hard master, some of them are pretty often rebellious; and to punish them, he sends them to Siberia. This is a kind of prison,—though a large one,—where those are banished who have incurred the displeasure or dislike of his majesty. So numerous are these exiles, that Tobolsk, one of the largest towns, and lying in the western part of the country, is to a great extent peopled by them and their descendants. It is about some of these exiles that I am going to tell you a story.

A few years since, a Polish officer, by the name of Ludovicus Pultova, was banished to Siberia, by Nicholas, the present emperor of Russia. His offence was, that he had engaged in the struggle of 1830 to liberate Poland, his native country, from the tyranny exercised over it by its Russian masters. The Poles had hoped for aid in their efforts from other nations; but in this they were disappointed, and they were overwhelmed by the power of the emperor. Thousands of them fled to other lands to escape the fate that awaited them at



home; others were shot, or shut-up in dungeons; and others, amounting to many hundreds, were sent to Siberia.

The wife of Pultova was dead, but he had a son and daughter, the first about eighteen years of age, and the other sixteen, at the time of his banishment. It was no small part of his misery that they were not permitted to accompany him in his exile. After a year, however, they contrived to leave Warsaw, where they had lived, and, passing through many dangers and trials, they at last reached their father at Tobolsk.

This city is about as large as Salem in Massachusetts, and consists of a fort and citadel, with numerous dwellings around them, on a hill, and another portion on the low ground, bordering on the river Obi. The people, as I have said before, are chiefly exiles, or their descendants; and as it has been said that tyranny never banishes fools, so the society embraces many persons of talent and merit. Some of them, indeed, were celebrated for their genius, and numbers of them were of high rank and character. But what must a city of exiles be?—composed of people who have been separated from their native land—from their homes, their relatives—from all they held most dear; and that, too, with little hope of return or restoration to their former enjoyments? Most of them, also, are stripped of their property, and if they possessed wealth and independence before, they come here to drag out a life of poverty, perhaps of destitution.

Such was in fact the condition of Pultova. He was, in Warsaw, a merchant of great wealth and respectability. When his countrymen rose in their resistance, he received a military commission, and distinguished himself alike by his wisdom and bravery. In the fierce battles that raged around the walls of the city before its fall, he seemed almost too reck-

less of life, and in several instances hewed his way, at the head of his followers, into the very bosom of the Russian camp. He became an object of admiration to his countrymen, and of equal hatred to the Russians. When Warsaw fell, his punishment was proportioned to the magnitude of his offence. He was entirely stripped of his estates, and perpetual banishment was his sentence.

It is not easy to conceive of a situation more deplorable than his, at Tobolsk. The friends that he had there, like himself, were generally oppressed with poverty. Some shunned him, for fear of drawing down the vengeance of the government; for the chief officer of the citadel was of course a spy, who kept a vigilant watch over the people and there are few persons, reduced to servitude and poverty, who do not learn to cower beneath the suspicious eye of authority. What could Pultova do? Here was no scope for his mercantile talents, even if he had the means of giving them exercise. His principles would not allow him to join the bands of men, who, driven to desperation by their hard fate, took to the highway, and plundered those whom they could master. Nor could he, like too many of his fellow-sufferers, drown his senses in drunkenness. Could he go to the mines, and in deep pits, away from the light of heaven, work for three or four cents a day, and that too in companionship with convicts and criminals of the lowest and most debased character? Could he go forth to the fields and labor for his subsistence, where the wages of a man trained to toil, were hardly sufficient for subsistence?

These were the questions which the poor exile had occasion to revolve in his mind; and after his son and daughter joined him, and the few dollars he had brought with him were nearly exhausted, it became necessary that he should de-

cide upon some course of action. Nor were these considerations those alone which occupied his mind. He had also to reflect upon the degradation of his country—the ruin of those hopes of liberty which had been indulged—the wreck of his personal fortunes—and the exchange, in his own case, of independence for poverty.

It requires a stout heart to bear up against such misfortunes, and at the same time to support the heavy burden which is added in that bitter sense of wrong and injustice, which comes again and again, under such circumstances, to ask for revenge or retribution. But Pultova was not only a man of energy in the field—he was something better—a man of that moral courage which enabled him to contend against weakness of heart in the hour of trouble. I shall best make you understand his feelings and character by telling you how he spoke to his children, a few weeks after their arrival.

"My dear Alexis," said he, "you complain for want of books, that you may pursue your studies and occupy your mind: how can we get books in Siberia, and that without money? You are uneasy for want of something to do—some amusement or occupation;—think, my boy, how many of our countrymen are at this very hour in dungeons, their limbs restrained by chains, and not only denied books and amusement, but friends, the pure air, nay the very light of heaven! Think how many a noble Polish heart is now beating and fluttering, like a caged eagle, against the gratings that confine it—how many a hero, who seemed destined to fill the world with his glorious deeds, is now in solitude, alone, emaciated, buried from the world's view, and lost to all existence, save that he still feels, suffers, despairs—and all this without a friend who may share his sorrow! How long and weary is a single

day to you, Alexis; think how tedious the hours to the prisoner in the prolonged night of the dungeon!"

"Dear father," said Alexis, "this is dreadful—but how can it help our condition? It only shows us that there is deeper sorrow than ours."

"Yes, Alexis; and from this contrast we may derive consolation. Whether it be rational or not, still, by contemplating these deeper sorrows of our fellow-men, and especially of our fellow-countrymen, we may alleviate our own. But let me suggest another subject for contemplation: what are we to do for food, Alexis? My money is entirely gone except five dollars, and this can last for only a few weeks."

"Why, father, I can do something, surely."

"Well, what can you do?"

"I do not know—I cannot say; I never thought of it before. Cannot you borrow some money?"

"No; and if I could I would not. No, no, Alexis, our circumstances have changed. It is the will of God. We are now poor, and we must toil for a subsistence. It is a grievous change—but it is no disgrace, at least. We are indeed worse off than the common laborer, for our muscles are not so strong as his; but we must give them strength by exercise. We have pride and long habit to contend with; but these we must conquer. It is weakness, it is folly, to yield to circumstances. If the ship leaks, we must take to the boat. Heaven may prosper our efforts, and bring us, after days of trial, to a safe harbor. But my greatest anxiety is for poor Kathinka."

"Fear not for me," said the lovely girl, rushing to her father and kneeling before him—"fear not for me!"

"Kathinka, I did not know you was in the room."

"Nor was I till this moment; but the

door was ajar, and I have heard all. Dear father—dear Alexis—fear not for me. I will be no burthen—I will aid you rather.”

“My noble child!” said the old man, as he placed his arms around the kneeling girl, and while his tears fell fast upon her brow, “you are indeed worthy of your mother, who, with all the softness of woman, had the energy of a hero. In early life, while contending with difficulties in my business, she was ever my helper and supporter. In every day of darkness, she was my guiding-star. She has indeed bequeathed her spirit to me in you, Kathinka.”

“My dear father, this is indeed most kind, and I will endeavor to make good the opinion you entertain of me. See! I have already begun my work. Do you observe this collar? I have foreseen difficulties, and I have wrought this that I may sell it and get money by it.”

“Indeed!” said Pultova, “you are a brave girl;—and who put this into your head?”

“I do not know—I thought of it myself, I believe.”

“And who do you think will buy this collar, here at Tobolsk? Who can pay money for such finery?”

“I intend to sell it to the governor’s lady. She at least has money, for, I saw her at the chapel a few days since, and she was gaily dressed. I do not doubt she will pay me for the collar.”

At these words a bright flush came to the old man’s cheek, and his eye flashed with the fire of pride. The thought in his mind was—“And can I condescend to live upon the money that comes from the wife of the governor, the officer, the tool of the emperor, my oppressor? And shall my daughter, a descendant of Poniatowsky, be a slave to these cringing minions of power?” But he spoke not the thought aloud. A better and wiser feeling came over him,

and kissing his daughter’s cheek, he went to his room, leaving his children together.

A long and serious conversation ensued between them, the result of which was a mutual determination to seek some employment, by which they could obtain the means of support for their parent and themselves. A few days after this had elapsed, when Alexis came home with an animated countenance, and finding his sister, told her of a scheme he had formed for himself, which was to join a party of fur hunters, who were about to set out for the northeastern regions of Siberia. Kathinka listened attentively, and, after some reflection, replied—“Alexis, I approve of your scheme. If our father assents to it, you must certainly go.”

“It seems to me that you are very ready to part with me!” said Alexis, a little poutingly.

“Nay, nay,” said the girl; “don’t be playing the boy, for it is time that you were a man. Think not, dear Alexis, that I shall not miss you; think not that I shall feel no anxiety for my only brother, my only companion, and, save our good parent, the only friend I have in Siberia.”

Alexis smiled, though the tear was in his eye. He said nothing, but, clasping Kathinka’s hand tenderly, he went to consult with his father. It is sufficient to say, that at last his consent was obtained, and in a few days the young hunter, by the active efforts of his sister, was equipped for the expedition. The evening before he was to set out, he had a long interview with Kathinka, who encouraged him to procure the finest sable skins, saying that she had a scheme of her own for disposing of them to advantage.

“And what is that precious scheme of yours?” said Alexis.

“I do not like to tell you, for you will say it is all a girl’s romance.”

"But you must tell me."

"Indeed—I must? Well, if I *must* I will. Do you remember the princess Lodoiska, that was for some time in concealment at our house during the siege of Warsaw?"

"Yes; I remember her well. But why was she there? and what became of her? And did father know that she was there? or was it only you and mother and me that saw her?"

"Too many questions at once, Lex! I will tell you all I know. The princess was accidentally captured by father's troop in one of its excursions to a neighboring village. She had fled from Warsaw a few days before, when the insurrection first broke out, and she had not yet found the means of going to St. Petersburg. Father must have known who she was, though he affected not to know. He kept the secret to himself and his family, fearing, perhaps, that some harm would come to the lady if she were discovered. It was while she was at our house that our blessed mother died. Father, you know, was at that time engaged with the Russians, without the walls. The princess and myself only were at mother's bedside when she breathed her last. Her mind was bright and calm. Indeed, it seemed to me that there was something of prophecy in her spirit then. A look so beautiful I never saw. 'Sweet lady,' said she, taking the hand of the princess, 'I see how this dreadful strife will end. Poor Poland is destined to fall—and many a noble heart must fall with her. I know not that my gallant husband may survive; but if he do, he will be an exile and an outcast. For him, I have few fears, for I know that he has a spirit that cannot be crushed or broken. In Siberia, he will still be Pultova. But, princess, forgive if a mother's heart, in the shadow of death, sinks at the idea of leaving children, and espe-

cially this dear girl, in such circumstances. What will become of Kathinka, if my fears prove prophetic?"

"The lady wept, but answered not for some time. At last she said, looking into mother's face, which seemed like that of an angel—'I feel your appeal, dear lady, and I will answer it. Your husband has indeed put my life in peril, by bringing me here; but he did it in the discharge of duty, and in ignorance of my name and character. He has at least given me safety, and I owe him thanks. I owe you, also, a debt of gratitude, and it shall be repaid to your child. You know my power with the emperor is small, for I have been a friend to Poland, and this has almost brought me into disgrace at court. But fear not. If Kathinka should ever need a friend, let her apply to Lodoiska.'

"Such were the exact words of the princess. Our mother soon after died, and in a few days I contrived the lady's escape,—which was happily effected. Father never spoke to me on the subject. He must have known it, and approved of it, but perhaps he wished not to take an active part in the matter."

"This is very interesting," said Alexis; "but what has it to do with the sable skins?"

"A great deal—they must go to the princess, and she must make a market for them at court."

"And who is to take them to her?"

"You—you perhaps—or perhaps I."

"You? This is indeed a girl's romance. However, there can be no harm in getting sable skins, for they bring the best price." After much further conversation between the brother and sister, they parted for the night; and the next day, with a father's blessing and a sister's tenderest farewell, the young hunter set out on his long and arduous adventures.

(To be continued.)





### The Wolf that pretended to be robbed.

A WOLF once made complaint that he had been robbed, and charged the theft upon his neighbor the fox. The case came on for trial before a monkey, who was justice of the peace among the quadrupeds in those parts. The parties did not employ lawyers, but chose to plead their cause themselves. When they had been fully heard, the judge, assuming the air of a magistrate, delivered his sentence as follows:—

“My worthy friends and neighbors,—I have heard your case, and examined it attentively; and my judgment is, that you both be made to pay a fine; for you are both of bad character, and if you do not deserve to be punished now, it is very likely you will deserve to be so very soon. That I have good grounds

for this decree, is sufficiently evident by the fact, that Mr. Wolf's jaws are even now stained with blood, and I can see a dead chicken sticking out of Sir Fox's pocket, notwithstanding the air of injured innocence which he wears. And beside, one who gets an evil reputation can think it no hardship if he is occasionally made to suffer for a crime he did not commit.”

This fable teaches us to beware of an evil reputation; for it may cause us to be punished for the misdemeanors of others. Thus, if a person gets the character of a liar, he will not be believed when he tells the truth; and where a theft is known, it is of course laid to some one who has been caught in stealing before.

## Beware of Impatience.

THERE'S many a pleasure in life which we might possess, were it not for our impatience. Young people, especially, miss a great deal of happiness, because they cannot wait till the proper time.

A man once gave a fine pear to his little boy, saying to him, "The pear is green now, my boy, but lay it by for a week, and it will then be ripe, and very delicious."

"But," said the child, "I want to eat it now, father."

"I tell you it is not ripe yet," said the father. "It will not taste good, and, beside, it will make you sick."

"No it won't, father, I know it won't, it looks so good. Do let me eat it!"

After a little more teasing, the father consented, and the child eat the pear. The consequence was, that, the next day, he was taken sick, and came very near dying. Now all this happened because the child was impatient. He couldn't wait, and, accordingly, the pear, that might have been very pleasant and harmless, was the occasion of severe illness. Thus it is that impatience, in a thousand instances, leads children, and pretty old ones too, to convert sources of happiness into actual mischief and misery.

There were some boys once who lived near a pond; and when winter came, they were very anxious to have it freeze over, so that they could slide and skate upon the ice. At last, there came a very cold night, and in the morning the boys went to the pond, to see if the ice would bear them. Their father came by at the moment, and seeing that it was hardly thick enough, told the boys that it was not safe yet, and advised them to wait another day before they ventured upon it.

But the boys were in a great hurry to enjoy the pleasure of sliding and skat-

ing. So they walked out upon the ice; but pretty soon it went crack—crack—crack! and down they were all plunged into the water! It was not very deep, so they got out, though they were very wet, and came near drowning; and all because they could not wait.

Now these things, though they may seem to be trifles, are full of instruction. They teach us to beware of impatience, to wait till the fruit is ripe; they teach us that the cup of pleasure, seized before the proper time, is turned into poison. They show us the importance of patience.

## Travels, Adventures, and Experiences of Thomas Trotter.

### CHAPTER VI.

*Journey to Mount Ætna.—Mule travelling.—Neglected state of the country.—Melilla, the town of honey.—Narrow escape of the author.—Prospect of Ætna.—A Sicilian village and country-house described.—Comparison of Sicily with New England.*

I LEFT Syracuse in the morning, to pursue my journey toward Mount Ætna. There was no road for wheel-carriages, although the distance to the mountain is but about thirty miles, and the city of Catania, which is as large as Boston, stands directly at the foot of the mountain. If this island was inhabited by Americans, they would build a railroad between the two cities in a year's time; and hundreds of people would be travelling upon it every day. But the Sicilians are so lazy, and so negligent of improving their country, that there is only a mule-path through the wood and along the sea-shore for the whole distance. I found a company of muleteers ready to set out for Catania, with about twenty mules laden with goods, and I

hired one of their beasts for a couple of dollars. The mules travelled slowly, going at a very small trot or quick walk: they were stout, strong-backed creatures, and carried heavy loads on their backs. The path was rough and wild, full of ups and downs, and strewn with rocks; but the mules were very sure-footed, and trotted along, jumping like cats from rock to rock, and clambering up and down rough places as if they had hooks to their toes. I had heard before that a mule never slips nor stumbles, but I was astonished to see what rough and craggy spots they would get over without the least difficulty. A horse would have broken his neck and all his legs in attempting to go a quarter of a mile on such a road as we travelled.

We went along in a string, Indian file, as the phrase is. The head mules had bells on their saddles, which made a perpetual tinkling. These bells were very useful in many parts of the journey: sometimes the rear mules lagged behind, stretching out the train to a great length. When the course lay among woods, rocks, and bushes, the track was hardly discernible, and those in the rear would have strayed from the leaders but for the sound of the bells. It was the 27th of February, yet the weather was as mild as the latter part of May, in New England. The almond-trees were covered with blossoms, and the fig-trees were beginning to bud. An almond-tree is about the size of a peach-tree, and when in bloom, looks almost exactly like it. Fig-trees are of all sizes, up to that of a large apple-tree.

It is melancholy to see this fine country so neglected and deserted. We hardly saw a human being upon the road, or houses anywhere; for miles beyond Syracuse, the ground was strewn with ruins, all overgrown with grass, weeds, and prickly pears. Here and

there we saw a vineyard, but this was not the season for grapes; the vines were bare, and propped up with canepoles. A few olive-trees were scattered about: these trees are about the size of a willow, and their leaves are green all the year round. The olives were now nearly full-grown. About ten o'clock in the forenoon, we saw a little town called Melilla on the side of a mountain, about six miles off, but we passed by without entering it; and met with no inhabitants, except a peasant riding on an ass. Melilla produces the finest honey in the world, and this gave the town its name. All along the road in this neighborhood, we saw great abundance of wild thyme and other fragrant flowers, which furnish the busy bees with rich materials for their labors. In a wild part of the road further onward, we met a company of half a dozen men with guns advancing toward us. I asked the muleteers if they were not robbers, and was told that they were *gens d'armes*, whose business it was to guard the road from robbers. Travelling in Sicily was formerly very dangerous, but it is less so at present.

By-and-by we came to a very rocky place, where I saw a deep gully passing right across the road. I was about to dismount and lead my mule over it, not imagining he would think of passing it with a rider on his back,—when he gave a sudden leap and bounded over the chasm in an instant, alighting on his fore feet with such a shock that he pitched me completely over his head. Luckily one of my feet caught in the stirrup, and this hindered me from being thrown straight forward and dashed head first upon the rock, which would have killed me in an instant. But the catching of the stirrup gave me a whirl to the left, so that I fell against the low branches of a wild fig-tree, and escaped with only a slight bruise. The men

behind jumped off their beasts and ran to pick me up, judging me to be dead, or my limbs broken at least; but I was on my feet before they had time to help me. On learning the cause of the accident, they advised me, in future, always to keep my seat, however difficult the road might appear, for they assured me a mule knew much more than a man about these matters. I ran after my beast, which, I found, had not gone far; he was standing stock-still, waiting for me, and doubtless understanding the whole affair perfectly well. I could not help thinking that he gave a roguish twinkle of the eye as I got on his back again; but this might be fancy.

We continued our course through this wild region for an hour or two longer, when we came to a pretty high ridge of hills. We clambered slowly up the ascent, and on reaching the top, a most magnificent view burst upon my sight. A wide bay stretched out its blue waters before us, beyond which rose, sublimely, the huge bulk of Mount *Ætna*, its towering summit clad in a sheet of snow, which glistened like silver in the bright sun. At the foot of the mountain I could just discern a cluster of white spots at the edge of the shore, which they informed me was the city of Catania. It was about twenty miles distant. The lower part of *Ætna* was almost black, but I could see no smoke rising from the crater; it was too far off for this, the distance being nearly fifty miles. Further off, over the sea, we saw the mountains of Calabria, capped with snow, and half hidden by the clouds.

As we descended the hills and approached the sea-shore, the road grew worse and worse. We climbed over broken rocks, gullies, and the beds of mountain torrents, and through wild thickets of bushes, where we could hardly squeeze our way. After a while,

we came to a field where laborers were ploughing: this was the first instance of agricultural labor I had yet seen on the journey. The oxen were fine stout animals, with immensely long horns; the plough was of wood, and the clumsiest machine of the kind I ever saw. The rough, rocky chain of hills now sloped away into a fine champaign country, where the soil appeared very rich. As we proceeded, the color of Mount *Ætna* gradually changed; its black sides were now spotted with dark red patches, which proved to be small mountains that had burst out of the great one, in fiery eruptions. Presently, we could distinguish the smoke proceeding from the crater at the top; it streamed off like a white cloud horizontally, but with so slow a movement that it gave me some idea of its immense distance. It was one of the grandest sights I ever beheld.

About one o'clock the road wound through a thick wood of olive-trees, upon an eminence. Going down this steep descent, we found at the foot a little hamlet, consisting of four or five houses and an oil-mill. We stopped here to rest our mules, and I strolled round the place. The mill was a tall, square tower of stone; great numbers of oil-jars lay scattered about upon the ground: the sight of them made me think of the Forty Thieves. In one part of the mill, I found a large quantity of oranges packed in boxes for shipping; very probably they found their way to Boston in the course of the spring. The houses were rude stone edifices, of one story. I went into one of them for curiosity: the door stood wide open. In the kitchen, I found a great clumsy fireplace like a blacksmith's forge, and two or three awkward wooden stools, but nothing like a table, except a sort of dresser, on which stood an earthen dish or two, and a few cups. Heaps of straw



were lying about, and a few trumpery things, all at sixes and sevens. Pigeons were roosting overhead and flying about the room. It was the oddest looking kitchen I was ever in. Another room had a bed and a chair; and these were all the articles of furniture which the house contained.—Such is the description of an ordinary country-house in this part of the world. Could one of these Sicilian peasants be put in possession of the house of a New England farmer, and behold his chairs and tables, his silver spoons and crockery, his desks and bureaus, and other comfortable and ornamental furniture, he would think himself a rich man. But the Sicilian, although he dwells upon a soil three times as fertile as that of New England, and which is never encumbered with ice or snow, remains poor amidst all the bountiful gifts of nature. A mild climate makes him indolent, and he uses just strength enough to scratch the ground and throw the seed into it; the fertility of the soil does all the rest; and the most of his time is spent in doing nothing, or in unproductive amusement.

Two or three cows stood chewing their cud by the road; half a dozen ragged peasants lay on the ground, lazily basking in the sun, and two or three others were watching their donkeys, who were drinking out of a stone trough. A few half naked children were playing about the house; and everything presented a picture of shiftless poverty and indolent neglect. It struck me as very remarkable, that Providence should so impartially balance the good and evil distributed throughout this world. To one people are given a delicious climate, fertile soil, and the richest productions of nature; while they are denied the gifts of industry, enterprise, and perseverance, which are equally productive sources of wealth. To another people are given an un-

friendly climate and hard soil; but these very things force them to labor and exert their faculties, causing in the end industrious and persevering habits, ingenuity and skill, which are more valuable than mines of gold. It is only by travelling and seeing other countries, that we can learn to be contented with our own.

#### CHAPTER VII.

*Perilous adventure in crossing a river.—A Sicilian ferry-boat.—Enormous size of Etna.—Inhabitants of the mountain.—Another accident with the mules.—Arrival at Catania.*

HAVING rested our mules and munch-ed a bit of dinner, we set out again, meaning to arrive at Catania before night. We passed by some beautiful green fields and groves of olives, but a short time afterward the track led us toward the sea, and we came to a bare, sandy plain. Here was a river in our way, with a wretched straw hut on the bank, inhabited by a man who kept a ferry-boat. We dismounted and crossed in the boat, but the mules were led up the stream to go over a ford at some distance. After passing this stream, we found the country wilder than ever: it consisted of sand-hills, overgrown here and there with low bushes and coarse grass, like the land at Cape Cod. Presently we came to another river, where there was no boat, nor house, nor human being, to be seen. One of the muleteers approached the stream with a long pole, to sound the depth of the water. It was not very deep, but the bottom was a quicksand, and the sounding-pole sunk into it till he found there was no firm bottom. He went up and down the bank, trying other places, but could not find a spot that was passable.

We were now in a great perplexity. I could not imagine any possible means

of getting across; the muleteers held a noisy talk together about what was to be done, and at last led the way along the bank down stream. I asked where we were going, and was told that at the mouth of the river was a sand-bar, firm enough to allow us to cross upon it. In about a quarter of an hour, we came to the sea-shore. There was a smooth, sandy beach all along the coast, and the tide ran out of the river with a pretty rapid current. The bar was several feet under water, and the heaving of the sea, with the rapidity of the tide, made a great surf. I thought it a very dangerous thing to ride out into the ocean through the surf of a sand-bar, for the purpose of crossing a river, but there was no other way, and we pushed on. The head mule was frightened as he entered the sea, and seemed unwilling to proceed. One of the muleteers dismounted, and led him by the bridle into the surf, wading up to his middle in the water. By a good deal of coaxing and pulling, he made him advance. The mules are so accustomed to follow one another in a string, that the head one is sure to lead all the rest wherever he goes, so the whole file of them plunged in after him. When I had got a considerable distance out on the bar, my animal became frightened at the waves that were tumbling about his legs, and he sidled off into deep water. I expected hardly anything less than to be drowned, for, on finding the water rising up to his back, he grew so bewildered that he was unable to tell which way he was going, and would have carried me directly out to sea if I had not pulled in the reins with all my might, and brought him to a full stop. After allowing him to recover his breath a little, I drew his head round in the proper direction, and forced him onward; by repeated trials, I regained a shallower spot, where he grew more quiet, and finally got to

land. All the others crossed the bar in safety.

The country after we passed the river was sandy and wild, abounding in marshes and lagoons, where we saw a great many wild ducks. Late in the afternoon we came to another stream, much broader and deeper than any of the others. There was a large ferry-boat like a mud-scow, which carried us over, mules and all. The animals made a terrible uproar on board, kicking, pushing and biting each other at a furious rate. The boat had neither oars nor sail, but was moved by a rope stretched across the stream from shore to shore. The banks of the river were soft and clayey, and there was a clumsy sort of wharf for a landing-place, made of sticks and bushes tied together.

This river was anciently named Syncæthus; at present it is called Giarretta. It is remarkable for containing amber, which is carried down to the sea in its waters, and afterwards thrown up on the beach by the waves, for many miles along the coast. A great many persons are constantly searching along the beach for this precious material. After my arrival at Catania, I saw a fisherman who had just picked up four or five highly valuable lumps. They were of a beautiful yellow color, and of the most transparent clearness I ever saw. It is well known that this article is made into beads and other ornamental work, but the nature of its origin has never been satisfactorily shown. From the masses being often found in the shape of tears or globules, like bulbs of turpentine or gum, it was formerly supposed to be some hardened vegetable matter; but no tree has ever been discovered exuding amber. Sometimes insects are imbedded in the lumps, and this has led many persons to imagine that the insects manufacture it, as the bees make wax. It is remarkable that

it is never found originally on land, and nowhere except on the sea-beach. This part of the Sicilian coast, and the Prussian shore of the Baltic, produce the most of it. It is also found on the shores of the Adriatic and the coast of Maryland.

It was some time before we got ready to start from the ferry after crossing. The mules had become so antic from their squabble in the boat, that they continued to bite and kick and jostle one another, squealing and *whirring* most terribly. Several of them threw off their loads in the hurly-burly, and we were forced to bang them lustily with sticks before they would be quiet. At last we mounted and set off again, and I was glad to hear that there were no more rivers to cross on the way to Catania. A little boy, who sat on one of the mules between two great packs, kept singing all the way. Some of the flat marshy spots were all overgrown with canes, such as we use for fishing rods: they were fifteen or twenty feet high. The country people make use of them to prop their vines, as we set up poles for beans. I saw many laborers in the vineyards along the road, setting the vine-props; these are taken down when the grapes are gathered, and the tops of the vine-stalks are cut and dried for fuel. During the winter, the vine looks like a dead and worthless stump, but it sprouts anew in the spring, and by mid-summer shoots up to the top of the pole.

Every step of our journey brought us nearer to the great volcano, which more and more excited my wonder as I approached it. I could now plainly distinguish the numerous hills which stud its whole lower surface like warts. Many villages appeared scattered about in various parts of the mountain. I never before had any idea of its enor-

mous magnitude. There are thousands of people who live at a great height upon this mountain, and have never been off it during their lives. Yet it is always smoking at the summit, and often bursts out in fiery eruptions, that lay waste whole towns and destroy many of the inhabitants.

Long after the sun had set to us, I continued to see the snowy top of *Ætna* brightened with his declining rays. As it grew dark, our road led us down to the sea-shore again, and we travelled many miles along the sandy beach. The mules were sadly tired with their long journey; every five minutes one of them fell from utter weariness and inability to sustain his load. The muleteers set them on their legs again, gave them a sound beating, and drove them onward. In the dark, I rode against the mule who was trotting before me: the beast, either being more vicious than the others, or rendered cross by fatigue, gave a kick, which was intended for my animal, but missed him, and struck me on the left leg. The pain of the blow was so great that I fell instantly from the saddle upon the ground, and should have been left there in the dark, if I had not bawled out loudly. The whole train was stopped when the accident was known. My first belief was that my leg was broken; upon feeling the bone, however, no fracture could be perceived; and, after a good deal of chafing, the pain somewhat abated, and I was helped again into the saddle. I jogged on slowly, keeping a sharp look-out for fear of another accident, having had adventures enough to satisfy me for one day. This affair delayed our progress so that we did not reach Catania till late in the evening, when it was much too dark to see anything of the city. I must therefore reserve my description of the place for the next chapter.



*Balboa discovering the Pacific.*

## Sketches of the Manners, Customs, and History of the Indians of America.

### CHAPTER IV.

*Discovery of the Pacific Ocean.—Plans of Columbus.—Avarice of the Spaniards.—Balboa.—Weighing the gold.—The young Indian's speech.—Indian mode of fighting.—Balboa ascends the mountain.—First view of the Pacific.*

COLUMBUS had first seen land in the New World on the 12th of October, 1492. Six years after he surveyed the coast of the American continent by Paria and Cumana. Territory was the grand object with the noble mind of Columbus; he wished to colonize this great country by the settling of Europeans, and thus introduce Christianity and civilization among the Red Men. But the adventurers that followed him sought gold as their only object, and employed the sword as the only means of converting the natives.

The Spaniards who first landed on the continent, saw before them a magnificent country, vast forests, mighty rivers, long ranges of mountains—a dominion wide enough for the widest ambition of conquest, or the richest enjoyment of life; but no treasure. Still their avarice was kept in a perpetual fever by the Indian stories of gold in profusion farther to

the west, and their fancy was excited by tales of a sea beyond, which they said stretched to the extremities of the globe.

The first European who set his eye on the Pacific Ocean, was Vasco Thenez De Balboa. His family was of the order of Spanish gentry. He was a man of great enterprise, personal strength, and of a daring courage. He had been disappointed in his expectations of obtaining wealth at Hayti, where he had settled, and an expedition sailing to Darien, he accompanied it. A colony was already established on the eastern side of the isthmus of Darien; but the savages in the vicinity had been found so warlike, that the settlers did not venture to explore the interior.

Indian rumors of the golden country continued to inflame the Spaniards. They heard of one king Dabaibe, who was said to be living in a city filled with treasure, and who worshipped an idol of solid gold. Balboa put himself at the head of his countrymen, and marched to conquer the rich city. But they had first to conquer the surrounding caciques, who would not permit the Spaniards to pass through their territories. At length, Balboa formed an alliance with Como-



gre, a mountain chieftain, who had three thousand warriors.

The son of Comogre brought a present to the Spanish troops of sixty slaves and four thousand pieces of gold. In distributing the gold, some difficulty occurred, as is usually the case where people are all selfish; the quarrel grew furious, and swords were drawn. The young Indian looked on, first with astonishment, then with scorn. Advancing to the scales in which they were weighing the gold, he threw them on the ground, exclaiming—"Is it for this trifle that you Spaniards quarrel? If you care for gold, go seek it where it grows. I can show you a land where you may gather it by handfuls."

This speech brought all the Spaniards around him, and he proceeded to detail his knowledge. "A cacique, very rich in gold," said he, "lives to the south, six suns off." He pointed in that direction. "There," said he, "you will find the sea. But there you will find ships as large as your own, with sails and oars. The men of these lands are so rich, that their common eating and drinking vessels are of gold." This was to the Spaniards their first knowledge of Peru.

Balboa determined to search for this rich country. He collected a hundred and ninety Spanish soldiers, a thousand friendly Indians, and some bloodhounds, and began his march into the wilderness. The Indian tribes were instantly roused. The Spaniards had scarcely reached the foot of the Sierra, when they found the warriors, headed by their caciques, drawn up in a little army.

The Indians, like the ancient Greeks, first defied the enemy, by loud reproaches and expressions of scorn. They then commenced the engagement. Torecha, their king, stood forth in the front of his people, clothed in a regal mantle, and gave the word of attack. The Indians

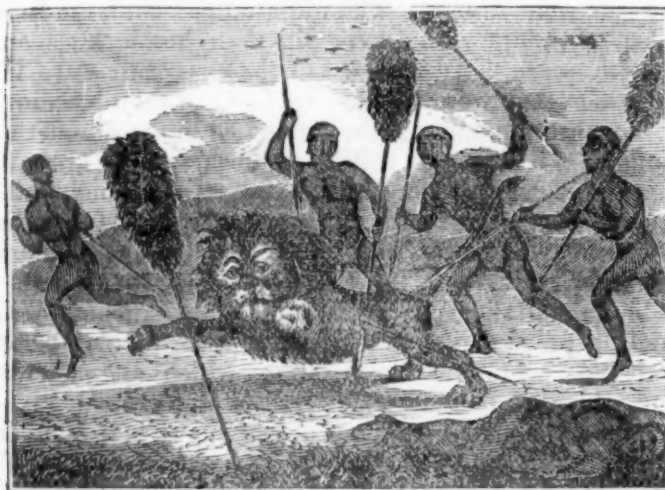
rushed on with shouts; but the Spanish crossbows and muskets were terrible weapons to their naked courage. The Indians were met by a shower of arrows and balls, which threw them into confusion. They were terrified, also, at the noise of the guns. They thought the Spaniards fought with thunder and lightning. Still, the Indians did not fly till their heroic king and six hundred of their warriors were left dead on the spot. Over their bleeding bodies, Balboa marched to the plunder of their city.

Balboa, with his army, now commenced the ascent of the mountains. It took them twenty days. After toiling through forests, and climbing mountains that seemed inaccessible, his Indian guide pointed out to him, among the misty summits of the hills that lay before him, the one from which the Pacific was visible. Balboa determined to have the glory of looking upon it first. He commanded his troops to halt at the foot of the hill. He ascended alone, with his sword drawn, and having reached the summit, cast his eyes around. The Pacific Ocean was spread out before him!

Balboa had invaded the Indian country in search of gold, and murdered the natives to obtain it: but at that time such conduct was not considered very wicked. The Indians were looked upon with horror, because they were savages, and Balboa believed himself a good Christian because he was a Catholic. He fell on his knees, and, weeping, offered his thanksgiving to Heaven, for the bounty that had suffered him to see this glorious sight. He doubtless thought God was well pleased with him.

His troops had watched his ascent of the mountain, with the eagerness of men who felt their fates bound up in his success. When they saw his gestures of delight and wonder, followed by his falling on his knees and prayer, they became incapable of all restraint. They

ashed up the hill like wild deer. But when they saw the matchless prospect around them, they, too, shared the spirit of their leader; they fell on their knees and offered up their thanksgiving to God. Yet at the same time they doubtless contemplated plundering and destroying the Indians. They had not learned to do to others as they would have others do to them.



### Lion Hunting.

Most people are more disposed to run away from lions than to run after them, unless indeed they are safely locked up in cages. But only think of going to hunt lions in the wilderness! Yet such things are done in Africa, where lions are frequently met with.

In the southern part of that country is a tribe of negroes called the Bechuana. The men of this tribe are accustomed to carry a long staff with a bunch of ostrich feathers tied at one end, which is used to shade themselves from the sun. It is in fact a kind of parasol, but whether it is designed to save their complexion, I cannot say. It seems, at any rate, that the ladies do not use it. But beside serving as a parasol, this feathered staff has another and important use. As I have said, these people sometimes go

in pursuit of the lion, and when a party of hunters meet one, they go near to him, and as he springs on one of them, the hunter quickly plants the handle of the staff in the ground and retreats. The fierce lion leaps upon the staff and rends the ostrich feathers in pieces. While he is thus engaged, the other hunters come suddenly upon him from behind, and despatch him with their daggers.

"Isn't your hat sleepy?" inquired a little urchin of a man with a shocking bad one on. "No; why?" inquired the gentleman. "Why, because it looks as if it was a long time since it had a nap."

## Merry's Life and Adventures.

### CHAPTER IX.

*Completion of my education.—Manly sports.—  
An accident.—The bed of pain.—Recovery from  
sickness.—A new companion.*

IN the last chapter I have given an account of a day in spring. I might now proceed to relate the adventures and amusements of a day in summer, then of autumn, and lastly of winter; and each of these, it would appear, had its appropriate occupations and diversions. But I am afraid that I shall weary my readers with long stories. I shall therefore proceed with matters more immediately affecting my fortunes, and tending to get to the end of a long journey.

I must go forward to the period when I was about sixteen years of age, and when I had finally taken leave of the school. I had passed through the branches taught there at the time; but these were few, as I have already stated, and I was far from having thoroughly mastered even them. I had, in fact, adopted a habit of skimming and slipping along, really learning as little as possible. Not only was I indulged by my uncle and his household, but there was a similar system of tolerance extended toward my faults and follies, even by the schoolmaster. It is true that sometimes he treated me harshly enough; but it was generally in some fit of spleen. If he was gloomy and tyrannical to the school, he was usually lenient to me. He even excused my indolence, and winked at my neglect of study and duty.

It would seem that such general favor, should cultivate in the heart of a youth only kind and generous feelings; but it was not so with me. The more I was indulged, the more passionate and headstrong I grew; and perhaps, in this, I was not unlike other young people. It seems that there are wild passions in

our very nature, which are like weeds ever tending to overgrow the whole soil. These passions need to be eradicated by constant care and correction, just as weeds must be pulled up by the roots and thrown away. Of what use is it to plant a garden, if you do not hoe it and rake it, thus keeping the weeds down, and allowing the proper plants to flourish? And of what advantage is it to go to school, to be educated, if the thorns and briers of vice and passion are not destroyed, and the fruits and flowers of truth and virtue cultivated and cherished?

Being no more a school-boy, I now thought myself a man. Bill Keeler had left my uncle, and was apprenticed to a shoemaker; but in the evening I often contrived to meet him, and one or two other companions. Our amusements were not such as would tell well in a book. Too often we went to the bar-room of my uncle's inn, and listened to the vulgar jokes and coarse fun that were always stirring there, and sometimes we treated each other with liquor. I cannot now but wonder that such things should have given me any pleasure; but habit and example have a mighty influence over us. Seeing that others drank, we drank too, though at first the taste of all spirits was odious to me. I got used to it by degrees, and at last began to like the excitement they produced. And strange to say, the bar-room, which originally disgusted me, became rather a favorite place of resort. I was shocked at the oaths and indecency for a time; the huge puddles of tobacco spittle over the floor, and the reeking flavors of tobacco smoke and brandy, disgusted me; the ragged, red-nosed loungers of the place, the noise, the riot, the brutality, which frequently broke out, and which was called by the soakers, having a "good time," were actually revolting; but my aversion

passed away by degrees. Under the strong infection of the place, I partially adopted its habits; I learned to smoke and chew tobacco, though several fits of nervous sickness warned me of the violence I was doing to my nature. I even ventured to swear occasionally; and, if the truth must be told, I followed out, in various ways, the bad lessons that I learnt.

It is painful to me to confess these things, but I do it for the purpose of warning those for whose benefit I write, against similar errors. Wherever young people go frequently, there they are learning something; and as a bar-room is a place to which young men are often tempted, I wish to advise them that it is a school, in which profanity, coarseness, intemperance, and vice, are effectually taught. It is a seminary where almost every thief, robber, counterfeiter, and murderer, takes his first and last lesson. A man who loves a bar-room where liquors are sold, has reason to tremble; a young man who loves bar-room company, has already entered within the very gate that leads down to ruin. That I have escaped such ruin myself, is attributable to the kindness of Providence, rather than to any resistance of evil which originated in my own breast. If Heaven had deserted me, I had been lost forever.

It was one night after we had been drinking at the tavern, that my companions and myself issued forth, bent on what was called a *spree*. Our first exploit was to call up the doctor of the village, and ask him to hasten to Miss Sally St. John, who has been noticed before in these memoirs, insinuating that she was desperately ill. Our next adventure was to catch the parson's horse in the pasture, and tie him to the whipping-post, which stood on the green before the meeting-house. We then proceeded to a watermelon patch, and,

prowling about among the vines, selected the largest and finest, and ripping them open, strewed the contents over the ground. We then went to a garden belonging to a rich old farmer, who was celebrated for producing very fine pears. The window of the proprietor looked out into the garden, and as he had the reputation of exercising a vigilant watch over his fruit, we felt the necessity of caution. But we were too much elated by our liquor and success in sport, to be very circumspect. We got over the tall picket fence, and two or three of us ascended one of the trees. We had begun already to pluck the fruit, when the window of the old farmer slid silently upward, and a grizzled head was thrust out. It was soon withdrawn, but in a few moments the barrel of a long gun was pushed forth, and a second after it discharged its contents, with a sound which, at that silent hour, seemed like the voice of thunder.

I was on the tree, with my back to the marksman, and presented a fair target to his aim. At the very instant of the discharge, I felt a tingling in my flesh; immediately after a dizziness came over my sight, and I fell to the ground. I was completely stunned, but my companions seized me and hurried me away. Clambering over stone walls, and pushing through a nursery of young trees, they secured their retreat. At a safe distance the party paused, and after a little space I recovered my senses. I found myself in great pain, however, and after a little examination it appeared that my left arm was broken. As carefully as possible I was now taken toward my home. It was about midnight when we reached it, and my uncle, being informed that I was hurt, attempted to come to me. But he had been in bed but a short time, and according to his wont, about this period, he had taken a "night-cap," as he called it, and was



utterly incapable of walking across the floor. Some of the people, however, were got up, and one went for the physician. The answer returned was, that some madcaps had been there and played off a hoax upon the doctor, and this application was no doubt intended as another, and he would not come. I therefore lay till morning in great distress, and when at last the doctor came, he found that not only my arm was broken, but that my back was wounded, as if I had been shot with bullets of salt! Several small pieces of salt were actually found imbedded in my skin!

I was hardly in a state to give explanations; in fact, my reason already began to waver. Strange visions soon flitted before my eyes: an old grizzled pate seemed bobbing out of a window, and making faces at me; then the head seemed a watermelon with green eyes; and then it turned into a bell-muzzled fowling-piece, and while I was trying to look down its throat, it exploded and scattered my brains to the four winds! Here my vision ended, and with it all remembrance. I fell into a settled fever, and did not recover my senses for two weeks. When my consciousness returned, I found myself attended by a man of the village, named Raymond, a brother of the minister, and whom I had long known. He was sitting by my bedside, with a book in his hand; but as I opened my eyes, I noticed that, while he seemed to be reading, his eyes were fixed on me with an anxious interest. In a moment after he spoke. "Are you better, Robert?" said he, in a tone of tenderness. I attempted to reply, but my tongue refused to move. Raymond saw my difficulty, and coming to the bedside, told me to remain quiet. "You have been ill," said he, "very ill, but you are better. Your life depends upon your being kept perfectly quiet."

Thus admonished, I closed my eyes,

and soon fell asleep. The next day I was much better, and entered into some conversation with Raymond, who I then found had been my regular attendant. The physician soon after came, and pronounced me out of danger. "You are better, my young friend," said he; "I think you are safe; but this getting salted down like a herring, and tumbling off of pear trees at midnight, is an awkward business, and cannot be often repeated with impunity." This latter remark being uttered with a significant smile, recalled to my mind the occasion of my sickness, and a sudden blush of shame covered my face. Raymond noticed my confusion, and by some remark immediately diverted my attention to another topic.

In a few days I was able to sit up in my bed, and was nearly free from pain. My arm, however, was still useless, and I was in fact very feeble. I could talk with Raymond, however, and as his conversation was always engaging, the time did not pass heavily. Raymond was a man of extensive reading, and great knowledge of the world, but, owing to excessive sensitiveness, he had settled into a state of almost complete imbecility. He thought and spoke like a philosopher, yet in the active business of life, in which he had been once engaged, he had entirely failed. He was indeed regarded in the village as little better than insane or silly. He had no regular employment, and spent his time almost wholly in reading—his brother, the minister, having a good library. As he was very kind-hearted, however, and possessed a good deal of medical knowledge, he was often employed in attending upon sick persons, and for his services he would never receive any other compensation than his own gratification, in the consciousness of doing good, might afford.

It was a mercy to me that I fell into the hands of poor Raymond, for my

mind and heart were softened by my sickness, and by the humiliation I felt at having been detected in a disgraceful act, and so signally punished. His counsel, therefore, which was full of wisdom, and which he imparted in a way, at once to instruct and amuse, sunk into my mind like the seed sown in spring time, and upon a prepared soil; and I have reason to believe that I may attribute not only the recovery of my body from disease, but the correction of some of the vices of my mind, to his conversations at my sick bedside. I believe I cannot do my readers a better service than to transcribe some of these conversations, as nearly as my memory will restore them, and this I shall do in a subsequent chapter.

### Toucan

Is the name of the bird whose picture is here given. I beg my reader not to laugh at his enormous bill, for it is such as nature has given him, and he is no more to blame for it than a person with a long nose, is to blame for having such a one. Bonaparte said that a man with a long nose almost invariably possessed good sense; and this holds true in respect to the toucan; for I assure you he is a very clever fellow in his way. I will tell you all about him and his family.

The toucans are natives of South America, and are very abundant in the forests of Brazil. They only dwell in the warm parts of the country, and they select those portions which are the richest in their productions. It is among spicy groves, and where fruits and flowers are to be found at all seasons of the year, that the toucan family have chosen to make their home. Surely this seems a mark of their sagacity.

The toucan is about eighteen inches in length, and its general color is black,



though it is marked with crimson and yellow, and is a very stylish bird. The bill is almost as long as the body, but it is less bony than the bills of other birds; it is, in fact, a great part of it but a thin paper-like substance. Those portions which need to be strong are not solid bone, but consist of two thin laminæ, sustained by bones within, and crossing each other like the timbers which support the sides and roof of a house.

I have intimated that the toucans are pretty sensible birds, and I shall now attempt to prove it. As their legs are very short and far apart, they cannot walk very well on the ground, so they

spend a great portion of their time upon the wing, or upon the trees. They have strong, sharp claws, well fitted for climbing; so they are very much addicted to hopping about among the branches of trees, and they may be often seen, like woodpeckers, running up and down the trunks. It is for this climbing propensity that they have got the name of *Zygodactylic* birds,—a long word, which no doubt signifies a great deal.

Another proof of the good sense of the toucan is furnished by his always sitting and flying with his head to the wind when it blows hard—for the reason, that, if he presented the broadside of his proboscis to the gale, it would bother him to keep himself from being completely blown away. Beside this proof of his sagacity, I may add, that the toucan holds the monkeys, who are very abundant and troublesome in his country, in great detestation; and well he may, for the monkey is fond of birds' eggs, and is a great robber of birds' nests. Now the toucan likes eggs himself, and the plundering monkey often deprives the toucan of his breakfast, by getting at the nest first. It is not wonderful that squabbles often ensue between these rival thieves—for two of a trade can never agree, you know. Of course, the robbers care as little for the poor bird that is robbed, as lawyers for their clients—but they think a great deal of themselves, and when interest is touched, they resent it manfully. There is something in a monkey and a toucan over a bird's nest that seems like two lawyers over a case. Their mutual object is to eat up the eggs, but it makes a mighty difference which gets them. If the monkey gets the case, toucan gives him a tweak with his enormous bill, which gripes like a pair of tongs. If toucan gets the case, monkey slaps him across his beak with the palm of his hand, and often with such force as to

make toucan scream outright. It must be admitted that if toucan has a large bill to bite with, he also presents an ample mark for the revenge of monkey. Whether these squabbles show the good sense of toucan, I will not decide, but he can plead the example of one of the learned professions, that of the law, which ranks among the first in society, and exerts more influence over mankind than all others put together.

Another evidence of toucan's good sense is this,—that he eats everything he likes, if it suits his constitution. There is a delicious little fruit in his native clime, called toucan-berry, which is good for his health, so he feasts upon it when he can get it. He also eats eggs, as I have said; and, in short, he diversifies and amplifies his pleasures, like civilized men, by fruit, flesh, fowl, or vegetable, if it agrees with him.

I do not know that I need to say more at present, than that toucan does not choose to take the trouble of making nests of stems and twigs, like some other birds, but selects his dwelling in the holes of trees, so that he may have a roof to shelter him from the storm—a preference which again marks his civilization.

### The Newfoundland Dog.

OF all animals, the dog is most attached to man. His affection is not general, but particular. He does not love all mankind, as a matter of course, for in his natural state he is a wild and savage creature. In Asia, dogs are often outcasts, prowling around cities, and feeding upon offal and dead carcasses. They seem to be, if uncivilized, cousins to the wolf, and near relatives to the hyena. It is in Asia, where the dog is a persecuted and there-

fore a skulking kind of animal, that he is the emblem of meanness and cowardice. There, where the people worship power and seem to think little of justice, the lion, a sly, prowling, thieving creature, is the common emblem of courage and greatness.

But here, where the dog is cherished and taken to a home, he seems to have a new character and a redeemed nature. He fixes his heart upon some *one*, and is ready to run, jump, bark, bite, dig, work or play, to give pleasure to him. He seems to live for his master—his master is his deity. He will obey and defend him while living—he will lie down and die by his master's grave. It is related of Bonaparte, that one night, after a fight, he was walking by the moonlight over the field of battle, when suddenly a dog sprung out from the cloak beneath which his dead master lay, and then ran howling back to the body, seeming at the same time to ask help for his poor friend, and to seek revenge. Bonaparte was much affected by the scene, and said that few events of his life excited a deeper feeling in his breast than this.

There are at least thirty different kinds of dogs,—some large, some small, some fierce, some gentle, some slender and graceful, some sturdily made and very powerful. There is the lap-dog, with a soft, lustrous eye and silken skin, fit to be the pet of a fine lady—and there is the fierce bull-dog, that will seize a bull by the nose and pin him to the ground. There is the greyhound, that is so swift as to outstrip the deer, and the patient foxhound, that follows reynard with a keen scent, till at last his fleetness and his tricks can avail him nothing, and he surrenders to his fate.

But amid all this variety, the Newfoundland dog is the best fellow. He is, in the first place, the most intelligent,

and in the next, he is the most devoted, attached, and faithful. When the people came from Europe to America, they found this fine breed of dogs with the Indians of Newfoundland and the vicinity. They are large, shaggy, webfooted, and almost as fond of the water as the land. They possess great strength, and have a countenance that seems to beam with reason and affection. I give you the portrait of one of these creatures, to prove what I say. There are many pleasant tales of this creature, well authenticated, of which I shall now tell you a few.

One day, as a girl was amusing herself with an infant, at Aston's Quay, near Carlisle bridge, Dublin, and was sportively toying with the child, it made a sudden spring from her arms, and in an instant fell into the Liffey. The screaming nurse and anxious spectators saw the water close over the child, and conceived that he had sunk to rise no more. A Newfoundland dog, which had been accidentally passing with his master, sprang forward to the wall, and gazed wistfully at the ripple in the water, made by the child's descent. At the same instant the child reappeared on the surface of the current, and the dog sprang forward to the edge of the water.

Whilst the animal was descending, the child again sunk, and the faithful creature was seen anxiously swimming round and round the spot where it had disappeared. Once more the child rose to the surface; the dog seized him, and with a firm but gentle pressure bore him to land without injury. Meanwhile a gentleman arrived, who, on inquiry into the circumstances of the transaction, exhibited strong marks of sensibility and feeling towards the child, and of admiration for the dog that had rescued him from death.

The person who had removed the



babe from the dog turned to show the infant to this gentleman, when it presented to his view the well-known features of his own son! A mixed sensation of terror, joy, and surprise, struck him mute. When he had recovered the use of his faculties, and fondly kissed his little darling, he lavished a thousand embraces on the dog, and offered to his master a very large sum (five hundred guineas) if he would transfer the valuable animal to him; but the owner of the dog (Colonel Wynne) felt too much affection for the useful creature to part with him for any consideration whatever.

A gentleman who lived at a short distance from a village in Scotland, had a very fine Newfoundland dog, which was sent every forenoon to the baker's shop in the village, with a napkin, in one corner of which was tied a piece of money, for which the baker returned a certain quantity of bread, tying it up in the napkin and consigning it to the care of the dog.

At about equal distances from the gentleman's mansion there lived two other dogs; one a mastiff, which was kept by a farmer as a watch-dog; and the other a stanch bull-dog, which kept watch over the parish mill. As each was master over all the lesser curs of his master's establishment, they were severally very high and mighty animals in their way, and they seldom met without attempting to settle their precedence by battle.

Well, it so happened that one day, when the Newfoundland dog was returning from the baker's with his charge, he was set upon by a host of useless curs, who combined their efforts, and annoyed him the more, that, having charge of the napkin and bread, he could not defend himself, and accordingly got himself rolled in the mire, his ears scratched, and his coat soiled.

Having at length extricated himself,

he retreated homeward, and depositing his charge in its accustomed place, he instantly set out to the farmer's mastiff. To the no small astonishment of the farmer's family, instead of the meeting being one of discord and contention, the two animals met each other peacefully, and after a short interchange of civilities, they both set off towards the mill. Having engaged the miller's dog as an ally, the three sallied forth, and taking a circuitous road to the village, scoured it from one end to the other, putting to the tooth, and punishing severely, every cur they could find. Having thus taken their revenge, they washed themselves in a ditch, and each returned quietly to his home.

One day a Newfoundland dog and a mastiff, which never met without a quarrel, had a fierce and prolonged battle on the pier of Donaghadee, and from which, while so engaged, they both fell into the sea. There was no way of escape but by swimming a considerable distance. The Newfoundland, being an expert swimmer, soon reached the pier in safety; but his antagonist, after struggling for some time, was on the point of sinking, when the Newfoundland, which had been watching the mastiff's struggles with great anxiety, dashed in, and seizing him by the collar, kept his head above the water, and brought him safely to shore. Ever after the dogs were most intimate friends; and when, unfortunately, the Newfoundland was killed by a stone-wagon passing over his body, the mastiff languished, and evidently lamented his friend's death for a long time.

A Thames waterman once laid a wager that he and his dog would leap from the centre arch of Westminster bridge, and land at Lambeth within a minute of each other. He jumped off first, and the dog immediately followed; but as it was not in the secret, and fear-

ing that its master would be drowned, it seized him by the neck, and dragged him on shore, to the no small diversion of the spectators.

A native of Germany, when travelling through Holland, was accompanied by a large Newfoundland dog. Walking along a high bank which formed the side of a dike or canal, so common in that country, his foot slipped, and he fell into the water. As he was unable to swim, he soon became senseless. When he recovered his recollection, he found himself in a cottage, surrounded by peasants, who were using such means as are generally practised in that country for restoring suspended animation. The account given by the peasants was, that as one of them was returning home from his labor, he observed, at a considerable distance, a large dog in the water, swimming, and dragging and sometimes pushing something that he seemed to have great difficulty in supporting, but which, by dint of perseverance, he at length succeeded in getting into a small creek.

When the animal had pulled what it had hitherto supported as far out of the water as it was able, the peasant discovered that it was the body of a man.

The dog, having shaken himself, began industriously to lick the hands and face of his master; and the peasant, having obtained assistance, conveyed the body to a neighboring house, where, the usual means having been adopted, the gentleman was soon restored to sense and recollection. Two large bruises with the marks of teeth appeared, one on his shoulder, and the other on the nape of his neck; whence it was presumed that the faithful animal had seized his master by the shoulder and swam with him for some time, but that his sagacity had prompted him to let go his hold and shift his grasp to the neck, by which means he was enabled to support the

head out of the water. It was in the latter position that the peasant observed the dog making his way along the dike, which it appeared he had done for the distance of nearly a quarter of a mile, before he discovered a place at which it was possible to drag his burden ashore. It is therefore probable that the gentleman owed his life as much to the sagacity as to the fidelity of his dog.

These stories will do for the present; but I must add, that the celebrated Lord Byron had a Newfoundland dog, which he loved very much, and when the animal died, he had a marble monument placed over his grave, and the following words were inscribed upon it:—

Near this spot  
Are deposited the Remains of one  
Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,  
Strength without Insolence,  
Courage without Ferocity,  
And all the Virtues of Man without his Vices.  
This Praise, which would be unmeaning  
Flattery  
If inscribed over human ashes,  
Is but a just tribute to the Memory of  
BOATSWAIN, a dog,  
Who was born at Newfoundland, May, 1803,  
And died at Newstead Abbey, Nov. 18, 1808.

### The Mysterious Artist.

ONE beautiful summer morning, about the year 1630, several youths of Seville, in Spain, approached the dwelling of the celebrated painter Murillo, where they arrived nearly at the same time. After the usual salutations, they entered the studio or workshop of the artist. Murillo was not yet there, and each of the pupils walked up quickly to his easel to examine if the paint had dried, or perhaps to admire his work of the previous evening.

"Pray, gentlemen," exclaimed Isturitz angrily, "which of you remained behind in the studio last night?"

"What an absurd question!" replied Cordova; "don't you recollect that we all came away together?"

"This is a foolish jest, gentlemen," answered Isturitz. "Last evening I cleaned my palette with the greatest care, and now it is as dirty as if some one had used it all night."

"Look!" exclaimed Carlos; "here is a small figure in the corner of my canvass, and it is not badly done. I should like to know who it is that amuses himself every morning with sketching figures, sometimes on my canvass, sometimes on the walls. There was one yesterday on your easel, Ferdinand."

"It must be Isturitz," said Ferdinand.

"Gentlemen," replied Isturitz, "I protest—"

"You need not protest," replied Carlos; "we all know you are not capable of sketching such a figure as that."

"At least," answered Isturitz, "I have never made a sketch as bad as that of yours; one would think you had done it in jest."

"And my pencils are quite wet," said Gonzalo in his turn. "Truly, strange things go on here in the night."

"Do you not think, like the negro Gomes, that it is the Zombi, who comes and plays all these tricks?" said Isturitz.

"Truly," said Mendez, who had not yet spoken, being absorbed in admiration of the various figures which were sketched with the hand of a master in different parts of the studio, "if the Zombi of the negroes draws in this manner, he would make a beautiful head of the virgin in my Descent from the Cross."

With these words, Mendez, with a careless air, approached his easel, when an exclamation of astonishment escaped him, and he gazed with mute surprise at his canvass, on which was roughly sketched a most beautiful head of the virgin; but the expression was so admi-

nable, the lines so clear, the contour so graceful, that, compared with the figures by which it was encircled, it seemed as if some heavenly visitant had descended among them.

"Ah, what is the matter?" said a rough voice. The pupils turned at the sound, and all made a respectful obeisance to the great master.

"Look, Senor Murillo, look!" exclaimed the youths, as they pointed to the easel of Mendez.

"Who has painted this? who has painted this, gentlemen?" asked Murillo, eagerly; "speak, tell me. He who has sketched this virgin will one day be the master of us all. Murillo wishes he had done it. What a touch! what delicacy! what skill! Mendez, my dear pupil, was it you?"

"No, Senor," said Mendez, in a sorrowful tone.

"Was it you then, Isturitz, or Ferdinand, or Carlos?"

But they all gave the same answer as Mendez.

"It could not however come here without hands," said Murillo, impatiently.

"I think, sir," said Cordova, the youngest of the pupils, "that these strange pictures are very alarming; indeed, this is not the first unaccountable event which has happened in your studio. To tell the truth, such wonderful things have happened here, one scarcely knows what to believe."

"What are they?" asked Murillo, still lost in admiration of the head of the virgin by the unknown artist.

"According to your orders, Senor," answered Ferdinand, "we never leave the studio without putting everything in order, cleaning our palettes, washing our brushes, and arranging our easels; but when we return in the morning, not only is everything in confusion, our brushes filled with paint, our palettes

dirtied, but here and there are sketches, (beautiful ones to be sure they are,) sometimes of the head of an angel, sometimes of a demon, then again the profile of a young girl, or the figure of an old man, but all admirable, as you have seen yourself, Senor."

"This is certainly a curious affair, gentlemen," observed Murillo; "but we shall soon learn who is this nightly visitant." "Sebastian," he continued, addressing a little mulatto boy of about fourteen years old, who appeared at his call, "did I not desire you to sleep here every night?"

"Yes, master," said the boy, timidly.

"And have you done so?"

"Yes, master."

"Speak, then; who was here last night and this morning before these gentlemen came? Speak, slave, or I shall make you acquainted with my dungeon," said Murillo angrily to the boy, who continued to twist the band of his trowsers without replying.

"Ah, you don't choose to answer," said Murillo, pulling his ear.

"No one, master, no one," replied the trembling Sebastian with eagerness.

"That is false," exclaimed Murillo.

"No one but me, I swear to you, master," cried the mulatto, throwing himself on his knees in the middle of the studio, and holding out his hands in supplication before his master.

"Listen to me," pursued Murillo. "I wish to know who has sketched the head of this virgin, and all the figures which my pupils find here every morning, on coming to this studio. This night, instead of going to bed, you shall keep watch; and if by to-morrow you do not discover who the culprit is, you shall have twenty-five strokes from the lash—you hear! I have said it; now go, and grind the colors; and you, gentlemen, to work."

From the commencement till the ter-

mination of the hour of instruction, Murillo was too much absorbed with his pencil to allow a word to be spoken but what regarded their occupation, but the moment he disappeared, the pupils made ample amends for this restraint, and as the unknown painter occupied all their thoughts, the conversation naturally turned to that subject.

"Beware, Sebastian, of the lash," said Mendez, "and watch well for the culprit. Give me the Naples yellow."

"You do not need it, Senor Mendez; you have made it yellow enough already; and as to the culprit, I have already told you that it is the Zombi."

"Are these negroes fools or asses, with their Zombi?" said Gonzalo, laughing; "pray what is a Zombi?"

"Oh, an imaginary being, of course. But take care, Senor Gonzalo," continued Sebastian, with a mischievous glance at his easel, "for it must be the Zombi who has sketched the left arm of your St. John to such a length that, if the right resembles it, he will be able to untie his shoe-strings without stooping."

"Do you know, gentlemen," said Isturitz, as he glanced at the painting, "that the remarks of Sebastian are extremely just, and much to the point."

"Oh, they say that negroes have the faces of asses, and the tongues of parrots," rejoined Gonzalo, in a tone of indifference.

"With this distinction," observed Ferdinand, "that the parrot repeats by rote, while Sebastian shows judgment in his remarks."

"Like the parrot, by chance," retorted Gonzalo.

"Who knows," said Mendez, who had not digested the Naples yellow, "that from grinding the colors, he may one day astonish us by showing that he knows one from another."

"To know one color from another,



and to know how to use them, are two very different things," replied Sebastian, whom the liberty of the studio allowed to join in the conversation of the pupils; and truth obliges us to confess that his taste was so exquisite, his eye so correct, that many of them did not disdain to follow the advice he frequently gave them respecting their paintings. Although they sometimes amused themselves by teasing the little mulatto, he was a great favorite with them all; and this evening, on quitting the studio, each, giving him a friendly tap on the shoulder, counselled him to keep a strict watch and catch the Zombi, for fear of the lash.

*(To be continued.)*

### Peter Pilgrim's Account of his Schoolmates. No. 2.

AMONG my schoolmates, there were two boys who were always inseparable, yet they were as unlike each other in all respects as can well be conceived; What strange sympathy united them so closely, was to us all a matter of wonder; yet their friendship continued to increase, and the one seemed ever unhappy when absent from the other. Bill Hardy was a stout, hearty little fellow, fond of active and athletic sports, and ever the foremost in all feats of daring and mischief. If there was a battle to be fought with the butcher's saucy imp, or the blacksmith's grim-faced apprentice, who but Bill was thrust forward as the ready champion. And many a hard-fought contest did he wage with them, and many a black eye did he give and receive in his wars. But his spirit was ever unconquerable. If he received from their wicked fists a sound drubbing to-day, he was nothing loth to-morrow to try his luck again; and thus, by dint

of persevering courage, he often contrived by a lucky blow to win a victory over his more powerful adversaries. Often did the graceless youth return to his widowed mother with a disfigured face, and with torn garments, and, after receiving her gentle reprimand, promise better things for the future; but with the next morning's sun all his good resolutions vanished, and his repentant promises were forgotten. He seemed to overflow with the very spirit of fun and mischief. It was his delight to fasten a tin kettle to the tail of any vagabond dog in the streets, and send him howling with terror from one end of the village to the other. He enjoyed also great satisfaction in worrying every luckless cat that he could lay his hands on; and every poor broken-down horse in the pasture could attest to the weight of his arm and the sharpness of his heel. No unfortunate little bird could find a perch for its nest high enough to be safe from his marauding fingers, for he would fearlessly clamber to the very tops of the highest tree, like a squirrel, and scale the most dangerous precipice, in pursuit of his prey.

Little Jemmy Galt, on the contrary, though he accompanied his friend Billy in all his ramblings, never took an active part or interest in them. He was of a much more quiet and gentle nature, and endeavored to restrain his friend in his thoughtless pranks. He used especially all his little powers of persuasion with him to prevent him from engaging in his frequent pitched battles; but when his remonstrances were all in vain, he barely stood by him, holding his cap and jacket during the contest, and anxiously acting the good Samaritan, in arranging the disordered dress, and removing the stains of dirt and blood from his friend. This truly kind and humane nature often served to check the cruel propensities of his friend, and saved many a poor

bird or animal from torture. But if the spirited Billy carried away the palm in the pastimes of the fields and woods, his quiet comrade was no less distinguished and pre-eminent in the school-room; for here his studious habits and intelligent mind gave him a marked precedence. And here his skill in mastering a difficult task enabled him to reward the protecting services of his friend, by helping him through the slough of many a tough sum in the arithmetic, or many a deep bog in grammar, from which less acute Billy was vainly endeavoring to extricate himself. It seemed to be a mutual alliance, in which the one was to fight the battles of the other in return for the intellectual aid rendered him in the school-room.

I happened one bright holiday afternoon to overhear a conversation between them, which may well serve to illustrate their several minds. The subject of their discussion related to the choice of their future profession in life, and the selection of each was such as I should have readily anticipated.

"It is my wish and intention," said Bill, "to be a sailor. That is the profession that my poor father loved and followed, and nothing but the sea and a ship will ever satisfy my mind. To be sure, you may say that he, poor man, was lost, together with all who sailed with him, on a distant coast, and in a dreadful tempest, but that is no reason why I should meet with the same misfortune. How many there are who sail the ocean for a good long life-time in perfect safety, and at length, after earning a heap of gold and silver, die quietly in their beds at home, mourned and respected by all who knew them. I never look on those rusty old pistols and cutlass in our parlor, which my father always prized so dearly, without a keen desire to pack them away in a chest of my own, and hasten away to

B., and enter upon my voyagings in one of those noble ships that you may always see there at the wharves. And then, when I look at those beautiful sea-shells that adorn our mantel, and the shark's jaw, and the whale's spine, and the stuffed flying-fish, I feel the strongest inclination to sail myself to foreign shores, and gather such curiosities with my own hands, and bring them home, to still further adorn our little room. Heigho! I wish I had a pea-jacket and was bound for sea to-morrow!"

"I regret," said master Jemmy, "the choice you have made; for I think you are about to devote yourself to a hard and dangerous life. Far better were it for you to hold the plough than the rudder, to plough up the rich furrows of the farm, than the rough billows of the ocean. Consider how many privations you will have to endure, and what perils you must face. Think of the dark, stormy nights at sea, with the wild winds howling through the rigging, the mast creaking, and bending, and ready to break, and the torn sails flapping and struggling to break free from your feeble grasp. Then will come the pelting rain, and the blinding snow, and the sharp sleet, and the blood will freeze in your veins, and every limb become benumbed with the cold. Then you must endure the sharp and bitter taunts and execrations of your officers, and, after a hard and thankless struggle with the storm, creep to your wet and cheerless hammock, in the dark and comfortless fore-castle, and sigh for death, or lament that you ever left the warm fireside and the kind friends of your country home. I have no taste myself for such a boisterous life, and prefer to cultivate my mind, and devote myself to some gentler and more studious employment. How pleasant to stand at the bar and plead the case of some forlorn body, falsely accused, or to visit and heal at the sick

bed, or to minister in the sacred desk, or even to preside over the little school in some humble village. Such is the height of my ambition."

"You present to my view," said Bill, "only the dark side of the picture. Think, on the contrary, of the brave, stout ship, with all its gaudy streamers flying from each spiring mast, all its snow-white canvass bellying on the tall spars, the fresh breeze blowing us on our course, and the bright and boundless sea smiling, and shining, and rolling around the bow. Then think of the visit to the green islands of the Bermudas and Madeira, and all the fruit-bearing isles of the West Indies. Think of the glorious gallop among the mountains and plantations of Cuba. There the loveliest fruits grow as plentifully as the apples in our orchard, and you have only the trouble to help yourself to the plantain, the banana, the pine-apple, the orange, and the melon. Think of the delicious groves of palm and lemon that cover the land, filled with numberless birds of the richest plumage. Then also what famous shores may we not visit in our voyagings. We may drop anchor at Liverpool and London, and view without cost all the wonders of those mighty cities; view the multitudes of strange faces, and elegant shops, and splendid edifices, palaces, halls, and churches—view at pleasure the Tower, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, and all the noble parks of London. Then also we may touch at Havre, or Rochelle, or Marseilles, and take a trip to gay and lively Paris, and visit Versailles, the Tuilleries, the Boulevards, and the Palais Royal; or perhaps touch at Leghorn, and thence make a trip to the Leaning Tower of Pisa—of which we have a print in our school-room—or ride over to Florence and see the beautiful Duomo, and all the rare palaces and galleries of the Medici, of whom we

read in our school history;—or perhaps sail into the glorious bay of Naples, and ascend to the very summit of Mount Vesuvius, and bring home to the good folks of our village specimens of the sulphur from the very crater of the burning mountain;—or even ride over to old Rome itself, and visit the Vatican, with all its fine pictures, and the great St. Peter's, which is said to be bigger than all the churches of Massachusetts put together. Then also we may sail up the blue Mediterranean, and visit Sicily and Malta, and Athens, and all the isles of Greece, and cast anchor off Smyrna and Constantinople, or coast along the shores of Syria, or sail up the harbor of Alexandria and take a look at the Nile, the Desert, and the Pyramids, and get a glimpse of Mehemit Ali himself, in the midst of his wild Egyptian guards. What could you desire better than all that? And all this I can enjoy by only going to sea as a sailor. Then also I can sail across the Pacific and Indian oceans, and take a look at the wonders of Bombay, Madras, Manilla, Calcutta, and Canton, and walk the streets of Pekin itself."

After some further conversation the two friends parted. Each of the little fellows followed in course of time their several inclinations. Jemmy, after many struggles against poverty, overcame all difficulties, and at length quietly settled down as the "orthodox preacher" in a pleasant, quiet, and happy little village of New England, where he married a pretty little wife, and reared up a thriving and numerous progeny, who, I hope, are following in the good example set before them by their amiable parent. Master Billy had his wish and went to sea, where he was tossed and knocked about by the winds and waters for many a year, and, after rising to the command of a ship, finally retired from the service, and purchasing a farm with the fruits

of his hard earnings, quietly settled down as a parishioner of his boyhood's friend. He several times, however, suffered shipwreck; and at one time nearly lost his life while out in a whale-boat, engaged in that perilous fishery; was once taken by pirates, and had nearly been compelled to "walk the plank." But he luckily escaped all these perils, and now loves to recite them over to his listening neighbors; but he never omits to confess the errors of his boyhood, and to declare that the habits he then formed had nearly proved fatal to his success in life.

*(To be continued.)*



### Egyptian Schools.

AMONG the people of Egypt, parents seldom devote much of their time or attention to the education of their children; generally contenting themselves with instilling into their young minds a few principles of religion, and then submitting them, if they can afford to do so, to the instruction of a schoolmaster. As early as possible, the child is taught to say, "I testify that there is no deity but God; and I testify that Mohammed is God's apostle." He receives also

lessons of religious pride, and learns to hate the Christians, and all other sects but his own, as thoroughly as does the Moslem in advanced age. Most of the children of the higher and middle classes, and some of those of the lower orders, are taught by the schoolmaster to read, and to recite the whole, or certain portions of the Koran, by memory. They afterwards learn the most common rules of arithmetic.

Schools are very numerous, not only in the metropolis, but in every large town; and there is one, at least, in every large village. Almost every mosque, public fountain, and drinking place for cattle in the metropolis, has a school attached to it, in which children are instructed at a very trifling expense; the fickee or master of the school receiving from the parent of each pupil about three cents of our money, or something more or less, every Thursday.

The master of a school attached to a mosque or other public building in Cairo, also generally receives yearly a piece of white muslin for a turban, a piece of linen, and a pair of shoes; and each boy receives at the same time a linen skull-cap, eight or nine yards of cotton cloth, half a piece of linen, and a pair of shoes, and in some cases from three to six cents. These presents are supplied by funds bequeathed to the school, and are given in the month Ramadan. The boys attend only during the hours of instruction, and then return to their homes.

The lessons are generally written upon tablets of wood painted white, and when one lesson is learnt, the tablet is washed, and another is written. They also practise writing upon the same tablet. The schoolmaster and his pupils sit upon the ground, and each boy has his tablets in his hands, or a copy of the Koran, or one of its thirty sections, on a little kind of desk made of palm sticks.



All who are learning to read, recite their lessons aloud, at the same time rocking their heads and bodies incessantly backwards and forwards; which practice is observed by almost all persons in reading the Koran, being thought to assist the memory. The noise may be imagined.

The schoolmasters in Egypt are mostly persons of very little learning; few of them are acquainted with any writings except the Koran, and certain prayers, which, as well as the contents of the sacred volume, they are hired to recite on particular occasions. I have read of a man, who could neither read nor write, succeeding to the office of a schoolmaster in some village. Being able to recite the whole of the Koran, he could hear the boys repeat their lessons; he employed the head boy in school to write them, pretending that his eyes were weak. A few days after he had taken this office upon himself, a poor woman brought a letter for him to read from her son, who had gone on a pilgrimage. The fickee pretended to read it, but said nothing; and the woman, inferring from his silence that the letter contained bad news, said to him, "Shall I shriek?" He answered, "Yes." "Shall I tear my clothes?" "Yes."

So the woman returned to her house, and, with her assembled friends, performed the lamentation, and other ceremonies usual on the occasion of death. Not many days after this, her son arrived, and she asked him what he could mean by causing a letter to be written stating that he was dead. He explained the contents of the letter, and she went to the schoolmaster and begged him to inform her why he had told her to shriek and to tear her clothes, since the letter was to inform her that her son was well and arrived at home.

Not at all abashed, he said, "God

knows futurity! How could I know that your son would arrive in safety? It was better that you should think him dead, than be led to expect to see him, and perhaps be disappointed." Some persons who were sitting with him praised his wisdom, exclaiming, "Surely, our new fickee is a man of unusual judgment." And for a while, he found that he had raised his reputation by this trick.

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## Varieties.

ADMIRAL DUNCAN addressed his officers, who came on board of his ship for instructions, previous to the engagement with Admiral De Winter, in the following words: "Gentlemen, you see a severe winter approaching. I have only to advise you to keep up a good fire."

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"Come in," as the spider said to the fly.

"Come on," as the man said to his boot.

"You make me blush," as the lobster cried out in the boiler.

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"Do you think that these creatures have any feeling?" said an inquisitive consumer of oysters to a well known wit. "Feeling!" replied his friend; "to be sure they have. Did you never hear them crying about the streets?"

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Two or three weeks ago, Theodore Hook dined with a Mr. Hatchett. "Ah, my friend," said his host, depreciatingly, "I am sorry to say that you will not get to-day such a good dinner as our friend L. gave us." "Certainly not," replied Hook; "from a hatchet you can expect nothing but a chop."

# THE BOY AND THE LARK.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM; BY G. J. WEBB.

Who taught you to sing, my pret-ty, sweet birds? Who tuned your me-lo-di-ous

throats? You make all the woods and the vallies to ring, You bring the first news of the

ear-liest spring, With your loud and your sil-ve-ry notes.

"Who painted your wings, my pretty, sweet birds,  
And taught you to soar in the air?  
You rise and you dart through the region of light,  
You look down on man from your loftiest height,  
And your hearts know no troublesome care.

And where are your fields, my beautiful birds?  
And where are your houses and barns?  
You sow not the ground, and you reap not the corn,  
You spring from your nests at the earliest morn,  
But you care not about the wide farms."

"Tis God," said a lark, that rose from the turf,  
"Who gives us the good we enjoy;  
He painted our wings, and he gave us our voice,  
He finds us our food, and he bids us rejoice;—  
We're his creatures, my beautiful boy."

# M E R R Y ' S   M U S E U M

VOLUME II.—No. 2.

## The Siberian Sable-Hunter.

### CHAPTER II.

It is the character of young people to engage in new enterprises with ardor: it was so with Alexis, in his fur-hunting expedition. For a time, indeed, after parting with his father and sister, his heart was heavy, and tears more than once dimmed his eyes. He expected to be absent for a year at least, and who could tell what might befall him or them, during that space of time? Such thoughts came again and again into his mind, and as fancy is apt to conjure up fears for those we love, he pictured to himself many possible evils that might beset his friends at Tobolsk.

But these images gradually faded away, and the young hunter began to be occupied with the scenes around him, and with the conversation of his companions. These consisted of two young men of nearly his own age, and their father, an experienced and skilful hunter. They were all equipped with rifles, and each had a long knife like a dagger in his belt. Their design was to travel on foot to the eastward, a distance of more than two thousand miles, and then proceed northward into the cold and woody regions which border the banks of the great river Lena, as it approaches the Arctic Ocean.

Hitherto Alexis had seen little of Siberia; his curiosity was therefore

alive, and he noticed attentively everything he met. Soon after leaving Tobolsk, the party entered upon the vast plain of Baraba, which spreads out to an extent of several hundred miles. It is almost as level as the sea, with slight swells, resembling waves. Such plains are called *steppes* in Siberia, and they are like the prairies of our western country, being generally destitute of trees, except low willows, and large portions having a marshy soil. Upon this plain the travellers met with no towns, but miserable villages of people, their huts half sunk in the mud. They also sometimes encountered small bands of people called Ostiacks. These seemed to be roving people, and in a state of barbarism. The old hunter of the party, whose name was Linsk, seemed to be well acquainted with the habits of these people, and as the four hunters were trudging along, he gave the following account of them, taking care to say something of himself in the course of his story.

"The Ostiacks are one of the most numerous of the tribes of Tartars that inhabit Siberia. They spread over the country to the north of Tobolsk, along the banks of the Obi, and the various streams that flow into it. They do not like to dig the soil, so they live on fish and by hunting wild animals. Some of them eat so much fish, that they smell like whale oil. I have been in their tents often, and one of these fish eating families have a flavor as strong

as a cask of herrings. Bah! how well I remember them! It seems as if I could smell them now! I shall never get them out of my head.

"You must know that I have been a hunter for twenty-five years, and I have made several expeditions into the north country, where the Ostiacks chiefly dwell. It is a cold and desolate region; no trees but pines and willows grow there; there is no grass, and very few shrubs. Still, it was once a good country for furs; but they are nearly gone now, and I don't wonder at it, for these Ostiacks are such heathens. They are not Christians, but believe in little wooden images, which they will place on their tables, and lay around them snuff, willow bark, fish oil, and other things which they deem valuable. Having done this, they call upon these images, which are their gods, to make them lucky in fishing and hunting. If the gods don't send them good luck, then these foolish people do give them such a banging! They cuff their heads, and knock them off the tables, and switch them as if they were so many naughty school-boys.

"Now, for my part, I wonder that fish, or sables, or bears, or any other creatures that are useful, will stay in a country where such stupid people live. And then you must know that the Ostiacks almost worship a bear. They think that this creature is a kind of a witch or wicked god, and such horrid notions of it have they, that, when they take the oath of allegiance to the Russian government, they say, to make it very strong—'We hope we may be devoured by bears, if we do not keep this oath.'

"Beside all this, the Ostiacks, as you see by those whom we have met, are little short people, not more than five feet high. A great many of the women are fat, and such little round dumplings I never beheld! The hair of these peo-

ple is of a reddish color, and floats down their shoulders. Their faces are flat, and altogether they look like animals, rather than human creatures. Their houses are made of poles, set up in a circle, and thatched with bark. In winter, the windows are covered with expanded bladders. The fire is made on one side of the room, and the smoke circulates above, finding its way out as it can. Generally, there is but one room in a hut, and all the family are tumbled into it, by night and by day.

"Now all this shows what stupid people these Ostiacks are; but there is one thing I have to say in their praise. They understand fishing and hunting. In chasing the bears, they show courage and skill, and in taking the sable so as not to break his skin, they display true genius. I once knew an old Ostiack that was nearly equal to myself in hunting. He could see the track of an ermine, marten, or sable, upon the snow-crust, when nobody else could; he would follow one of these creatures for a whole day, pretending he could see the foot-prints; but I believe the old fellow could smell like a dog. What beautiful sables and grey foxes he did get! He once got two sable skins which were sent to St. Petersburg, and sold for three hundred dollars. The emperor bought them himself, and sent the old fellow a knife ornamented with a silver plate, and the word "Nicholas" engraved upon it. This the emperor said was to encourage the hunter to get fine furs. But the old hunter died soon after, and the people said it was from mere pride, because the emperor had paid him so much honor. He never hunted any more, but strutted about, brandishing his knife in the air, and saying, 'Behold! this is what Nicholas, the Czar of all the Russias, has sent to Dwaff Khizan, the greatest hunter of Siberia!'"



Alexis listened with interest to this long account of the Ostiacks by old Linsk: but his heart really palpitated when the hunter told of the rich sable furs sent to St. Petersburg by Dwaff Khizan, and which not only brought a great price, but won the favor of the emperor. He immediately remembered the injunction of his sister Kathinka, to be particular and get rich sable furs; and he also remembered that she had spoken of sending them to the princess Lodoiska. "After all my thinking that the girl was romantic and conceited, to fancy that she could send furs to a princess, and attract her attention, now that we are poor exiles in Siberia, perhaps she is right, and has more sense than I have. At all events, I will exert myself to procure some sable furs finer than were ever seen before. We are going to the coldest portions of Siberia, and there it is said are the most splendid furs in the world. It will be something to please Kathinka, and to relieve my father from his poverty; and, beside, I should like to beat old Linsk, vain and boastful as he is!"

With this ambitious conclusion, Alexis stepped quicker and prouder over the level road, and, without thinking of it, had soon advanced considerably before his party. Coming to a place where the road divided, he took that which led to the right, as it seemed the best. He had not gone far, however, before he heard the loud call of Linsk. Stopping till the party came up, Alexis found that he had taken the wrong path. "That road," said Linsk, "leads to the great town of Tomsk; a place which has ten thousand people in it, and I may add that one half of them are drunkards. This is the more wonderful, for the people have enough to do; because the country in that quarter abounds in valuable mines. All around Tomsk there are salt lakes, and the waters are

so impregnated with minerals, that the bottoms are covered with a coat as white as snow.

"To the south of Tomsk, a great many miles, are some mountains, called the Altai range. In these mountains there are mines of gold and silver, and of platina, a metal more costly than gold. The mines are wrought by exiles; and, master Alexis, some of your countrymen are there, as they ought to be. You ought to thank the clemency and mercy of the emperor, for not sending you and your father there!"

"Stop! stop! old man!" said Alexis; "say no more of that! say no more of that! My father ought to be sent to the mines! for what? For risking his life to save his country? For giving his wealth to Poland? For shedding his blood for liberty? Is patriotism then a crime? Shame on the emperor who makes it so!"

"Tut, tut, tut, tut!" said Linsk, with an air of authority; "why, you talk rebellion, as if you had drank it in with your mother's milk. Oh dear! oh dear! what are we all coming to, when youngsters talk such pestilent stuff about liberty and patriotism? Why, what have we to do with liberty and patriotism? Let us take care to obey the emperor, and his officers, and those who are in authority, and do as the priests tell us: that's all we have to do. But never mind, boy; I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. So don't think any more of what I said about your father and the mines. I believe he's an honest and noble gentleman, though I am sorry he's so much misled. Liberty and patriotism—indeed! Bah! When I hear about liberty and patriotism, I always look well to my pockets, for they sound to my ear very much like roguery and mischief. Liberty and patriotism, forsooth! as if we common men were like wild animals, and, as soon as we are of age, had a

right to set up for ourselves! No! no! we are Christians, and it is our duty to honor the emperor; we are his subjects, and he may do as he pleases with us. God bless him."

"I suppose it would be glory enough," said Alexis, having recovered his good humor, "to have our heads cut off, provided it was done by command of the emperor."

"Certainly," said Linsk, not discovering the irony; and here the conversation took another turn.

"You were speaking of the mines," said Alexis. "Do they produce great quantities of the precious metals?"

"Yes," said the old hunter, in reply. "The mines produce the value of more than ten millions of dollars a year. Not only do they yield gold, and silver, and platina, but a great deal of copper. Beside these, many precious stones are found, such as the topaz, beryl, onyx, garnets, diamonds, and green crystals as beautiful as emeralds. All these mines and all the minerals belong to the Czar, and they are wrought by his serfs and slaves, and by such exiles as are very bad and troublesome!"

"Those who talk about liberty and patriotism, I suppose," said Alexis.

"Yes," said Linsk, snappishly.

"Well," said Alexis, "I should like to go to that country, where there are such rich minerals and precious stones. I think I could pick up enough to make myself rich."

"And get your head taken off besides," said Linsk. "Let me tell you, my young master, the metals and minerals belong to the emperor, and it's stealing for anybody to take them, and whoever does so is sure to get punished. I know a story about that—"

"Tell it, I beg you," said Alexis. So the hunter proceeded.

"There was once a young nobleman of Russia exiled to Siberia for some

offence to the Czar. This happened in the time of Paul, near forty years ago. Well, when he came to Tobolsk; he was very poor, so he thought how he might get money and become rich. At last he heard of the mines of the mountains, and thither he went. He was careful, however, not to let anybody know his plan. He proceeded first to the Kolyvan mountains, but, as there were a great many people at work there, he was afraid of being detected in his scheme; so he proceeded farther east, until he came to a tall mountain called the Schlangenberg, which is the loftiest of the Altai range.

"When he had got up to the very top of the mountain, being weary, he laid himself down to get some rest, and here he fell asleep. While in this state, a man, in the dress of a Tartar, seemed to stand before him, and, making a low bow in the Eastern fashion, said, 'What would'st thou, son of a noble house?' To this the young Russian replied—'Wealth—give me wealth: with this I can purchase my liberty and return to Moscow, and live again in happiness. Give me riches: with these I could buy the very soul of the emperor, for all he desires is money.'

"When the young man said this, the image smiled on one side of his face, and frowned on the other; but he answered fairly,—'Your wish shall be granted: follow me!' Upon this the Russian arose and followed the mysterious stranger. They descended to the foot of the mountain, and entered a cave which was formed by nature in the rocks. It was at first a dark and gloomy room, with grizzly images around, and a fearful roar as of mighty waterfalls, tumbling amid the gashes and ravines of the mountain. But as they advanced farther, the scene gradually changed. The darkness disappeared, and at last they came to a vast chamber, which

seemed glittering with thousands of lamps. The room appeared indeed like a forest turned to crystal, the branches above uniting and forming a lofty roof, in the gothic form. Nothing could exceed the splendor of the scene. The floor was strewn with precious stones of every hue, and diamonds of immense size and beauty glistened around. As the adventurer trod among them, they clashed against his feet as if he was marching amid heaps of pebbles. There were thousands of lofty columns, of a pearly transparency, which seemed to send forth an illumination like that of the moon; and these were studded with garnets, and emeralds, and rubies.

"The Russian was delighted—nay, entranced. He walked along for more than an hour, and still the vast room seemed to expand and grow more gorgeous as he proceeded. The diamonds were larger, and the light more lovely, and by-and-by there came a sound of music. It was faint, but delicious; and our hero looked around for the cause of it. At last he saw what seemed a river, and on going to the border of it, he discovered that it was a stream of precious stones, where garnets, and beryls, and diamonds, and emeralds, and rubies, flowed like drops of water, in one gushing, flashing current; and as they swept along, a sort of gentle but entrancing melody stole out from them, and seemed to melt the heart with their tones.

"This is indeed most lovely—most enchanting!" said the youth to himself. 'Well and truly has my guide performed his promise.' Saying this, he looked around for his guide, but he had disappeared. The young man waited for a time, but his guide did not return. At last he began to feel weary, and cast about for a place to lie down; but no such place appeared. The floor of the mighty hall was covered with precious stones, but they were so sharp and

angular that they would have cut his flesh, if he had attempted to lie upon them. Pretty soon, hunger was added to the young man's wants. But how could he satisfy it? There were emeralds, and rubies, and sapphires, and diamonds, but neither meat nor bread. At last he turned around, and began to search for the way out of the grotto; first filling his pockets with the richest and rarest gems he could find. But the more he sought for the passage, the more remote he seemed to be from it. He, however, continued to wander on, but all in vain. At last he became frantic; he threw up his hands, and tore his hair, and ran fiercely from place to place, making the arches ring with his frightful screams. 'Take your gold, take your jewels!' said he; 'and give me rest, give me bread!' And, repeating this by night and by day, the young man continued to run wildly from place to place; and though forty years have rolled away since he entered the enchanted cave, he is still there, and is still unable to obtain rest or appease his hunger!"

"Is that all?" said Alexis, as the hunter paused in his narration. "Yes," said Linsk; "and let it warn you and all others not to go into the mountain, to steal the gems and the gold that belong to the emperor."

"The story is a good one," said Alexis, "and no doubt it has been used to frighten people from interfering with the emperor's mines; but it is an allegory, which bears a deeper meaning to my mind. It teaches us that riches cannot bring rest or health, and that a person surrounded with gold and gems may still be a most wretched being. Those very gems, indeed, may be the cause of his distress, as they may have been obtained by crime, or *vice*, or other unlawful means."

(To be continued.)



### The Lion and the Mouse;

A FABLE.

A LION was once going to war; he had buckled on his sword, and gathered his forces, and, with the monkey and the bear supporting his long robe behind, he was proudly marching over the plain at the head of his army. As he was proceeding, it chanced that his majesty encountered a mouse, dancing merrily over the ground. The king paused, and observed the little dancer with a grim smile of satisfaction. At this the bear grumbled, and the monkey sneered, for his majesty being in a warlike humor, they thought it meet that everybody else should be so too; but they were both speedily silenced by the lion, who spoke as follows :

"Why do you grumble at this pretty little fellow? See how graceful his movements are, and how cheerful is his countenance! Remember that everything has its use, and nothing is more useful than that which makes us cheerful, provided it is innocent. Even we warriors have need of cheerful excitement, for by this means we are better fitted to discharge our solemn duties. Let us not despise, then, even such sports, and amusements, and trifles, as come in our way, provided always that they are as harmless as the frisks and frolics of this little dancing-master of the meadow; and provided, too, that we never neglect business for pleasure."



## Merry's Life and Adventures.

### CHAPTER X.

*A conversation about wealth and poverty.—People to be respected according to their character, not according to their circumstances.*

As Paul Raymond was one of the best friends I ever had, it is my desire to make my reader well acquainted with him. He was tall, thin, and bent over, his figure seeming to indicate great humility; his face was meagre and exceedingly pale; his hair black as jet, and hanging in long, thin curls down his neck. His eye was very large, and of a deep blue.

The whole aspect of my friend was marked with a childlike gentleness and timidity, though his high forehead and prominent Roman nose bespoke a manly intellect. A worldly person, judging only by outward form and a first sight, had passed him by with indifference; but one who looks upon mankind as beings of soul and mind, would have been attracted by his appearance. It was so in some degree with myself, for when I first saw poor Paul, as he was called in the village, I scarcely noticed him. And for years after, I saw nothing of particular interest in his person: but now that I was on a sick bed, and had opportunity, as well as occasion, to observe him closer, he seemed to me very interesting, both in looks and manner.

It was one morning after he had been putting my room in order, and, taking his book, had sat down by my bedside, that I mentioned to Paul the change of feeling I had undergone in respect to himself. "I cannot but wonder," said I, "how different you seem to me now, from what you used to do, Mr. Raymond."

*Raymond.* Call me Paul, boy, call me Paul! said he. We are friends now, and *mister* is always a mischief-maker between friends. You say I seem dif-

ferent now from what I once did. The change is in you, not in me. I am the same poor Paul Raymond, as before. You are something better than before this accident happened.

*Merry.* How am I better? I think I am worse: I have been guilty of folly, and, though thoughtlessly, of crime; I have been disgraced before the whole village; my poor arm broken; I am sick and emaciated; and after all this, you tell me that I am better than before.

*R.* And I tell you the truth, boy. You have suffered, it is certain; but that suffering has been like medicine to your mind and heart. You were well in body, you were full of health and spirits, but there was disease within. Your heart was full of selfishness and pride; you felt that you could take care of yourself, and you cared not for the sympathy of others. You have now learnt a good lesson; that pride has been humbled, and you see your dependence upon others. You see how poor and paltry pride is; and how vain is that independence, which leads us to think only of self, and to be regardless of the feelings of our fellow-men. You are more humble than before, and therefore I say you are better than before.

*M.* Then you think humility is a good thing?

*R.* Certainly, and pride a bad thing. God looks down upon the humble man with approbation and favor, and he sends to the humble man peace and consolation which the world cannot give or take away. God looks down upon the proud man as a fool, a creature as silly as the moth that buzzes in the flame of the lamp, only to perish in his folly.

*M.* But this is very different from the view generally taken by mankind. The rich, the haughty, those who are successful in life, who know no sickness or misfortune, and who are seldom or never visited by sorrow—these are those

who are esteemed happy by the world at large. The proud are envied and the humble are despised. You would reverse this, and regard the humble as the happy, and the high and haughty as the miserable.

*R.* Yes, and this is nearly the truth. Health is given us for good; but, strange to say, men seem to turn it to bad account. A person who has always good health, is usually unfeeling: he sneers at those who are feeble, and laughs those to scorn who cannot eat and drink and work as well as he does. He is therefore deficient in one of the greatest of blessings, a kind and tender heart, a heart that feels for the misfortunes and sorrows of others, and that always is seeking to soften them.

Riches are given for good, but these too are abused. The rich man is likely to have very little regard for the poor; he is apt almost to feel that the poor are not human: at all events, he knows and cares little about them. He estimates men by their wealth: if a man is rich, he respects him; if poor, he despises him. Thus wealth begets in its possessor a gross stupidity of mind; it blinds a man to the most useful pleasures and important truths. It makes a man ignorant of his real duty and his true happiness.

*M.* You think then that health and wealth are misfortunes.

*R.* Certainly not, if rightly used: they are blessings in the hands of the virtuous, and some such there are. But in too many cases, mankind abuse them. The fortunate are very apt to be vicious; those who go on in an unchanging tide of success, at last fancy that they may indulge their pride and their passions with impunity. Such persons have hard hearts; and though the world, judging of the outside only, call them fortunate, and envy them—still, if we look within and see their real character,

we shall pity them, as in fact poor, and destitute, and miserable in all that constitutes real goodness, real wealth—a good heart.

It is for this reason that the Bible—a book more full of virtue than mankind generally think—tells us that “whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth.” In other words, God sends sorrow and misfortune upon men in real kindness. He takes away health, but he gives gentleness and humility of soul, as a compensation; he takes away worldly wealth—houses, lands, and merchandises—but he gives charity, good will, kindness, and sympathy, in their stead. He takes away external and earthly riches, and gives in exchange spiritual riches, of infinitely greater price. He takes away dollars and cents, which only pass in this world, and are wholly uncurrent in another, and gives coin that bears upon it an image and superscription, which not only makes it available in time, but in eternity.

*M.* Most people think very differently from you, on these matters: they seem to imagine that the rich are not only the happiest, but the wisest and best part of mankind.

*R.* Shallow people may think so, but wise men do not. Our Savior appealed to the poor, not to the rich. Poverty, not wealth, was the soil in which he sowed the seeds of truth; and he knew all things. History justifies Christ's judgment of human life, for all, or nearly all great improvements in society have been begun and carried on by the poor. For almost all useful inventions; for almost all that is beautiful in poetry, and music, and painting, and sculpture, and architecture; for almost all that has contributed to diffuse truth and knowledge and liberty among mankind—we are indebted to those who have been born and nursed in poverty. If you were to strike out of existence

all that the poor have created, and leave only what the rich have created, you would make this world one vast scene of desolation, vice, and tyranny.

Look around, and remark, who are the people that are tilling the soil and producing the comforts and luxuries of life? The poor, and not the rich. Who are paying the taxes and supporting the government? The poor, for they pay, in proportion to their property, much more than the rich. Who are the supporters of religion? The poor, for it is by their prayers, and sacrifices, and efforts, that it is propagated, not only at home, but in foreign lands. No Christian Mission, no Bible Society, no Society for the distribution of Tracts, was ever begun and carried on and supported by the rich.

The simple truth is, that, as the poor are the producers of all the substantial comforts of life, of food, raiment, houses, furniture, roads, vehicles, ships, and merchandises, so are they the cultivators of those spiritual staples which make up the social wealth of the world—religion, knowledge, charity, sympathy, virtue, patriotism, liberty, and truth. Destroy the poor, and you destroy not only the source of worldly wealth, but of that mental, spiritual, and social wealth, which are far higher and better.

*M.* You think, then, that the poor are not only the wisest, but the best part of mankind.

*R.* Certainly; but do not misunderstand me. I do not say all rich men are bad, or that all poor ones are good. There are rich men who are good, wise, kind, and virtuous—and those who are so, deserve great praise, for, as a class, the rich are otherwise; and the reasons are plain. In the first place, most men who become rich, do so by being supremely selfish. They keep what they get, and get what they can. A man who has no generosity, who seldom or

never gives away anything, who is greedily seeking all the time to increase his possessions, is almost sure, in a few years, to accumulate large stores. Such a man may be very stupid in intellect, and yet successful in getting rich. Riches are no proof of wisdom, but they are generally evidence of selfishness.

A man, by cultivating any passion, increases it. An avaricious man, indulging his avarice, grows more and more so. He not only becomes more greedy, but less regardful of the rights, feelings, and interests of his fellow-men. Thus, as a man increases in riches, he usually becomes vicious and depraved. His vices may not be open—he may not break the laws of the land, but he breaks the laws of conscience, and of God. There is hardly a spectacle more revolting to the eye of virtue, than the bosom of the rich and avaricious man. It is a machine, which grinds in its relentless wheels the limbs, the bowels, the nerves, the hearts of such among his fellow-men as fall within his grasp. He is a kind of moral cannibal, who feasts and grows fat, not on the bodies of his species, but on their peace and happiness.

*M.* You are severe.

*R.* But I hope not unjust: remember that Christ forgave the thief on the cross, but declared that it was easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. He knew by what means men generally grow rich; he knew the effect of riches on the heart; and, as a class, he denounces the rich, as in the view of Heaven among the least favored of mankind. They have their good things in this world, but a fearful penalty is attached to the abuse of these good things—an abuse which is but too tempting and too common.

But the only evil of wealth lies not in the danger which it threatens to the future

welfare of the soul; it is very apt to destroy or prevent some of the sweetest pleasures of this life. Humility is the source of more true happiness than wealth. A rich man may possess humility, though he is more likely to be proud; poverty, disappointment, sorrow, and misfortune, are the great producers of humility: and it often happens that God, in taking away wealth and worldly prosperity, and giving humility in return, greatly increases a person's true wealth and genuine peace. It is thus that he often deals with those he loves. He thinks that a man may well afford to part with his wealth, if he parts with pride at the same time, and obtains humility as a reward; and surely he knows what is best for us.

Nor is peace of mind the only effect of humility. It not only wakes up the heart of man to many kindly exercises of charity to his fellow-men, but it clears his mind and his intellect, so that it is brighter and stronger. Pride dims, dulls, and cheats the mind; the judgment of a proud man is seldom good. Not only does pride beget meanness of soul, but meanness of intellect. Greatness of mind, as well as of soul, is usually associated with humility. For this reason it is, that you find among the poor, who are usually humble, more true greatness of both mind and heart, than among the rich; and it is thus that we see the fact explained, which I have before stated, that for almost all the great religious, benevolent, and social progress of the world, we are indebted to the wisdom, charity, disinterestedness, and patriotism of the poor.

*M.* Is it then a sin to be rich, or a virtue to be poor?

*R.* Certainly not: there is no virtue or vice in either poverty or wealth. All I say is this, the usual means taken to get riches are supreme selfishness or craft, or uncommon want of principle;

and riches, when once obtained, tend to corrupt and degrade the heart, and stultify the mind. While, therefore, we admit that a rich man may be wise and virtuous, still, as a class, the rich are the least to be respected and trusted. We are borne out in this view by the remarkable words of Jesus Christ, and by the testimony of history. The rich, therefore, are to be shunned and feared, till we know, by positive proof, that they are worthy of our confidence and esteem, by the possession of virtue and wisdom.

On the contrary, if a man is poor, we have reason to believe that he is humble, and if humble, that he is virtuous. I know that this is not the way that the world usually judge, but I know that it is true. If you wish to find sympathy for sorrow or misfortune; or if you wish to find those who will make sacrifices to alleviate your distress, you must go to those who know sorrow and are acquainted with grief. You must go to those who are in the humble walks of life, and have learnt humility—an estimate of ourselves which makes us regard others as our equals, and which renders us willing to do to them as we would have them do to us. No man can feel the sorrow of others, unless he has suffered himself.

"'Tis the poor man alone,  
When he hears the poor's moan,  
Of his morsel a morsel will give."

*M.* You seem to think, then, that men are to be judged according to their character, and not by their circumstances.

*R.* Just so: you have stated the case exactly. When the Bible says that God looketh on the heart, it means to affirm, that the wisest and best of beings pays no respect to riches or poverty. In choosing his friends, he does not consider what sort of a house a man lives in, or how he is dressed; he looks to his heart, to his real character: and, be



he rich or poor, if he finds that selfishness, greediness, and avarice, occupy the soul, he condemns him; but if he finds that he has a humble heart, one that is kind, and full of love and charity, he approves of him.

*M.* The great thing for a man to aim at, is to have a good heart, a good character: you think a man should be more careful to be humble, than to be rich.

*R.* Assuredly: and he is more likely to be humble if he is poor, than if he is rich.

*M.* Should a man avoid riches, then?

*R.* No: I have said that riches are intended for good, and that in the hands of the virtuous they are beneficial. But wealth is not necessary to happiness; it is indeed a snare to thousands. Instead, therefore, of seeking for it greedily as the first thing, we should only regard it as secondary, and of infinitely less consequence than virtue. And though we should seek to avoid poverty, if it come, we may enjoy the reflection that it is safer to walk in the humble valley, than to climb along the dizzy pinnacles of prosperity and power. At all events, in wealth or poverty, in prosperity or adversity, let us cultivate humility, and judge ourselves and others by looking on the heart; let us consider that we are good or bad, respectable or despicable, not according to our circumstances, but according to our wisdom and our virtue.

*M.* I believe what you tell me, Paul, for you are wise, and all you tell me sounds true; but it would be hard to make the world believe that poverty and misfortune are desirable.

*R.* Perhaps not; but I could tell you a story of real life, in which it would appear that misfortune, or what the world calls such, actually promoted happiness.

*M.* Pray tell it to me.

*R.* I will do so to-morrow, if you

desire it; you have heard enough for to-day.

Here the conversation ended for the time. Raymond's story, which he entitled the *School of Misfortune*, I shall give to my readers in the next chapter

## Origin of Words and Phrases.

*"He's cut a Dido."* It is told in history, that Dido, a queen of Tyre, about eight hundred and seventy years before Christ, fled from that place upon the murder of her husband, and with a colony settled upon the northern coast of Africa, where she built Carthage. Being in want of land, she bargained with the natives for as much as she could surround with a bull's hide. Having made the agreement, she cut a bull's hide into fine strings, and tying them together, claimed as much land as she could surround with the long line she had thus made. The natives allowed the cunning queen to have her way, but when anybody played off a sharp trick, they said he has "cut a Dido;"—and the phrase has come down to our day.

*"He's caught a Tartar."* In some battle between the Russians and the Tartars, who are a wild sort of people in the north of Asia, a private soldier called out, "Captain, halloa there! I've caught a Tartar!" "Fetch him along, then!" said the captain. "Ay, but he won't let me!" said the man; and the fact was, the Tartar had caught him. So when a man thinks to take another in, and gets bit himself, they say—"He's caught a Tartar!"

*"Carrying the war into Africa."* In one of the famous wars between Carthage and Rome, about two thousand five hundred years ago, Hannibal, a Carthaginian leader, and one of the most

wonderful men of antiquity, led his army into Italy, and for several years continued to threaten the city and lay waste the surrounding country. Scipio, a Roman general, saw the necessity of getting rid of Hannibal and his forces; so he determined to lead an army into Africa, and threaten Carthage, and thus make it necessary for Hannibal to return home for its defence. This scheme had its intended effect; and in all after time, this retaliating upon an enemy, by adopting his own tactics, is called *carrying the war into Africa*.

"*He drives like Jehu*." "And the watchman told, saying, he came even unto them, and cometh not again: and the driving is like the driving of Jehu the son of Nimshi; for he driveth furiously." 2 Kings ix. 20.

The term "*Yankee*," is supposed to have originated with the Indians, who called the English, *Yongees*, which came at length to be *Yankees*.

"*Hoosiers*." The people of Indiana are called *Hoosiers*, and it is said to be an abbreviation of "Who's here?"—a question which used to be shouted aloud by the traveller in that quarter, when, amid the tall grass of the prairies, he heard voices, or saw the smoke of a log cabin, but could see nobody.

"*Suckers*," is the designation of the people of Illinois; because, as is said, the Galena miners used to appear in spring about the time the suckers, a large fish of the West, ascended the rivers.

"*Wolverene*," is the title of a citizen of Michigan, because an animal of that name, often called the Glutton, and somewhat resembling the raccoon, is common in that state.

"*Buckeye*," is a tree resembling the catalpa, and it is common in Ohio; so Ohio is called the buckeye state, and the citizens, *buckeyes*.

"*Corn-crackers*," is the nickname of the Kentuckians, for what reason I can-

not tell—but perhaps as a compliment to the soil and climate, which furnishes the people with abundance of corn, and a good appetite.

"*John Bull*," is the title given to England and Englishmen, because it is fancied that there is a surly, grumbling manner about the people of that country, which reminds one of a bull.

"*Empire State*," is a name given to New York, because of its great extent, population, and wealth.

Pennsylvania is called the "*Key-Stone State*," because of its central position, and its importance in a political point of view, as determining by its large vote the character of the national government.

## Travels, Adventures, and Experiences of Thomas Trotter.

### CHAPTER VIII.

*Catania.—Description of the city.—Danger of its situation.—Beauty of the country.—Journey up Mount Ætna.—Great abundance of lava.—Nicolosi.—Visit to the crater of Monti Rossi.—Grand prospect of the mountain.—Continuation of the journey.—A hut in the woods.—A night on the mountain.*

CATANIA is a highly interesting city. I was struck with the beauty of its situation, on the sea-shore at the foot of Mount Ætna, and with the regularity of its handsome streets, which are all straight, like those of Philadelphia. It is about the size of Boston, and is remarkably thriving and busy, for an Italian city. Almost everybody appeared to be engaged in the silk trade. Large manufactories abound in every quarter of the city, and in every street I could see the women at the door spinning and weaving silk. There was some rain while I staid in the city, the first I had experienced in Sicily. The people of Syra-

cuse told me, that a day was never known when the sun did not shine upon their city. The streets of Catania were thronged with people, notwithstanding the rain, and almost every one had a silk umbrella. I remarked that all the umbrellas were of a bright red, which made the crowd look very picturesque.

These rains are caused by Mount *Ætna*, which attracts the clouds from all quarters. The showers are sometimes so heavy that the streets of the city which run up and down the mountain, become rivers of water, rushing down to the sea with such rapidity that it is impossible to ford them. For this reason all the streets which lie upon a slope are provided with movable iron bridges, for crossing. There are also abundant springs of water under ground, which often burst out the sides of the mountain. I saw one of these which had sprung up through the pavement of one of the principal streets, and had been flowing for many weeks, a stream of beautiful clear water. The longest street is called *Strada Ætnea*. It runs up the mountain several miles, exactly in the direction of the crater, and the prospect upward is terminated by the magnificent snowy cone of the mountain, thirty miles distant. No other street in the world is equal to this in singularity.

Many times has this city been destroyed by torrents of lava from the mountain, but the beauty and advantages of the situation are such, that the inhabitants have always been willing to rebuild it, rather than seek another spot. The seashore is a black, craggy lava rock, on which the surf is always beautifully dashing. The prospect through some of the streets is terminated by columns of white spray perpetually flying into the air, as the city is built directly on the open sea, and has no harbor except an artificial dock, about as large as the space between two of the common

wharves in Boston. The soil of all the neighborhood is black, hard lava, which looks like cast iron; notwithstanding which the country is most beautiful, abounding in gardens, orchards, olive-groves, and everything rich and ornamental. Large numbers of the Sicilian nobility live here, attracted by the beauty of this delicious spot.

It was impossible to look up the mighty mountain which towered into the skies over my head, without feeling a strong desire to venture up and explore its wonders. The top, for many miles, was covered with snow, and I was told that the ascent to the summit was hardly possible. However, I determined to make the trial, and hired a couple of stout mules, which are always the best animals for climbing mountains. I obtained a guide well acquainted with the mountain, who agreed to accompany me for half a dollar a day to any place I dared to approach. We set out on the morning of the second of March. At first we found the ascent very gradual; the ground was a broken lava rock, overgrown with olive and almond trees, and prickly pears. Innumerable villages were scattered all round the lower region of the mountain, surrounded by gardens and groves. The houses appeared to be all built of lava; indeed, there is hardly any other kind of stone or building material to be seen anywhere. Every one of the villages had a church with a dome covered with glazed tiles of variegated colors, bright red, green, blue, and yellow, so as to resemble an enormous inverted bead-bag, glittering in the sun. The people were collected in crowds round the churches, firing off guns, crackers, and other fireworks, as it was a saint's day. I could see no fences in the fields: in fact, I had not yet seen such a thing as a wooden fence since the day I left home. The fields were all divided by walls of lava. In-

deed, lava serves here for stone, brick, marble, wood, and many other purposes besides. They build houses of it, wall their yards and fields, pave their streets, macadamize their roads, gravel their walks, and sand their floors with it. They grind it into soil, mix it up with mortar, manufacture it into snuff-boxes, inkstands, statuary, and more things than I have time to mention. The finer sort is exceedingly hard, and takes a fine polish. In one of the squares of Catania is a lava statue of an elephant with an obelisk on his back.

After going some miles up the mountain, the trees and other vegetation became scarce, and presently the road passed over nothing but rugged, barren lava rocks. At the end of about a dozen miles we came to a village called Nicolosi. Here we left our mules, and proceeded on foot to visit the crater of Monti Rossi, from which the eruption issued that destroyed Catania in 1669. This crater is about one third of the way up the mountain, and at fifteen or twenty miles' distance, looks like a dark red spot on the black mass of *Ætna*. We travelled several miles over a great desert of coarse black sand, without seeing a single tree or shrub, till we came to Monti Rossi, which I found to be a mountain with a double summit and very steep sides, consisting of coarse gravel and tufts of long rank grass, with here and there a stunted willow. It was laborious work climbing up this loose soil and holding on by the grass and twigs; now and then we lost our hold and rolled to the bottom, for it was impossible to stay our descent on this steep declivity when once we began to slip. At last we got to the summit, which consists of solid rock. The wind blew in furious gusts on this high elevation, and we were forced to tie our caps firmly upon our heads for fear of losing them.

I was, however, amply repaid for my toil in the ascent, for the view was grand beyond description. Under my feet was the crater, a yawning gulf of craggy rock, blood-red from the action of fire. All this rock had been thrown up from the bowels of the mountain. There was no opening at the bottom of the crater, the orifice having been filled up many years ago by the crumbling in of the sides, so that it is considered perfectly safe to descend to the bottom. I went down and stood over the spot from whence had issued those streams of fire that made such frightful destruction a century and a half ago. It appeared firm to the tread, like any solid earth, but it was startling to think what it once had been and might be again: it was, in truth, a pit of destruction. A prospect of a different description was exhibited from the top of the crater: the high point of this steep elevation shows the great body of Mount *Ætna* on one side with grand effect. When I recollected that this hill was a mere wart on the huge face of *Ætna*, I had a most lively impression of the enormous magnitude of the whole mountain,—seeing the wondrous bulk swelling up over my head twenty miles distant. Below, on one hand, was an immense level plain of black sand, on which I could discover winding foot-paths and stone walls, like lines drawn upon paper. Here and there I spied a traveller moving along the plain, mounted on his donkey, but at such a distance that he looked like a grasshopper astride of a mouse. Farther off, other craters and cones were discernible, and more in number than I could count. Each of these was a mountain of itself, but nothing more than a spot on the giant bulk of *Ætna*, whose bold peak, bright with snow, rose towering above the whole. Many miles above what I should suppose to be the habitable region, I



could distinguish the white walls of a monastery, surrounded by a sea of black sand. This great black plain or desert was one of the strangest spectacles I ever saw. Here and there a lonely house could be seen, with a few dwarf willows and cherry trees scattered about, but no other appearance of life except little dots of asses moving slowly along the surface of this barren and forlorn expanse.

I should have remained much longer gazing at the grand prospect which spread around me on all sides, but my guide, who had probably been on the same spot hundreds of times before, was tired of remaining here, and told me it was time to continue our journey up the mountain. A little flurry of snow came on just at this moment, which hastened our departure. We ran down the hill at a rapid pace, tumbling over and over in the loose earth; mounting our beasts at Nicolosi, we jogged on up the mountain. For some miles the country was nothing but lava and black sand; but at length we came to thick woods, through which the road ran for eight or ten miles. It began to grow dark, and I was glad to see something that looked like a house at a distance. When we reached it, however, we found it to be nothing more than a rude hut of lava stones, built for the shelter of travellers. We were obliged to take up our quarters here for the night, though all the accommodations the house contained were a clumsy fireplace and some heaps of dry leaves for our beds. The air was very chilly, and the wind blew in violent squalls, so that we were glad to meet with even so poor a shelter as this. We kindled a large fire and sat down to supper, after which, till bedtime, I amused myself by conversing with my guide. He was very communicative, and seemed highly pleased at the interest which I mani-

festated in my inquiries respecting his personal history. He belonged to Linguagrossa, a little village situated far up the mountain. The inhabitants live by making charcoal, which they carry on asses to Nicolosi and other villages on the lower part of the mountain, for sale. I asked him how much he earned when he was in the charcoal trade. He replied that his average earnings were from three to four cents a day; a sum which I found to be enough for a man's support, as people live in this country.

There are thousands of people in the villages and hamlets on Mount Ætna who have never been off the mountain during their lives, and pass the whole of their existence in a state of poverty like this. I asked him if his townspeople thought much of their danger in living in a place constantly threatened with showers of fire and torrents of burning lava. He replied, "*Niente! Niente!*" Not at all! Not at all! because the mountain always gives notice of its eruptions long beforehand, by subterraneous rumblings and shakings, and the people have time to save themselves before the mountain bursts out. So strong is the attachment of man to his native soil!

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## CHAPTER IX.

*A snow-storm on the mountain.—Trick of the guide.—Night's lodging at the Englishman's house.—Sunrise.—Journey up the cone.—Arrival at the top.—Description of the crater.*

By daylight the next morning we were up and pursuing our journey. The sky was clear, and the air exceedingly cold. After about an hour's travelling, we got through the woods, and came out into another immense field of barren lava. High above our heads

rose the snowy cone of the mountain, glistening bright in the rising sun—a most magnificent spectacle. Farther on we came to a little hamlet consisting of a dozen or fourteen houses, inhabited by charcoal burners, and there were fifteen or twenty shabby-looking asses strolling about, apparently seeking for something to eat; but what sort of food they could pick up in this desolate place, puzzled me to guess. These animals, however, will eat almost anything, and can make a good meal upon coarse stalks and thistles. We passed by two or three large hills of a deep red color, that seemed to be recently thrown up by an eruption. Our path lay over rough heaps of broken lava, where a horse could not have gone without stumbling at every step, yet our sure-footed beasts carried us safely over the most difficult spots. About noon, the sky, which had hitherto been clear, began to grow overcast, and I could perceive that the smoke from the crater, instead of streaming off to the northeast, was now rolling down the side of the mountain directly toward us. This showed that the wind had shifted to the north, and I felt serious apprehensions when I observed the increasing blackness of the sky.

My guide, who had been snuffing the air and stretching his vision in every direction for the last quarter of an hour, now assured me that a snow-storm was coming, and advised an immediate return down the mountain. I was not disposed to comply, as I had heard that these people are very ready to discourage travellers at the least appearance of any danger, because they are unwilling to encounter the cold of the upper regions. I told him to push on, and never mind the wind, which was now blowing in violent gusts. But in a few minutes, large flakes of snow began to fall, and soon the whole air was obscured. The mules showed some reluctance to pro-

ceed, and we had much ado to urge them onward. The guide kept talking of the dangers of our undertaking, and told a story of an Englishman who was lost here about six weeks before in a snow-storm, just like the one that was now raging. It seems he was going up the mountain with two others of his countrymen, and being overtaken by the snow, they strayed from the path, and got into a great plain, full of deep pools of water, covered with a thin crust of ice. In attempting to cross one of these, they broke through, and one of the travellers was drowned the rest escaping with difficulty after losing all their baggage. This melancholy catastrophe called forth all the sympathies of my companion, who related the circumstances with many mournful ejaculations and shakes of the head, assuring me that he was a *bel giovanotto*, or fine young fellow.

As I had never heard a syllable of this story at Catania in all my inquiries respecting the mountain, I guessed at once that the fellow had made it up out of his own head, to scare me from my undertaking. I asked him if he was sure the story was true. He protested that it was true, every word, and there could be no doubt of it, for he had seen the very mule which the drowned man rode, no longer ago than last Friday trotting through the Corso of Catania. He was a long-backed beast, dark red, mixed with iron gray; and if that was not the dead Englishman's mule, whose mule was it? I could not help laughing in his face at this odd proof of the story. He was a good deal disconcerted to see me so much amused instead of being frightened, and jogged on without telling any more tales of the misfortunes of travellers.

The snow continued to fall so thick that we could see only a few yards before us; but the mules, who always

follow a beaten path, continued to keep in the track till the middle of the afternoon, when the ground became so deeply covered that there seemed to be danger of their missing the way, and I began to feel some small apprehension that we might encounter an accident of the kind which had been related of the young Englishman, though I did not believe a word of the story. Luckily, about this time, the snow ceased to fall, and before sunset the sky grew clear. The prospect around me was desolate in the extreme. The whole surface of the mountain above was covered with snow, diversified here and there with huge red and black spots, where hills of burnt rock and volcanic sand, or craggy masses of lava, lifted their heads above the white expanse.

Just as daylight shut in we reached a little hut called the "Englishman's House," which had been erected here for the accommodation of travellers. The shelter it afforded us was exceedingly welcome, for we were almost frozen to death with the keen air of the mountain. Luckily, the building, though destitute of furniture, contained a considerable quantity of dry sticks, which enabled us to make a good fire; else we should have passed a sleepless night, for my limbs were stiff with cold and fatigue. I lay down to rest as soon as I had eaten my supper, in order to be awake before daylight the next morning, as I was determined if possible to get to the top of the mountain before sunrise. I gave my companion strict injunctions to waken me as soon as his eyes should be open. But we both slept so soundly that it was broad daylight before we knew anything about it; and by the time we were fairly on our journey, the sun rose. I was much disappointed in not witnessing this spectacle from the mountain-top, as it would have afforded me something to boast of

all my life; but the sight, as it was, might be thought enough to compensate for the fatigue and trouble of climbing so far. The snowy cap of the mountain, on the lower edge of which we were standing, glowed with the pure rosy tints of morning. Next to this was the green belt of forest, which first appeared dark and gloomy, but by degrees brightened into livelier tints, as the advancing sun threw his beams more directly upon the thick masses of leaves. Further down, the eye expatiated over the diversified surface of the skirts of the mountain, with its red cones, spots of green vegetation, and countless villages and towns, scattered right and left down to the water's edge. The prospect to the east was bounded by the broad expanse of the ocean, which the brilliant morning sun had brightened up into a mirror of fire. Further to the north, the eye reposed on the dark mountains of Calabria, whose snowy summits glimmered with a faint roseate hue in the distance.

The wind blew a steady breeze from the southwest, which carried the smoke from the crater away from us; and we proceeded on foot directly up the cone of the mountain. The distance to the top was eight or nine miles, though it did not appear to be more than two or three. The snow, instead of being soft like that of yesterday, was frozen into a hard crust,\*over which we were continually sliding. I could not help thinking, as I looked on this great, steep mountain-top, covered with a glare of ice, what a capital *coasting* place it would be for the Boston boys! They might slide half a dozen miles at a stretch, and then warm their toes in hot ashes and lava. However, this sliding on the frozen snow was a thing I never thought of when I began my journey or I should have provided myself with a pair of corks. The only way I could

make any progress, was by shambling along sideways, and digging the edges of my boot-soles through the crust, so as to get a footing at each step. This labor was excessively fatiguing, and before we had climbed two miles, the guide flatly refused to go any further, declaring that he was completely out of breath. I told him to go back and wait for me, as I was determined to go on, even if I went alone.

I had no fear of getting lost, because I had but to follow my own tracks backward when matters got to be desperate. I continued to climb upward with the help of a stout walking-stick, and soon lost sight of my companion. Now that I was all alone, trudging up to the top of Mount Ætna, I really felt something of the dignity of a traveller, and was absolutely delighted with the lonely adventure. My fingers were benumbed with the cold, and the rays of the sun, which was now pretty high, were reflected with so fierce a glare from the snow, that in a short time I was unable to keep my eyes open. It was impossible to go any further without the power of looking before me, for every slip and stumble I made sent me a hundred yards backward. I was just on the point of giving up the enterprise, when a thought struck me. I had a black silk handkerchief round my neck: this I took off and bound round my forehead in such a manner as to screen my eyes. The expedient answered admirably well, and with this help I gained the top of the mountain.

When I found myself on the summit of the crater, the excitement of my feelings was such as to banish all sensations of pain, fatigue, or even fear. I stood on the edge of that great yawning gulf, which has vomited smoke and flame, for thousands of years. At the foot of the mountain, this summit appears drawn o a point, but I found it to be an im-

mense hollow, two or three miles in diameter, and shelving down on all sides to the depth of half a mile or more. The bottom of the crater was full of chasms, through which volumes of white smoke were ascending, which rolled over the edge of the crater, and then shot off horizontally through the air. The sides were craggy, red, yellow, and black, with great masses of brimstone, big enough to load a ship. The smoke that burst out through every crevice and opening was loaded with fumes of sulphur, and on thrusting the end of my stick into a crack of the lava at my feet, it took fire.

*(To be continued.)*

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#### HYMN.

ALMIGHTY God, when morning light  
Breaks the soft slumbers of the night,  
Then I delight to steal away  
To read thy word, to kneel and pray.

This helps me, as the hours glide by,  
To feel that thou art ever nigh:  
When sinners tempt with speeches fair,  
I recollect my morning prayer.

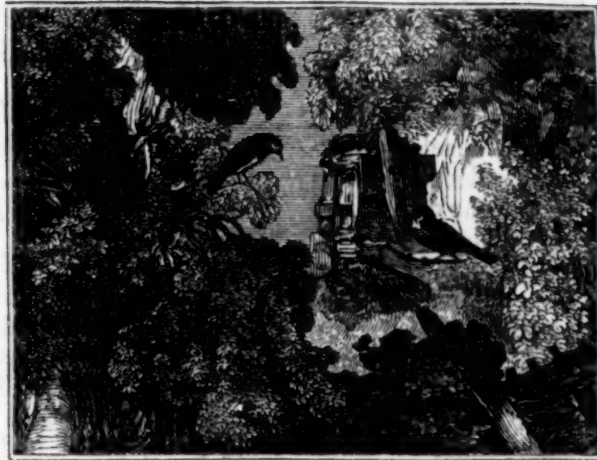
Nor can I let the evening close,  
And on my pillow seek repose,  
Until with thankful heart I raise  
Once more the voice of prayer and praise.

Let others scorn in prayer to kneel;  
Like them, O may I never feel!  
Though oft by thoughtless ones reviled,  
Still would I be a praying child.

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A poor Irishman advertised an old potato-pot for sale; his children gathered around him, and asked him why he parted with it. He replied, "Ah, my honeys, I would not be after parting with it but for a little money to buy something to put in it."





## The Sparrow and Robin;

A FABLE.

A ROBIN was one summer evening sitting upon a tree and singing its cheerful song right merrily. A critical sparrow was near by, and when the robin had done, he exclaimed, "Bah! what a miserable song! Why, it really seemed as if it would split my ears. How can you, Mister Robin, pretend to sing, when there are those around who understand music so much better?"

"Why, dear little sparrow," said the robin, "I only sing simple songs, such as nature has taught me; and here is my pretty mate at my side, and she says my song gives her pleasure."

"The more fool she," said the sparrow, smartly, "to be captivated with such humdrum stuff. If you want to hear music, you must listen to the catbird, who has been to foreign countries, and the macaws, that are dressed so fine. They have introduced a new style of music, and it's all the fashion; and your lackadaisical songs are now out of vogue, and none but the vulgar can bear them."

"Very well, if it be so," said the robin quietly. "I know my songs are

of a very humble kind, but they are still pleasing to me and mine; and I doubt not that my simple melodies give more true pleasure than the more fashionable of these foreign minstrels. One thing proves it, and that is this: when any one of the birds sings our native wood-notes wild, there is a silence all around, and every one has a look of delight. But when one of the fashionable musicians is singing, though the birds roll up their eyes and say, 'exquisite!' and 'enchanted!' and all that, they look all the time as if they were in the greatest distress. It seems to me very silly for people to praise a thing they dislike or do not understand, merely because it has come into fashion."

## The Mysterious Artist.

(Continued.)

It was night, and the studio of Murillo, the most celebrated painter in Seville—this studio, which, during the day, was so animated and cheerful—was

now silent as the grave. A single lamp burned upon a marble table, and a young boy, whose sable hue harmonized with the surrounding darkness, but whose eyes sparkled like diamonds at midnight, leaned against an easel, immovable and still. He was so deeply absorbed in his meditations that the door of the studio was opened by one, who several times called him by name, and who, on receiving no answer, approached and touched him. Sebastian raised his eyes, which rested on a tall and handsome mulatto.

"Why do you come here, father?" said he, in a melancholy tone.

"To keep you company, Sebastian."

"There is no need, father; I can watch alone."

"But what if the Zombi should come?"

"I do not fear him," replied the boy, with a pensive smile.

"He may carry you away, my son, and then the poor negro Gomez will have no one to console him in his slavery."

"Oh, how sad, how dreadful it is to be a slave!" exclaimed the boy, weeping bitterly.

"It is the will of God," replied the negro, with an air of resignation.

"God!" ejaculated Sebastian, as he raised his eyes to the dome of the studio, through which the stars glittered—"God! I pray constantly to him, father, (and I hope he will one day listen to me,) that we may no longer be slaves. But go to bed, father; go, go; and I shall go to mine there in that corner, and I shall soon fall asleep. Good night, father, good night."

"Are you really not afraid of the Zombi, Sebastian?"

"My father, that is a superstition of our country. Father Eugenio has assured me that God does not permit supernatural beings to appear on earth."

"Why then, when the pupils asked you who sketched the figures they find here every morning, did you say it was the Zombi?"

"To amuse myself, father, and to make them laugh; that was all."

"Then good night, my son;" and, having kissed the boy, the mulatto retired.

The moment Sebastian found himself alone, he uttered an exclamation of joy. Then, suddenly checking himself, he said, "Seventy-five lashes to-morrow if I do not tell who sketched these figures, and perhaps more if I do. O my God, come to my aid!" and the little mulatto threw himself upon the mat, which served him for a bed, where he soon fell fast asleep.

Sebastian awoke at daybreak; it was only three o'clock. Any other boy would probably have gone to sleep again; not so Sebastian, who had but three hours he could call his own.

"Courage, courage, Sebastian," he exclaimed, as he shook himself awake; "three hours are thine—only three hours—then profit by them; the rest belong to thy master, slave! Let me at least be my own master for three short hours. So begin; these figures must be effaced;" and, seizing a brush, he approached the virgin, which, viewed by the soft light of the morning dawn, appeared more beautiful than ever.

"Efface this!" he exclaimed, "efface this! no! I will die first—efface this—they dare not—neither dare I. No! that head—she breathes—she speaks—it seems as if her blood would flow if I should offer to efface it, and I should be her murderer. No, no, no; rather let me finish it."

Scarcely had he uttered these words, when, seizing a palette, he seated himself at the easel, and was soon totally absorbed in his occupation. Hour after hour passed unheeded by Sebastian,

who was too much engrossed by the beautiful creation of his pencil, which seemed bursting into life, to mark the flight of time. "Another touch," he exclaimed, "a soft shade here—now the mouth. Yes! there! it opens—those eyes—they pierce me through!—what a forehead!—what delicacy! Oh my beautiful—" and Sebastian forgot the hour, forgot he was a slave, forgot his dreaded punishment—all, all was obliterated from the soul of the youthful artist, who thought of nothing, saw nothing, but his beautiful picture.

But who can describe the horror and consternation of the unhappy slave, when, on suddenly turning round, he beheld all the pupils, with the master at their head, standing beside him.

Sebastian never once dreamt of justifying himself, and with his palette in one hand, and his brushes in the other, he hung down his head, awaiting in silence the punishment he believed he justly merited. For some moments a dead silence prevailed; for if Sebastian was confounded at being caught in the commission of such a flagrant crime, Murillo and his pupils were not less astonished at the discovery they had made.

Murillo, having, with a gesture of the hand, imposed silence on his pupils, who could hardly restrain themselves from giving way to their admiration, approached Sebastian, and concealing his emotion, said, in a cold and severe tone, while he looked alternately from the beautiful head of the virgin to the terrified slave, who stood like a statue before him,

"Who is your master, Sebastian?"

"You," replied the boy, in a voice scarcely audible.

"I mean your drawing-master," said Murillo.

"You, Senor," again replied the trembling slave.

"It cannot be; I never gave you lessons," said the astonished painter.

"But you gave them to others, and I listened to them," rejoined the boy, emboldened by the kindness of his master.

"And you have done better than listen—you have profited by them," exclaimed Murillo, unable longer to conceal his admiration. "Gentlemen, does this boy merit punishment, or reward?"

At the word punishment, Sebastian's heart beat quick; the word reward gave him a little courage; but, fearing that his ears deceived him, he looked with timid and imploring eyes towards his master.

"A reward, Senor!" cried the pupils, in a breath.

"That is well; but what shall it be?"

Sebastian began to breathe.

"Ten ducats, at least," said Mendez.

"Fifteen," cried Ferdinand.

"No," said Gonzalo; "a beautiful new dress for the next holiday."

"Speak, Sebastian," said Murillo, looking at his slave, whom none of these rewards seemed to move; "are these things not to your taste? Tell me what you wish for. I am so much pleased with your beautiful composition, that I will grant any request you may make. Speak, then; do not be afraid."

"Oh, master, if I dared—" and Sebastian, clasping his hands, fell at the feet of his master. It was easy to read in the half-opened lips of the boy and his sparkling eyes some devouring thoughts within, which timidity prevented him from uttering.

With the view of encouraging him, each of the pupils suggested some favor for him to demand.

"Ask gold, Sebastian."

"Ask rich dresses, Sebastian."

"Ask to be received as a pupil, Sebastian."

A faint smile passed over the countenance of the slave at the last words, but he hung down his head and remained silent.

"Ask for the best place in the studio," said Gonzalo, who, from being the last pupil, had the worst light for his easel.

"Come, take courage," said Murillo gaily.

"The master is so kind to-day," said Ferdinand, "that I would risk something. Ask your freedom, Sebastian."

At these words Sebastian uttered a cry of anguish, and raising his eyes to his master, he exclaimed, in a voice choked with sobs, "The freedom of my father! the freedom of my father!"

"And thine, also," said Murillo, who, no longer able to conceal his emotion, threw his arms around Sebastian, and pressed him to his breast.

"Your pencil," he continued, "shows that you have talent; your request proves that you have a heart; the artist is complete. From this day, consider yourself not only as my pupil, but my son. Happy Murillo! I have done more than paint—I have made a painter!"

Murillo kept his word, and Sebastian Gomez, known better under the name of the mulatto of Murillo, became one of the most celebrated painters in Spain. There may yet be seen in the churches of Seville the celebrated picture which he had been found painting by his master; also a St. Anne, admirably done; a holy Joseph, which is extremely beautiful; and others of the highest merit.

At a crowded lecture the other evening, a young lady standing at the door of the church was addressed by an honest Hibernian, who was in attendance on the occasion, with, "*Indade*, Miss, I should be glad to give you a *sate*, but the *empty* ones are all full."

## Sketches of the Manners, Customs, and History of the Indians of America.

### CHAPTER V.

*Peru discovered by Francisco Pizarro.—He invites the Inca to visit him.—Description of the Inca.—Rejects the Bible.—Treacherously seized by Pizarro.—The Inca proposes to ransom himself.—The ransom brought.—Pizarro seizes the gold, then murders the Inca.—Conquers Peru.*

WHEN the Spaniards first discovered the Pacific, Peru was a mighty empire. It extended from north to south more than 2000 miles. Cuzco, the capital city, was filled with great buildings, palaces, and temples, which last were ornamented, or covered, rather, with pure gold. The improvements of civilized life were far advanced; agriculture was the employment of the quiet villagers; in the cities manufactures flourished; and science and literature were in a course of improvement which would, doubtless, have resulted in the discovery of letters.

Their government was a regular hereditary monarchy; but the despotism of the emperor was restricted by known codes of law. They had splendid public roads. That from Cuzco to Quito extended a distance of 1500 miles or more. It passed over mountains, through marshes, across deserts. Along this route, at intervals, were large stone buildings, like the caravanseras of the East, large enough to contain thousands of people. In some instances these caravanseras were furnished with the means of repairing the equipments and arms of the troops or travellers.

Such was the ancient empire of Peru, when Francisco Pizarro, an obscure Spanish adventurer, with an army of only sixty-two horsemen and a hundred or two foot-soldiers, determined to invade it. He, like all the other Span-



iards who went out to South America, was thirsting to obtain gold. These men, mis-called *Christians*, gave up their hearts and souls to the worship of mammon, and they committed every horrible crime to obtain riches. But the *Christian* who now *cheats* his neighbor in a quiet way-of-trade manner, to obtain wealth—is he better than those Spaniards? I fear not. Had he the temptation and the opportunity, he would do as they did.

At the time Pizarro invaded Peru, there was a civil war raging between Atahualpa, the reigning monarch, or Inca, as he was called, and his brother Huascar. These brothers were so engaged in their strife, that Pizarro had marched into the country without being opposed, and entered the city of Caxamala on the 15th of November, 1532. Here the army of the Inca met the Spaniards. Pizarro was sensible he could not contend with such a multitude, all well armed and disciplined, so he determined by craft to get possession of the person of the Inca.

He sent to invite the Inca to sup with him in the city of Caxamala, and promised then to give an account of his reasons for coming to Peru. The simple-

hearted Inca believed the Spaniards were children of the sun. Now the Inca worshiped the sun, and thought he himself had descended from that bright luminary. He was very anxious, therefore, to see the Spaniards, and could not believe they meant to injure him; so he consented to visit Pizarro.

Atahualpa took with him twenty thousand warriors, and these were attended by a multitude of women as bearers of the luggage, when he set out to visit the Spaniards. The person of the sovereign was one blaze of jewels. He was borne on a litter plated with gold, overshadowed with plumes, and carried on the shoulders of his chief nobles. On his forehead he had the sacred tuft of scarlet, which he wore as the descendant of the sun. The whole moved to the sound of music, with the solemnity of a religious procession.

When the Inca entered the fatal gates from which he was never to return, his curiosity was his chief emotion. Forgetting the habitual Oriental gravity of the throne, he started up, and continued standing as he passed along, gazing with eagerness at every surrounding object. A friar, named Valverde, now approached, bearing a cross and a Bible. The



*The Inca putting the Bible to his ear.*

friar commenced his harangue by declaring that the pope had given the In-

dies to Spain; that the Inca was bound to obey; that the book he carried cou-

tained the only true mode of worshipping Heaven.

"Where am I to find your religion?" said the Inca.

"In this book," replied the friar.

The Inca declared that whatever might be the peaceful intentions of the Spaniards, "he well knew how they had acted on the road, how they had treated his caciques, and burned his cottages." He then took the Bible, and turning over some of the leaves, put it eagerly to his ear.

"This book," said he, "has no tongue; it tells me nothing." With these words he flung it contemptuously on the ground.

The friar exclaimed at the impiety, and called on his countrymen for revenge. The Inca spoke a few words to

his people, which were answered by murmurs of indignation. At this moment Pizarro gave the signal to his troops: a general discharge of cannon, musketry, and crossbows followed, and smote down the unfortunate Peruvians. The cavalry were let loose, and they broke through the Inca's guard at the first shock. Pizarro rushed forward at the head of a chosen company of shield-bearers, to seize the Inca.

That sovereign was surrounded by a circle of his high officers and devoted servants. They never moved except to throw themselves upon the Spanish swords. They saw that their prince was doomed, and they gave themselves up to his fate. The circle rapidly thinned, and the Inca would soon have



*Pizarro seizing the Inca.*

been slain, had not Pizarro called to his soldiers to forbear. He wished to take the Inca alive, that he might extort gold from him for his ransom.

Pizarro, therefore, rushed forward, and, seizing the Inca by the mantle, dragged him to the ground. The Peruvians, seeing his fall in the midst of the Spanish lances, thought he was slain, and instantly gave up the battle. In the force of their despair they burst through one of the walls and fled over

the open country. More than two thousand were left dead within the gates, while not a single Spaniard had been killed. It was a murder rather than a battle.

The Spaniards proceeded to plunder the camp of the Inca, and he, seeing their passion for gold, offered to purchase his ransom. He offered to cover the floor of the chamber where he was confined with wedges of gold and silver. The Spaniards laughed at this, as they

conceived, impossible proposal. The Inca thought they despised the small sum he had offered, and starting to his feet, he haughtily stretched his arm as high as he could reach, and told them he would give them that chamber full to the mark he then touched with his hand. The chamber was twenty-two feet long, sixteen wide, and the point he touched on the wall was nine feet high.

Pizarro accepted the proposal, and sent messengers to Cuzco to obtain the ransom. These brought back twenty-six horse loads of gold, and a thousand pounds' weight of silver. The generals of the Inca also brought additional treasures of gold and silver vessels, and the room was filled. Pizarro grasped the treasure, and divided it among his troops, after deducting one fifth for the king, and taking a large share for himself.

Pizarro had promised to set the Inca at liberty; but it is probable he never intended it. After he had, in the name of the Inca, drawn all the gold he could from the country, he barbarously murdered the poor Indian chief!

There is a tradition that the fate of the Inca was hastened by the following circumstance. One of the soldiers on guard over him, wrote the name of God on the thumb nail of the Inca, explaining to him at the same time the meaning of the word. The Inca showed it to the first Spaniard who entered. The man read it. The Inca was delighted; and Pizarro appearing at the moment, the important nail was presented to him. But Pizarro could not read! the conqueror of Peru could not write his name; and the Inca manifested such contempt towards him for this ignorance, that Pizarro resolved he should not live.

After the Inca's death, another long and bloody war, or, rather, ravage, commenced. The Spaniards finally took Cuzco, the royal city, plundered the temples, and desolated the land, till the

Peruvians, in despair, submitted to their chains, and became the slaves of the Spaniards.

Since that time the Spanish power has always governed Peru, till the revolution in 1823, when the colonists threw off the yoke of the mother country. But, in justice to the kings of Spain, it should be remembered that they have frequently made laws to protect their Indian subjects in South America. Still the poor natives were often, indeed always, cruelly oppressed by the colonists. But now the spirit of liberty and improvement is ameliorating the condition of all the laboring classes in the independent Republic of Peru, and the Indians are entitled to the privileges of free citizens.

#### CHAPTER VI.

*Indian tradition.—Manco Capac.—His reign.—Religion.—Property.—Agriculture.—Buildings.—Public roads.—Manufactures.—Domestic animals.—Results of the conquest of the country by the Spaniards.*

THE Peruvians have a tradition that the city of Cuzco was founded in this manner. The early inhabitants of the country were ignorant, and brutal as the wild beasts of the forest, till a man and woman of majestic form, and clothed in decent garments, appeared among them. They declared themselves to be children of the sun, sent to instruct and to reclaim the human race. They persuaded the savages to conform to the laws they proposed, united them, the Indians, together in a society, and taught them to build the city.

Manco Capac was the name of this wonderful man; the woman was called Marna Ocollo. Though they were the children of the sun, it seems they had been brought up very industriously; for Manco Capac taught the Indians agri-

culture, and other useful arts; and Marina Ocollo taught the women to spin and weave, and make feather garments.

After the people had been taught to work, and had built houses and cultivated fields, and so on, Manco Capac introduced such laws and usages as were calculated to perpetuate the good habits of the people. And thus, according to the Indian tradition, was founded the empire of the Incas.

The territory was, at first, small; but it was gradually enlarged by conquering the neighboring tribes,—merely, however, to do good by extending the blessings of their laws and arts to the barbarians,—till the dominions of the Inca Atahualpa, the twelfth in succession, extended from north to south along the Pacific Ocean above 2000 miles; its breadth from east to west was from the ocean to the Andes. The empire had continued four hundred years.

The most singular and striking circumstance in the Peruvian government, was the influence of religion upon its genius and its laws. The whole civil policy was founded on religion. The Inca appeared not only as a legislator, but as the messenger of heaven. His precepts were received as the mandates of the Deity. Any violation of his laws was punished with death; but the people were so impressed with the power and sacred character of their ruler that they seldom ventured to disobey.

Manco Capac taught the Peruvians to worship the sun, as the great source of light, of joy, and fertility. The moon and stars were entitled to secondary honors. They offered to the sun a part of those productions which his genial warmth had called forth from the bosom of the earth, and his beams had ripened. They sacrificed some of the animals which were indebted to his influence for nourishment. They presented to him choice specimens of those works of

ingenuity which his light had guided the hand of man in forming. But the Incas never stained the altar of the sun with human blood.

Thus the Peruvians were formed, by the spirit of the religion which they had adopted, till they possessed a national character more gentle than that of any other people in America.

The state of property in Peru was no less singular than that of religion, and contributed, likewise, towards giving a mild turn of character to the people. All the lands capable of cultivation, were divided into three shares. One was consecrated to the sun, and the product of it was applied to the erection of the temples, and furnishing what was requisite towards celebrating the public rites of religion.

The second share belonged to the Inca, or was set apart as the provision made by the community for the support of government. The third and largest share was reserved for the maintenance of the people, among whom it was parcelled out. All such lands were cultivated by the joint industry of the community.

A state thus constituted may be considered like one great family, in which the union of the members was so complete, and the exchange of good offices so perceptible, as to create stronger attachment between man and man than subsisted under any other form of society in the new world. The Peruvians were advanced far beyond any of the nations in America, both in the necessary arts of life, and in such as have some title to be called elegant.

Agriculture was carried on by the Peruvians with a good deal of skill. They had artificial canals to water their fields; and to this day the Spaniards have preserved and use some of the canals made in the days of the Incas. They had no plough, but turned up the



earth with a kind of mattock of hard wood. The men labored in the fields with the women, thus showing the advance of civilization over the rude tribes which imposed all the drudgery upon females.

The superior ingenuity of the Peruvians was also obvious in their houses and public buildings. In the extensive plains along the Pacific Ocean, where the sky is always serene and the climate mild, the houses were, of course, very slight fabrics. But in the higher regions, where rain falls and the rigor of the changing seasons is felt, houses were constructed with great solidity. They were generally of a square form, the walls about eight feet high, built of bricks hardened in the sun, without any windows, and the door strait and low. Many of these houses are still to be seen in Peru.

But it was in the temples consecrated to the sun, and in the buildings intended for the residence of their monarchs, that the Peruvians displayed the utmost extent of their art. The temple of Pachacmac, together with a palace of the Inca and a fortress, were so connected together as to form one great structure, nearly two miles in circuit.

Still this wide structure was not a very lofty affair. The Indians, being unacquainted with the use of the pulley and other mechanical powers, could not elevate the large stones and bricks which they employed in building; and the walls of this, their grandest edifice, did not rise above twelve feet from the ground. There was not a single window in any part of the building. The light was only admitted by the doors; and the largest apartments must have been illuminated by some other means.

The noblest and most useful works of the Incas, were their public roads. They had two, from Cuzco to Quito, extending, uninterruptedly, above fifteen

hundred miles. These roads were not, to be sure, equal to our modern turnpikes; but at the time Peru was discovered there were no public roads in any kingdom of Europe that could be compared to the great roads of the Incas.

The Peruvians had, likewise, made considerable advances in manufactures and the arts which may be called elegant. They made cloth, and they could refine silver and gold. They manufactured earthen ware; and they had some curious instruments formed of copper, which had been made so hard as to answer the purposes of iron. This metal they had not discovered. If they had only understood the working of iron and steel as well as they did that of gold and silver, they would have been a much richer and more civilized people.

The Peruvians had tamed the duck and the llama, and rendered them domestic animals. The llama is somewhat larger than the sheep, and in appearance resembles a camel. The Indians manufactured its wool into cloth; its flesh they used for food; moreover, the animal was employed as a beast of burden, and would carry a moderate load with much patience and docility. The aid of domestic animals is essential to the improvement and civilization of human society.

In short, the Peruvians, when contrasted with the naked, indolent, and ignorant inhabitants of the West Indian Islands, seem to have been a comfortable, ingenious, and respectable nation. The conquest of their country destroyed their system of government. They were made not merely to pay tribute to their new rulers, but, far worse, they were reduced to the condition of slaves. They were compelled to leave the pleasant fields they used to cultivate, and driven in crowds to the mountains in search of gold. They were forced to



*An Indian girl feeding a duck. Llama carrying a burden on its back.*

labor hard, and allowed only a scanty subsistence; till, heart-broken and despairing of any change for the better, they sunk under their calamities and died!

In a few years after Pizarro entered Cuzco, a great part of the ancient population of Peru had been swept away, destroyed by the avarice and cruelty of their conquerors.

### The Alligator.

I AM not about to recommend this creature to you on account of his beauty or amiable qualities. He has, in fact, too large a mouth, and too long a tail, to be handsome, and his reputation is not of the pleasantest kind. However, it is interesting to hear about all the works of nature, and as this is one of the most wonderful, I shall proceed to describe it.

Alligators live in warm climates, and spend the greater part of their time in the water. There are four or five kinds in America, but the most dangerous are found along the banks of the river Mississippi. These creatures are sometimes fifteen or even twenty feet in length; their mouths are two or three feet long and fourteen or fifteen inches wide. Their teeth are strong and sharp, and their claws are also very strong.

During the middle of the day the alligators are generally at rest—lying

lazily upon the shore, or in the water. Toward evening, however, they begin to move about in search of prey, and then the roar of the larger ones is terrific. It is louder and deeper than the lowing of the bull, and it has all the savage wildness of the bittern's cry. It would seem that this bellowing could not be agreeable to anything, for as soon as the birds and beasts hear it, they fly as if smitten with terror; but still, when an alligator wishes to speak something loving into the ear of another, he goes to bellowing with all his might, and this sound, so awful to other creatures, seems very pleasant and musical to the alligator which is thus addressed. This shows that there is a great difference in tastes.

The male alligators sometimes engage in ferocious battles. These usually take place in shallow water, where their feet

can touch the ground. At first they only cudgel each other with their tails; but the blows given are tremendous, and soon rouse the anger of the parties. They then go at it with teeth and claws. The snapping, scratching, rending and thumping, are now tremendous; the water boils around with the struggle; streams of blood mingle with the waves; and at last one of the combatants is actually torn in pieces by his adversary.

The appetite of the alligator is voracious; I never heard of one that had the dyspepsia. Nothing of the animal kind comes amiss; mountain cat, monkey, vulture, parrot, snake-lizard, and even the electric eel, rattlesnake, and venomous bush-master, are alike swallowed down! Nor does it matter whether the creature be alive or dead, save only that it seems most admired when in a putrid state. It frequently happens that the creature will deposit an animal he has killed in the water till partly decayed, and when most offensive to us, it seems most delicious to the alligator.

In some of the rivers of North and South America, within the tropics, these creatures are very numerous. They also infest the lakes and lagoons all around the Gulf of Mexico; and it is here that the alligator's paradise is found. When the spring rains come these creatures have a perfect carnival. Many fishes, birds, and animals, are killed during the freshets, and are borne along in the floods; upon their remains these creatures feast; and as the vulture is provided by providence to devour and remove offal from the land, which would otherwise infect the air and produce pestilence; so the alligators are the scavengers of the waters, and clear away putrescence that would otherwise render them poisonous and unapproachable to man. So, after all, the alligator has

his part to play in the great economy of nature, and is actually very useful.

The alligator is nearly the same as the crocodile of the eastern continent. The females lay eggs, and one of them is said to produce a hundred in a season. They are of the size of geese eggs, and are often eaten, being esteemed tolerable food. The eggs, being deposited in the sand and covered up, are hatched by the heat.

**BRAHAM'S PARROT.**—Parrots, like cuckoos, form their notes deep in the throat, and show great aptitude in imitating the human voice. A lady who admired the musical talents of Braham, the celebrated singer, gave him a parrot, which she had taught with much care. A person who saw it at Braham's house, thus describes it:—"After dinner, during a pause in the conversation, I was startled by a voice from one corner of the room, calling out in a strong, hearty manner, 'Come, Braham, give us a song!' Nothing could exceed the surprise and admiration of the company. The request being repeated and not answered, the parrot struck up the first verse of *God save the King*, in a clear, warbling tone, aiming at the style of Braham, and sung it through. The ease with which the bird was taught was equally surprising with his performance. The same lady prepared him to accost Catalani, when dining with Mr. Braham, which so alarmed Madame that she nearly fell from her chair. Upon his commencing *Rule Britannia*, in a loud and intrepid tone, the chantress fell upon her knees before the bird, expressing, in terms of delight, her admiration of its talents."

This parrot has only been exceeded by Lord Kelly's, who, upon being asked

to sing, replied, "I never sing on a Sunday." "Never mind that, Poll; come, give us a song." "No, excuse me. I've got a cold—don't you hear how hoarse I am?" This extraordinary creature performed the three verses entire of *God save the King*, words and music, without hesitation, from beginning to end.



### Mungo Park and the Frogs.

THE tales of travellers often appear to us incredible, merely because they relate things different from our own observation and experience. You know that there are some countries so hot that they never have ice or snow there. Now it chanced that a man from some northern portion of the world, happening to be in one of those hot places, told the people, that, where he lived, the water sometimes became solid, in consequence of the cold, and almost as hard as a stone.

Now this was so different from the experience of the people, that they would not credit the traveller's story. This shows us that a thing may be a

reality, which is, at the same time, very different from our own observation and experience.

Mungo Park was a famous traveller in Africa. He went into countries where no white man had been before, and he saw places which no white man had seen. He tells us many curious things, but perhaps nothing is more amusing than what he says about the frogs. At a certain place that he visited, he went to a brook to let his horse drink; but what was his surprise to find it almost covered with frogs, who kept bobbing up and down, so that his horse was afraid to put his nose into the water. At last Mr. Park was obliged to take a



bush and give the frogs a flogging, before he could make them get out of the way so as to let his poor beast quench his thirst.

### A Child lost in the Woods.

THE Bangor Whig of the 11th of June contains an affecting account of a search made at Linnæus, in the Aroostook country, for a little girl of nine years, the daughter of Mr. David W. Barbar, who, on the 4th, was sent through the woods to a neighbor's, half a mile distant, to borrow a little flour for breakfast. Not returning that day, the next morning about forty of the neighbors set out to hunt for her, but spent the day without success. The next day sixty searched the woods, with no better fortune. The following morning between two and three hundred of the settlers assembled early, anxious and fearful for the safety of the lost child.

"The company set out," says the Whig, "for a thorough and a last search. The child had been in the woods three days and nights, and many hearts were sunk in despondency at the utter hopelessness of finding it alive. But to learn its fate or restore it was the determined purpose of each. Half the day had been expended in advancing into the forest. It was time for returning; but who could think of doing so while an innocent child might be wandering but a few rods in advance? On the company pushed, still deeper into the dense wilds. The sun had reached the meridian, and was dipping down toward the west. It seemed vain to look farther, and slowly and heavily those stout-hearted men brushed a tear from their cheeks, gave up all as lost, and, as their hearts seem-

ed to die within them, commenced their return. The line was stretched to include a survey of the greatest possible ground; not a bush or tree, where it was possible for a child to be concealed, within the limits of the line, was passed without diligent search. Those at the extremities of the lines tasked themselves to the utmost in examining the woods beyond the lines. They had travelled for some time, when, at the farthest point of vision, the man on one flank thought he saw a bush bend. He ran with swelling heart. He hesitated. Was it his imagination? He gazed a moment. The bush bent again, and the head of the little wanderer was seen! He rushed forward, and found the little girl seated upon a log, and breaking the twigs she had plucked from the bush which so providentially led to her discovery. She did not appear to be frightened; said she had lain in the woods three nights, and had not seen or heard any wild beasts, and that she thought she should get to Mr. Howard's for the flour before night! At first she did not appear hungry or weak, but after eating a piece of bread her cries for more were very piteous. She was found about three miles from where she entered the woods. Her clothing was very thin, and the large shawl she had on when she left home she had carefully folded and placed in the pillow-case, not even putting it over her during the night, as she innocently said, 'to keep from dirtying it, or her mother would whip her.' Our informant states that she is now as well and happy as the other children "

THE SUN.—If the sun were inhabited as thickly as some parts of our earth with human beings, it would contain 850,000 times as many as the earth.

# AUTUMN.

WORDS AND MUSIC WRITTEN FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM; THE LATTER BY GEO. J. WEBB.

*Andante.*

The summer de - parted, So gentle and brief—Pale autumn is

come, With its sere yel - low leaf. Its breath in the vale, Its

voice in the breeze, A ma - ny hued garment Is o - ver the trees.

In red and in purple  
The leaves seem to bloom,—  
The stern slayer comes—  
It hath spoken their doom;  
And those that may seem  
With rubies to vie,—  
They tell us that beauty  
Blooms only to die

Yet sad as the whispers  
Of sorrow its breath,  
And touching its hues  
As the garment of death,—  
Still autumn, though sad  
And mournful it be,  
Is sweetest and dearest  
Of seasons to me.

# MERRY'S MUSEUM.

VOLUME II.—No. 3.

## Merry's Life and Adventures.

### CHAPTER XI.

*Raymond's story of the school of misfortune.*

I SHALL NOW proceed to repeat, as accurately as I am able, Raymond's story promised in the last chapter. It was as follows.

"There once lived in a village near London, a youth whom we will call R. His parents died when he was young, leaving him an ample estate. He was educated at one of the universities, travelled for two years on the continent, and, at the age of twenty-four, returned to the paternal mansion, and established himself there. Being the richest person in the village, and the descendant and representative of a family of some antiquity, he became the chief personage of the place. Beside all this, he was esteemed remarkably handsome, possessed various accomplishments, and had powers of pleasing almost amounting to fascination. He was, therefore, courted and flattered by the whole neighborhood, and even lords and ladies of rank and fashion did not disdain to visit him. The common people around, of course, looked up to him; for in England, where distinctions in society are established by government, and where all are taught to consider such distinctions as right and best, the great, as they are called, are usually almost worshipped by the little.

"Surrounded by luxuries, and flattered by everybody, it would seem that R. might have been happy; but he was of a discontented turn, and though, for a time, these things pleased him, he grew tired of them at last, and wished for some other sources of pleasure and excitement. At the university he had imbibed a taste for reading; but he could not now sit down to its quiet and gentle pleasures. He had been in the gay society of London and Paris, and had drank the cup of pleasure so deeply, that nothing but its dregs remained.

"R. was therefore restless, discontented and miserable, while in the possession of all that usually excites the envy of mankind. He was rich beyond his utmost wishes; he was endowed with manly beauty and the most perfect health; he was admired, flattered, cherished and sought after; yet he was unhappy. The reason of this he did not know; indeed, he did not look very deeply into the matter, but went on from one scene to another, seeking enjoyment, but turning with distaste and disappointment from everything. He was, however, too proud to let the world see his real condition; he kept up a fair outside, sustained his establishment with magnificence, and dressed himself, when he went abroad, with elegance and care; he affected gayety in company, often led in the dance, was ever foremost in the chase, and was usually the life of the circle wherever he went.

"There were few, perhaps none, who

imagined that, under this aspect of prosperity, the canker of discontent was gnawing at the heart. Yet such was the fact: of all the people of the village, R. was esteemed the most happy and fortunate; but he was in truth the veriest wretch in the place. And though this may doubtless seem a rare instance, yet we have good reason to believe that often, very often, there is deep misery, untold and unsuspected, in the great house, where only elegance and luxury are seen by the world at large; very often the beggar at the door would not exchange conditions with the lord of the lofty hall, if he could know his real condition.

"R. had now reached the age of thirty years, and instead of finding his condition or the state of his feelings to grow better, they seemed rather to grow worse. He became more and more unhappy. Every morning when he rose, it was with a kind of dread as to how he should contrive to kill time, to get through the day, to endure his own listlessness, or dissatisfaction, or disgust. The idea of setting about some useful or honorable employment, that would occupy his thoughts, give excitement to his faculties, and bring satisfaction to his conscience, never entered his head. He had never been taught that no one has a right to lead an idle or useless life, and that no man can be happy who attempts to live only for himself.

"It is indeed a common opinion among rich people that they are under no obligation to engage in the active duties of life; that they are not bound to labor, or toil, or make sacrifices for society; that they are in fact privileged classes, and may spend their time and money with an exclusive regard to themselves. R. was educated in this foolish and narrow-minded opinion; and here was the real foundation of all his misery. Could he only have discovered that happiness is

to be found in exercising our faculties; in using the means, and employing the power, that Providence has placed in our hands, in some useful pursuit, and in this way alone, he might have been saved from a gulf of misery, into which he was soon plunged.

"At this period, which was soon after the revolutionary war, America was attracting great attention, and R. having met with one of his college mates who had been there, and who gave him glowing accounts of it, he suddenly took the determination to sell his estates and set out for America, with the view of spending the remainder of his days there. He knew little of the country, but supposed it to be the contrast in everything to that in which he had lived, and thinking that any change must bring enjoyment, he sold his property, and taking the amount in gold and silver, set out with it in a ship bound for New York.

"The vessel had a prosperous voyage till she arrived in sight of the highlands near the entrance of the harbor of New York. It was then that, just at evening, smart gusts began to blow off the land, and the captain showed signs of anxiety, lest he should not be able to get in before the storm, which he feared was coming, should arise. The passengers had dressed themselves to go on shore, and most of them, anxious to see friends, or tired of the sea, were anticipating their arrival with delight. R., however, was an exception to all this. He went upon the deck, looked a few moments gloomily at the land that was visible low down in the horizon, and then retired to the cabin, where he gave himself up to his accustomed train of discontented and bitter thoughts.

"'I alone,' said he to himself, 'of all this company, seem to be miserable; all are looking forward with pleasant anticipations of some happiness, some enjoy-



ment in store for them. But for me—what have I to hope? I have no friends here; this is a land of strangers to me. It is true, I have wealth; but how worthless is it! I have tried its virtues in England, and found that it could not give me pleasure. Wealth cannot bestow happiness upon me; and I should not mourn if every farthing of it were lost in the sea. Life is indeed to me a burthen. Why is it that everything is happy but myself? Why do I see all these people rejoicing at the sight of land, while I am distressed at the idea of once more mingling with mankind? Alas! life is to me a burthen, and the sooner I part with it the better.'

"While R. was pursuing this train of reflections in the cabin, the heaving of the vessel increased; the creaking of the timbers grew louder, and there was a good deal of noise on the deck, occasioned by running to and fro, the rattling of cordage, and the clanking of heavy irons. The commands of the captain became rapid and stern, and the thumping of the billows against the sides of the ship made her shiver from the rudder to the bowsprit.

"R. was so buried in his own gloomy reflections that he did not for some time notice these events; but at last the din became so tremendous, that he started to his feet and ran upon deck. The scene that now met his eyes was indeed fearful. It was dark, but not so much so as to prevent the land from being visible at a little distance; the wind was blowing with the force of a hurricane, and urging the vessel, now perfectly at its mercy, into the boiling waves that fretted and foamed along its edge. The captain had given up all hope of saving the ship, and the passengers were kneeling and throwing up their hands in wildness and despair.

"R. was perfectly calm. The thought of losing his wealth crossed his mind,

but it cost him not a struggle to be reconciled to its destruction. He then thought of sinking down in the waves to rise no more. To this, too, he yielded, saying briefly to himself, 'It is best it should be so.' Having thus made up his mind and prepared himself for the worst, as he fancied, he stood surveying the scene. The force of the gale was fearful; as it marched along the waters, it lashed their surface into foam, and burst upon the ship with a fury that seemed every moment on the point of carrying away her masts. At last, the vessel struck; a moment after, her masts fell, with their whole burthen of spars, sails, and rigging; the waves then rose over the stern of the helpless hulk, and swept the whole length of it. Several of the passengers were hurried into the tide, there to find a watery grave; some clung to the bulwarks, and others saved themselves in various ways.

"R. was himself plunged into the waves. His first idea was to yield himself to his fate without an effort; but the love of life revived, as he saw it placed in danger. He was an expert swimmer, and exerting himself, he soon approached the masts, which were still floating, though entangled with the wreck. It was in vain, however, to reach them, owing to the rolling of the surf. Several times he nearly laid his hand upon them, when he was beaten back by the dashing waves. His strength gradually gave way, and he was floating farther and farther from the wreck, when he chanced to see a spar near him; with a desperate effort, he swam to this, and was thus able to sustain himself upon the water.

"The night now grew dark apace, and R., being driven out to sea, was parted from the wreck, and could distinguish nothing but the flashing waves around him. His limbs began to grow cold, and he feared that his strength would

be insufficient to enable him to keep upon the spar. His anxiety increased; an awe of death which he had never felt before sprung up in his bosom, and an intense desire of life, that thing which he had so recently spurned as worthless, burned in his bosom. So little do we know ourselves until adversity has taught us reflection, that R., a few hours before fancying that he was willing and prepared to die, now yearned for safety, for deliverance, for life, with an agony he could not control. His feelings, however, did not overpower him. Using every effort of strength and skill, and rubbing his chilled limbs from time to time, he was able to sustain himself till morning. He could then perceive that the vessel had become a complete wreck, and that the fragments were floating on the waves; he could not discern a single human being, and was left to infer that all beside himself had perished.

"In this situation, benumbed with the cold, faint and exhausted with exertion, he was on the point of yielding himself a prey to the waves, when a pilot-boat came into view. It gradually approached the place where he was, and at last seemed so near him as almost to be within the reach of his voice. At this critical moment she made preparations to tack, and thus change her direction. R. noticed these movements with indescribable anxiety: if she were to advance a few rods more, he should be discovered and saved; if she were to change her route ever so little, she would pass by, and he, unobserved and helpless, would perish. The experience of years seemed now crowded into one moment of agony. Weary, cold, exhausted, the poor sufferer wished not now to die, but to live. 'Help, help!' cried he with all his strength. 'O God, send me deliverance from these waves!' This earnest and agonizing petition was the first prayer he had uttered for years, and it

was in behalf of that existence which, in the days of luxury and splendor, he had thought a burden and a curse.

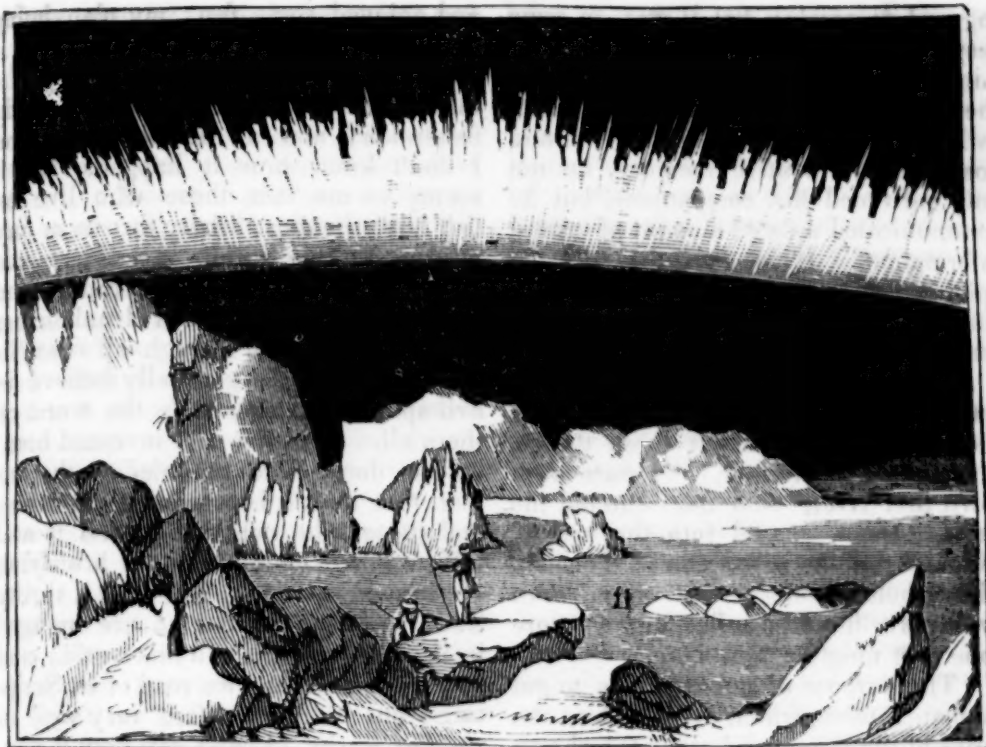
"Watching the pilot-boat with the keenest interest, poor R. now sat upon the spar, almost incapable of moving, on account of his sufferings and his weakness. He saw at last the helm put down; he saw the vessel obey the impulse; he saw her swing round, the sail flapping in the wind, and then filling again; he then saw her shoot off in another direction, thus leaving him destitute of hope. His heart sank within him, a sickness came over his bosom, his senses departed, and he fell forward into the waves. It was at this moment that he was discovered by the pilot. The vessel immediately steered towards him, and he was taken on board. In a few hours, he was at New York, and put under the care of persons who rendered him every assistance which he needed for his immediate comfort."

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DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE UNTO.—The horse of a pious man living in Massachusetts, happening to stray into the road, a neighbor of the man who owned the horse put him into the pound. Meeting the owner soon after, he told him what he had done; "and if I catch him in the road again," said he, "*I'll do it again.*" "Neighbor," replied the other, "not long since I looked out of my window in the night and saw your cattle in my meadow, and I drove them out and shut them in your yard, and *I'll do it again.*" Struck with the reply, the man liberated the horse from the pound, and paid the charges himself. "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

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MONEY.—He who expends money properly, is its master; he who lays it up, its keeper; he who loves it, a fool; he who fears it, a slave; and he who adores it, an idolater.



*Country of the Samoides.—Aurora Borealis.*

## The Siberian Sable-Hunter.

### CHAPTER III.

For several days the adventurers continued their journey, without encountering anything worthy of being recorded. It is true that an hour seldom passed in which thoughts, feelings, or incidents, did not occur to Alexis, of some interest; and if we could transfer them here with the same vividness that they touched his mind and heart, it would be well to put them down. But, after all, the pen can give but a poor idea of what is going on in the brain and bosom of a lively and sanguine youth, separated from home and going forth to hunt sables in the wilds of Siberia.

In about three weeks after their departure, the travellers reached Yeniseisk, a considerable place, situated on the

Yenisei. The town is built chiefly of wood, the houses being low. Leaving this place, they proceeded in a north-easterly direction, usually travelling about twenty-five miles a day.

It was now the month of September, and already the weather began to grow severe, and the snow to fall. The country also became more and more desolate, and the inhabitants were more scattered. They met with no villages, and frequently travelled a whole day without seeing a single human habitation. There were extensive marshy plains, upon which a few groups of stunted willows were to be seen; but this was almost the only vegetation that the soil produced.

The journey was not only uninterest

ing and depressing, but it was, in some respects, laborious and severe. Old Linsk, however, kept up the spirits of the party by his incessant prattle; and, as he had seen a good deal of life and possessed a retentive memory, he not only enlivened his companions, but he communicated a large amount of useful information. It is true that all his opinions were not just or wise, but among some chaff there was a good deal of wheat.

After crossing the river Yenisei, and leaving the town of Yeniseisk, he had a good deal to say about these things, particularly the former. "I once went down that river," said he, "entered the Arctic Ocean, passed into the sea of Obi, and up the river Obi to Tobolsk. The whole distance was more than twenty-five hundred miles, and we were gone four months.

"The purpose of our trip was to get elephants' teeth, which are found on the banks of the rivers, and along the shores of the Arctic sea. There are no elephants living in these regions now, nor are there any in all Siberia; the country is so cold that these creatures cannot dwell there. It appears that Siberia must have had a warmer climate once than it has now, for not only do we find elephants' bones, but those of the buffalo, and other animals, which can only subsist in warm countries. It was interesting to see the bones of buffaloes and elephants along the shore of the ocean; but teeth were scarce; for, cold and desolate as the country is, many people had been there before us, and gathered up most of them. We made out pretty well, however; for we entered the forests as winter approached, and shot some bears, and sables, and ermines; and what we lacked in elephants' teeth we made up in furs. Beside what we gained in the way of trade, I got a good deal of information

and enjoyed some fun; my plan being to make the best of everything.

"Along the banks of the Yenisei, the inhabitants are Ostiacks, and are chiefly fishermen; and a sad set they are. I don't know how it happens, but it seems to me that those who live on fish have the most thirsty throats of any persons in the world. All the people were addicted to drinking brandy, and never did I see so much drunkenness and riot. It is bad enough all over Siberia; the people generally believe in evil spirits, but brandy is the worst of them all. The man that invented brandy has done more mischief to the human race than it is possible to conceive; and those who contrive to sell it and diffuse it, are only aiding in brutifying the human species. But it is a thrifty trade, and many rich men are engaged in it. They flourish in this world; and so did the rich man we read of in Scripture; but he did not fare very well in another world. I can't say how it was, but I have always thought that Dives was a brandy dealer, and that was the reason he was so tormented."

"This is very strange," said Alexis, "for you drink brandy yourself, Linsk."

"That's all true," was the reply. "I can't help it. I've got into the habit of it, and I can't get out of it. It's one of the worst parts of the story, that when brandy has got its clutches upon you, you can't pull them off. It's with brandy as with the evil spirit—when you've once made a bargain with him, you must go through with it. So it is with those Ostiacks along the Yenisei; they whip their wooden gods because they don't send them good luck in hunting and fishing; but they should whip their own backs, for if they fail in anything, it is generally because they get drunk, and are incapable of using their skill and strength to advantage. They know that brandy is at the bottom of



all the mischief, but still they drink, and lay all to the gods that they do not like to impute to themselves.

"To the north of the Ostiacks are the Samoides, who live along the shore of the Arctic Ocean the whole extent of Siberia. They are few in number, for the country is so cold and barren, that it is impossible they should greatly increase. They are very short, and I believe are the smallest people in the world. They eat a great deal of fish, and, what is very odd, they seem to like it best when it is a little tainted. They have many reindeer, and in the autumn hunt white foxes, with the skins of which they buy brandy.

"The country inhabited by the Samoides is the most cold and dreary that can be imagined. The snow lasts for nine months of the year; the storms are almost incessant for a great part of the time, and in winter the cold is so intense as to freeze brandy, though the people contrive to thaw it again. But the most wonderful thing is this: the sun sets in November, and does not rise again till the next May; so the night is six months long! The moon, however, shines a great part of the time, and it is never dark during that period. The northern lights, sometimes called aurora borealis, are very brilliant, and it is easy to read by them. The Samoides, however, have no books; they spend most of their time in winter in sitting in their huts and telling long stories. I will tell you one, which an old fisherman said he had heard repeated in one of their dwellings while he was staying with them.

"There was once upon a time an old Samoide fisherman that had the most beautiful daughter that ever was seen. She was very short and very fat, and her skin shone like blubber oil; her eyes were small and black; her teeth were large, and of a beautiful yellow

hue. Her hair, also, was yellow, and being matted together, hung down in a thick mass upon her shoulders.

"This fair girl was of an olive color, and such were her charms that all the young men who saw her fell desperately in love with her, save one. This latter was a fisherman, and famous for his skill in every species of adventurous sport. He was very dexterous in spearing the seal and sea otter, in managing the seal-skin boat, and in driving the reindeer sledge over the snow.

"Now, although the beautiful lady, whose name was Lis, enslaved all others, this hero of the fishhook and spear set her charms at nought; and, as the fates are very whimsical, the beautiful girl, disdaining the addresses of all besides, became desperately enamored of him. She took every opportunity in her power to please and fascinate him, but all to no purpose. Loord, for that was the name of the fisherman, resisted her advances, and in fact treated her with marked neglect, if not disdain.

"This appeared very wonderful to everybody, and especially to Lis, who made up her mind that some evil-minded spirit had bewitched Loord, and thus enabled and disposed him to resist her charms. She therefore determined to go to an island at some distance in the ocean, where she had an uncle living, and, under pretence of visiting him, to consult a famous sorcerer, or magician, who dwelt there, and, if possible, to obtain his counsel in the matter.

"Now Lis was well skilled in the arts of managing a boat; so she determined to go alone. She got into a boat made of seal-skins, and set forth upon the sea, having bade her friends farewell, who were at the landing to take leave of her. It was expected that she would return the next day—but she came not; the second day, the third, and the fourth, passed away, but the

beautiful Lis did not return. At length some anxiety existed among her friends as to her welfare; and even the interest of Loord was roused. He determined to set forth in search of her; and that very day, entering his seal-skin boat, he departed for the magician's island.

"It is important to observe that, previous to starting, Loord, who generally avoided brandy, took a large draught, by the advice of an aged fisherman, not so much to exclude the cold as to keep out witchcraft.

"Things went pretty well with Loord in the first part of his voyage, but after a while, according to his account of the matter on his return, as he began to approach the magician's island, he caught a glimpse of it, but it was bobbing up and down like a porpoise before a squall. He kept his eye upon it steadily for some time, when at last it sunk, and did not rise again. Loord used all his strength to reach the place, and finally came to it, and the water was whirling and boiling round; but not a bit of an island was to be seen. Loord sailed over and over the place, and waited a long time to see if he could not pick up somebody, and particularly the beautiful Lis, but he found no one.

"Loord at last returned; he had been gone all day, and it was late at night when he reached his home. He was in a bewildered state, but told his story as I have related it. It was intimated to him that perhaps the brandy got into his head, and that the island's being sunk was all a mistake; but he laughed at the idea. In a few days, however, a boat came from the magician's isle, and behold the beautiful Lis was in it, as well and as charming as ever. Her friends came to see her, and her lovers returned, and all congratulated her upon her good looks, and upon her escape from being carried to the bottom of the sea with the magician's island. This

made her stare, upon which they told her the adventure of Loord.

"It being now ascertained that the island of the magician was still standing in its place, Loord became an object of general ridicule; and as he was no longer a hero in the estimation of the people, Lis began to think she could live without him. Accordingly, when she met him she tossed up her head, and passed him by with disdain. This brought Loord to his senses, and he began to see that Lis was very beautiful, and pretty soon he found out that he could not live without her. So he wooed her, but at first she would not listen to him; after a great deal of teasing, however, she consented, and they were married; but ever after, if anything went wrong, Lis would jeer him about the magician's island, that bobbed up and down like a porpoise before a storm, and at last went down to the bottom! This would always bring Loord to terms; and, in short, by means of this affair, Lis not only got her husband, but she used the story ever after to manage him; for it gave her a power over him like that of a strong bit in the mouth of a headstrong horse.

"Nor was this all. The people in those parts found out that Lis went to the island to consult the magician, and they imputed Loord's conduct entirely to his interference in behalf of the beautiful girl. But the only real magician in the case was the brandy, for Lis did not find the magician at home; and, though she waited some days, she did not see him. However, when people are superstitious common things always grow mighty wonderful in their eyes. Superstition is like a pair of spectacles that I heard of once; they happened to have a musquitos on one of the glasses when the owner put them on; so he thought he saw a flying bear skipping over the distant hills, when it was only the musquitos upon his spectacles!"

## Habit.

WHEN we have performed any action once, it is easier to do the same or a similar act on a second occasion. Jugglers acquire great skill in using their hands and all parts of their bodies by this means. We can exercise our minds with less difficulty, the more frequently we attempt it. We call this the law of habit.

This law extends over our moral natures; so that morals consist very much in habits. We do right the more easily as we practise it, and wrong increases in our characters by every new violation of right. He who tells a small untruth to-day, will be likely to tell a larger one to-morrow; and that little girl who begins to obey her conscience when very young, may hope, through the power of habit, to obtain great goodness when she comes to be a woman.

If we wish to be good and happy, we must form correct moral habits; that is, we must do right always, so that it shall soon become easier to us than to do wrong. It would be very difficult for a lad, who had never used a profane word, to speak even one such word. Pure language would be as easy to him as to breathe. This is the state in which every person should keep himself; for if he does wrong but a single time, he knows not how soon he shall do it again and again, until he becomes utterly vicious.

Habit not only strengthens our active propensities, but also weakens the impression things make upon us. If we saw a man's limb amputated by a surgeon, it would excite our feelings deeply. But those who perform those operations frequently, feel little sympathy with the sufferer. It is not only what we do, but what we see, and hear, and feel, there-

fore, that is to be regarded in the formation of our habits.

In regard to impressions, we should recollect, that, although we cannot prevent a thing from affecting us as it does, when actually before us, yet we can keep ourselves out of the sight and reach of objects that affect us unfavorably. In order to relieve others who are in pain, it is necessary we should feel a sympathy for their sufferings. But if we look on men, or even on animals, that are in pain, frequently, and from mere curiosity, we shall soon feel no sympathy for the distressed, nor desire to relieve them. It is therefore wrong to accustom ourselves to witness sufferings needlessly and without reflection.

Many bad objects may give us powerful impressions at first, but if we dwell upon them, and strive to resist their effects, we shall perhaps overcome them. So of good impressions; the young lady who is tempted to resort to public places of amusement, where health and morals are exposed—suppose it to be to spend the whole night in dancing and festivity—may think that pleasanter than to attend a useful lecture, or to engage in instructive conversation. But let her remember the force of habit. If she frequent public balls, her taste for valuable objects of pursuit will diminish; while the habit of preferring the lecture-room, or a profitable volume to read, or a useful conversation, when once formed, will make the employment more agreeable than scenes of dissipation.

Accustom yourself to contemplate the beauties of nature, and you will soon learn to associate all that is pure, elevating, and holy with the works of God. The glorious sun, once merely a convenient object, will now seem to you a teacher of the sublimest emotions. River, forest, flower, and field will teem in your mind with the choicest influences and impressions.

## Travels, Adventures, and Experiences of Thomas Trotter.

### CHAPTER XI.

*Descent into the crater of Mount Ætna.—Novel site for a house.—The great chesnut tree.—Return down the mountain.—Journey to Messina.—Beauty of the scenery.—Sicilian spinners.—Extraordinary strength of the ass.—Mountain torrents.—Sights on the road.*

My readers left me in the last chapter at the top of Etna, standing on the edge of the crater and looking down into that smoking gulf with feelings of wonder and awe. The situation was not without its dangers; but the sublimity and grandeur of the scene tempted me to additional hazards. I determined to go down into the crater, though I had heard of people making the same attempt, and paying for their rashness with their lives. It is natural enough that there should be such stories, but I never knew one well authenticated. In fact, the inside of the crater offers as firm footing as the outside, and the only risk is in going too far down. I ventured in, taking good care to feel the way before me with my stick, and holding on to the projecting crags in my descent. I found the surface to consist of broken rocks of lava, mingled with hard sulphurous masses, cinders, and ashes. By the time I had descended a stone's throw, I encountered a strong smell of sulphur, which soon became overpowering, and forced me to direct my course farther to windward. I proceeded along laterally, some distance, and then struck downward again; but the sulphurous smoke steamed up so hot from all the crevices and openings around me, that I was obliged to stop for fear of suffocation.

I then seated myself for a few moments on a brimstone rock, and gazed

at the strange scene around. The edge of the crater rose up like an immense wall over my head, shutting out every prospect except that of the sky, and the tremendous gulf beneath my feet was full of smoking hills and yawning chasms. There was no fear of being interrupted in this strange solitude, and notwithstanding the wild and threatening looks of this fiery region, I felt as safe as if I had been at the foot of the mountain. While sitting here, I was struck with a notion which I believe never entered a man's head before; namely, that of building a house inside the crater! It was a Yankee notion indeed, but there is a house on the edge of Niagara falls, and I am confident that if Ætna were in the state of Massachusetts, some Yankee would have a house inside the crater, and take boarders and lodgers. There is as good a foundation within as without, and the situation would be warm and well sheltered from the violent cold winds which are almost always blowing at the top of the mountain!

After I had satisfied my curiosity by this close prospect of the mouth of the great volcano, I climbed back over the edge, and descended the cone much faster than I went up, although the descent was far more painful and hazardous than the ascent; much caution was necessary to avoid sliding from the top to the bottom. I found my companion at the foot of the cone, snuggling under the shelter of a rock, thrashing his arms, blowing his fingers, and complaining of being half frozen. I only laughed at him for not accompanying me to the top, where I told him he might have warmed himself very comfortably. As for myself, I did not feel chilled in the least, and I set off down the mountain in excellent spirits, having accomplished the main object of my journey.

There was, however, another great curiosity on the other side of the moun-



tain, which I would not lose the sight of. This was the famous chesnut tree, called the Chesnut of the Hundred Horses, because it is so large that a hundred horses may stand inside the trunk. We accordingly struck off to the eastward along the edge of the forest. The cork and chesnut trees were very numerous in this quarter, and many of the latter were of an enormous size. When we approached the great chesnut, and the guide pointed it out to me, I took it for a group of half a dozen trees, for so it appeared. In fact, when we reached it, I could hardly persuade myself that it was a single tree. The interior of the trunk is entirely decayed; leaving nothing but five or six detached portions, which look like separate trees, but on digging to the roots, they are found united; and there is no doubt the whole formerly composed a solid trunk. There is no bark on the inside, and the tree has been in this decayed state for a century or more. Its age no one can tell. I looked upon its enormous size with astonishment. It is about 200 feet in circumference; so that the interior might contain a large house, and leave much vacant space besides. It was not the season for fruit, but I remarked to the guide that if the nuts bore any proportion to the tree, they must be bigger than cocoanuts. I did not learn, however, that the fruit is larger than that of other chesnut trees in this quarter. The European chesnuts, I must observe, are three times as large as the American, but they are not so sweet, and are hardly ever eaten raw.

There are several other chesnut trees of enormous size upon the mountain. The surprising fertility of the soil which produces this gigantic vegetation, is owing to the ashes thrown out by the mountain. In every part where the surface has not been covered by the lava and sand, the growth of the trees and

vegetables is most luxuriant. The ashes have been found to contain abundance of nitre, which, when combined with the soil in a proper quantity, is known to be of wonderful efficacy in quickening the growth of plants.

I could have spent a month upon the mountain with great satisfaction, exploring its wonders and curiosities, but having so long a journey before me, I found myself obliged to leave it without visiting a great many interesting spots. I should, in particular, have been pleased to pass some time in the queer little village high up the mountain. The inhabitants are certainly a strange sort of people, and must have some very odd notions of the rest of the world, which it would be amusing to know. I shall certainly visit *Ætna* again, when a chance offers.

I returned to Catania, where I staid two or three days, and then set out for Messina. Having been informed that there was a good road the whole distance, instead of a rambling mule-track like that from Syracuse, I ventured on this part of the journey alone, with a good stout mule, which I bought for the purpose. The road ran along the seashore at the foot of the mountain, and I was more and more struck with the beauty and grandeur of the scenery. The slopes of the mountain were covered with villages, gardens, and groves of orange, olive, cherry, almond and fig trees; the great white cap of *Ætna* everywhere towering over all. The houses along the road were painted with huge staring figures in bright colors, like landscape paper-hangings. The fields, as usual, were divided by walls of black lava, and long-horned oxen were ploughing in them. Drove of donkeys were going to the city with loads of dry vine-stalks for the bakers' ovens, and others bore casks of wine, long and shaped like eel-pots, slung over their backs. I met

also wagons loaded with lemons, as our countrymen cart their potatoes to market. In the walls along the road, at almost every step, were niches containing pictures of the virgin, to which the people paid their adorations. As I proceeded further, I came to huge rocky cliffs overhanging the road, and all overgrown with the prickly pear. Herds of goats were clambering up and down the steep precipices, and browsing among the rocks. Sometimes the road passed along the side of a mountainous crag overhanging the sea, with a parapet on one side, over which I looked down a fearful depth, and saw the ocean dashing under my feet. In other places the road was cut through a solid rock.

Everywhere the prospect offered the most enchanting scenery. In some places the slope of the mountain was cut into terraces, which looked like tiers of gardens piled one upon another. The vineyards did not look so blooming as most of the other cultivated grounds, for the vines were not yet in leaf; the peasants were hoeing round them and setting the props. The road passed through a great many villages, and in all, the streets were full of women. Many of them carried jugs of water on their heads, and others sat before the doors spinning tow. They use only a spindle and distaff; they hold the distaff in the left hand, give the spindle a twirl with the right, and let it swing in the air, the spinner drawing out the tow as it flies round. The thread is then wound up on the spindle, and another twirl given to it. In this manner they are accustomed to run about the streets and spin, which I think may fairly be called spinning *street-yarn*.

I had often heard that the ass was a strong-backed animal, but I never had stronger evidence of the fact than upon this journey. As I was jogging along

the road towards noon, I espied a figure coming towards me with the strangest movements that ever I witnessed. It had the appearance of a man, but he moved in so awkward a manner, shambling and toddling onward by jerks and hitches, that I knew not what to make of the sight. When he came nearer, I discovered that it was an enormous long-legged fellow, astride of a little dwarfish donkey, not bigger than a two-year-old calf. The beast was so much smaller than the man, that I did not observe him till he was very near. The fellow's legs were so long that he was obliged to hold them up behind him to keep his feet from dragging on the ground. The poor little donkey tottered and staggered under his enormous load, and seemed ready to stumble every moment. I stopped the man, and asked him if he was not afraid of breaking the back of his beast. He appeared quite astonished at the question, and replied that an ass's back was a thing that never broke; at least, he had never heard of such an accident. I told him he was much better able to carry the ass than the ass was to carry him; on which he burst into a broad laugh, gave the donkey a bang with his cudgel, and trotted on.

Now and then the road crossed the bed of a mountain torrent, caused by the heavy rains which fall on the regions above. When the rains are violent, the waters pour down these beds with such impetuosity as to sweep everything before them, and stop all travelling upon the roads. Sometimes a river is thus formed half a mile in width, which continues full, as long as the rains last. In dry weather nothing is left but beds of coarse gravel and stones, with small streams of water trickling through them. It is impossible to build bridges over these torrents, as the waters often rise to an extraordinary height, and rush with such

force that nothing could stand against them.

I met very few wheel carriages of any description. Regular stage-coaches, I believe, are unknown, and most of the travellers I passed were either on foot, or mounted on mules and asses. Carts and wagons, too, are uncommon; almost everything being transported on the backs of these animals. The few vehicles that I saw were of the most rude and clumsy make, and their harness nothing but a slovenly snarl of old ropes. I could not help wishing the inhabitants of this fine country were blessed with a little Yankee smartness and industry.

## CHAPTER XII.

*A wedding party.—Strange ignorance of the Sicilians.—The tavern at Giardini.—Ruins of Taormina.—Remarkable theatre.—Cities on mountain-tops.—Cliffs covered with goats.—Odd fashion of dressing infants.—Sicilian husbandry.—A squall in the straits.—Arrival at Messina.*

As I approached a little village, I overtook a wedding party going home from church. They were all mounted on asses, and were accompanied by the priest, a fat little round-faced, pleasant-looking fellow, with a three-cornered hat. The bride was a blowzy, hoydenish country girl, all bedizened out in tawdry finery, simpering and giggling to every one, and apparently full of spirits. The bridegroom was a sheepish-looking peasant, who appeared to feel very awkward in his new situation. All the rest of the company were full of fun and jollity, and very readily entered into conversation with me. At first they took me for an Englishman, but when they learnt that I had come from the New World, they stared in utter aston-

ishment: they had never seen an American before, and always imagined we were all Indians or blacks. They invited me to accompany them, and partake of their entertainment, which I agreed to very willingly. I went along with them to the house, where we found more company already assembled, and great numbers of ragged children trooping about to stare at the show. The house was a small, one-story building, and I was afraid they would find it a difficult matter to accommodate so many guests. But presently benches were brought and placed in front of the house, under the shade of the olive trees, and we sat down in the open air. The fare consisted of bread, olives, kid's flesh, green fennel, fruit and red wine. The old priest was the most jolly and talkative of the whole company, and I may add that he ate and drank as much as any three of them. He sat by my side, and asked me a hundred questions about America: whether the people were Christians, whether they dressed in clothes like civilized people, or wore the skins of wild beasts, whether they did not eat one another, and many more things equally extravagant.

My readers may think it hardly possible that such ignorance can be found in a person pretending to superior knowledge; but instances of the same kind came under my observation so frequently during my travels, that at last they ceased to excite any surprise. It must be borne in mind that the country in which I was travelling is not, like the United States, full of roads, in which crowds of people are continually hurrying backwards and forwards; and full of newspapers and books, which are constantly circulating through the country, and carrying knowledge to the remotest village in the Union. There are but two or three roads, deserving of the name, in the whole island of Sicily, and hardly

such a thing as a newspaper. Very few books are printed here, and general knowledge, even among the better sort of people, is very scanty.

Being in a hurry to proceed on my journey, I could not wait till the close of the entertainment, but mounted my mule just as the company had struck up a dance. I travelled till sunset, when I reached a little fishing town called Giardini, romantically situated under the brow of a high hill, with the sea at the foot. I found a snug little tavern in a street which ran along the shore, where I put up for the night. The host was a simple, good-natured old man, in a red cap, and his house was quite comfortable, though small for a tavern. From my chamber window I had a grand prospect of the sea, which came rolling in with a beautiful surf directly under my feet. High rocky hills, with a castle and heaps of ancient ruins, rose up over me close at hand; and far off across the water, the eye rested upon the dark blue mountains of Calabria.

Early the next morning I climbed up the hill over the town to visit the ruins of an ancient city called Taormina, which formerly stood there. I was struck with the beautiful situation of the theatre, which is still in tolerable preservation, although upwards of two thousand years old. This edifice looks directly towards Mount *Ætna*; so that the spectators always had the magnificent picture of the mountain as a background to the scenery of the stage. It is certainly the grandest situation in the world for such a building. Other ruins abound in the place, but I have not time to describe them. The hill on which this city stood is so steep of ascent that no wheel carriage can go up, though asses and mules climb up and down tolerably well. I remarked that almost all ancient cities in this country were built on the tops of hills and mountains, dif-

ficult of access, showing that these communities sprung up in barbarous times, when every town feared the hostilities of its neighbors, and the sea-coasts were perpetually liable to be plundered by pirates. As civilization advanced, the population descended into the plains.

After breakfast, I continued my journey toward Messina. The country still presented the same beautiful and picturesque scenery. Groves, gardens, orchards and fresh green pastures greeted the eye in every direction. Numerous towns and villages were seen perched on the tops of almost inaccessible mountains; town above town and castle above castle, mounting into the air. Sometimes the road passed under high rocky crags, where I saw herds of goats hanging over my head and clambering among the dizzy precipices. Often the tinkling of a bell aloft caused me to gaze upwards, when I beheld numbers of these adventurous animals sticking against the rocks like flies on the side of a house, and seeming ready to fall on my head every moment. The fields were full of laborers at work, ploughing and hoeing. They all wore white cotton caps, and a group of them at a distance looked like a flock of geese. These white caps afford a better defence against the sun than a covering of any other color. The sun here is very powerful, and a sun-stroke is dreaded more than any other accident from the weather.

In one of the fields I saw a countryman ploughing, while his little infant child lay under a tree; the mother, I suppose, had run off to gossip. Nothing can look more droll than one of these little things in swaddling-clothes. They wind long bandages of cloth tightly round the child from head to foot, so that it looks very like an Egyptian mummy, without being able to kick, wince, or sprawl, but may be rolled about like a stick of wood. This



little fellow was stuck up against a tree, as stiff as a turkey skewered and spit-  
ted for roasting, his eyes rolling up-  
ward to the sky, and winking like a  
toad in the sunshine. I could not help  
bursting into a roar of laughter at the  
sight. The man stopped his oxen and  
looked round, intending, as I thought, to  
give me some rude greeting; but seeing  
me so convulsed with merriment, he  
joined in, and laughed as heartily as I  
did. I asked him if the children did  
not suffer from this tight swathing. He  
said no, but, on the contrary, they were  
very fond of it. I told him I doubted  
this very strongly; but he assured me  
the children never complained of it, and  
that was proof enough. I afterwards  
found this practice was common through-  
out all Italy.

I did not see a cow during the whole  
journey; horses too were of rare occur-  
rence. The country people hardly ever  
own these animals; but, instead of them,  
use goats and asses, which are much  
cheaper. Pasturage for cows and horses  
is expensive; but the goats can clamber  
among the rocks and nibble the herbage  
that grows beyond the reach of man.  
The asses feed upon thistles, and any  
sort of coarse vegetation. The multitude  
of these animals makes the landscape  
look exceedingly picturesque to the eyes  
of an American. Nothing can be more  
diverting than the frolics and caperings  
of the little kids, as they gallop round  
their mothers while feeding. The  
young donkeys look very comically;  
they are ragged, scraggy and wild, and  
I have been many times startled by  
their uncouth appearance when I have  
met with them browsing among the  
lonely mouldering ruins. If it were  
not for their long ears, they might be  
taken for young lions.

I continued to pass rich cultivated  
fields and immense groves of olives.  
About the middle of the afternoon I

came in sight of a wide extent of the  
coast of Calabria on the opposite side of  
the straits. The land was black, craggy  
and mountainous, with steep and rugged  
chasms. Nearly opposite, I could dis-  
cern the white walls of Reggio. The  
sky, which had hitherto been clear and  
serene, now became obscured, and dark  
clouds gathered in the north-east.  
Presently I observed great heavy, spongy  
masses of cloud rolling down the Cala-  
brian mountains toward the sea, looking  
very ragged and wild. I judged that  
a squall was about to burst upon us,  
for this narrow strait, hemmed in by  
mountains on each side, is particularly  
subject to sudden and violent gusts.  
The sky continued to grow blacker, and  
presently the wind came down the strait  
with a most furious blast, lashing the  
sea up into a perfect foam. There were  
twelve or fifteen vessels in sight, stand-  
ing up the strait, when the squall came  
on. Among them were a Neapolitan  
sloop of war and an English merchant  
brig. The rest were small vessels with  
latine sails. All except the English-  
man took in sail at the first appearance  
of the squall; they were familiar with  
these parts, and knew what was coming.  
The Englishman, thinking there could  
be no danger, kept all his canvass spread  
when, in an instant, the blast struck him  
with such force that both masts snapped  
off like pipe-stems, and the vessel lay a  
mere hulk on the water. A heavy  
shower of rain came pouring down the  
next moment, which drove me into a  
house for shelter, and when the sky  
cleared up, there were no vessels to be  
seen. I continued my journey, and just  
after sunset arrived at Messina.

*(To be continued.)*

There is sense in truth, and truth in  
virtue.

A friend should bear his friend's in-  
firmities.



### The Oak and the Reed.

#### A FABLE.

AN oak stood on the bank of a river, and growing at its foot was a reed. The oak was aged, and its limbs were torn away by the blasts of years; but still it lifted its head in pride, and looked down with contempt upon the reed.

At last there came a fearful tempest. The oak defied it, but the reed trembled in every fibre. "See," said the

oak, "the advantage of strength and power; see how I resist and triumph!" While it spoke thus, a terrible rush of the gale beset it, its roots gave way, and it fell to the earth with a tremendous crash! But while the oak was thus destroyed in its pride, the humble reed bowed to the blast, and, when this was past, it arose and flourished as before.

Thus it is that the weak and the humble are often safe, when the strong and proud are dashed to the earth. Humility is a great virtue, for it teaches us to submit to the ways of Providence, and not to place a proud dependence on our own strength, which, after all, is but weakness.

### Sincerity.

"EMMA," said Mr. Robinson to his daughter, "I could not help feeling hurt to-day at the very cool way in which you greeted your cousin. I thought my child was warm and affectionate, and had, besides, an especial love for Eliza."

"So I have, papa," replied Emma, blushing, "and I should have expressed pleasure, only I had just said I hoped no one would come to prevent my writing some letters this morning."

"But, my love, that is a poor affection which could not stand such a trifling self-denial."

"Indeed, papa, you do not understand me: I did not at all mind relinquishing my intention, and I thoroughly enjoyed my cousin's company."

"Then why did you not receive her joyfully?"

"Simply because I was afraid of being insincere. To speak so differently in the space of a few minutes, I thought would be like the man who blew hot and cold from the same mouth."

"Oh, now I see and respect your motive; but still, Emma, it was a mistaken one. Were you *really* pleased to see Eliza?"

"Oh yes, papa."

"And could you have had your choice, which would you have liked—to keep

the morning to yourself, or to spend it with her?"

"To spend it with Eliza; because I can write to-morrow, and she could not come again this week."

"Well, then, without the slightest insincerity, you might have said, 'I am glad to see you.' And even in cases less clear and decided, a well regulated mind, schooled in habits of self-denial and attention to the feelings of others, will find sincere pleasure in gratifying those feelings, even at the sacrifice of its own wishes. Instead, therefore, of lowering our expressions to suit a *selfish* heart, let us pray and strive after that Christian sweetness, which will enable us to use pleasant words and looks of kindness, without being chargeable with hypocrisy. Indeed, the law of kindness, thus dwelling upon our lips, may prove a means of imbuing our hearts with a similar spirit. The inward feeling and the outward manner will act mutually, strengthening each other. In future, therefore, Emma, do not hesitate to manifest that amiability, which I feel assured it is your desire to possess. While, on the one hand, it is a blessing to have such a strong sense of uprightness as makes the conscience tender; on the other hand, we shall find it important to have our ideas of duty well defined, lest conscience, being needlessly shackled, should become a timid or even an erring guide."

"I view the matter now, papa, in its true light, and will try both to feel and appear agreeable. But, really, when staying with Mrs. Merlin, I did see such turns, and twists, and contradictions, often occurring in the course of five minutes, that, in order to avoid such despicable deceit, I have almost run into the opposite extreme. Of course, I have mentioned the subject to no one, for it would ill become me to remark on the conduct of an elder and superior, who has always treated me kindly though,

for ought I know, my visit might have been very unpleasant. But may I, papa, tell *you* the curious history of the refusal of an invitation, the day after I arrived, and ask you what you think of it?"

"Certainly. I have just said it is important to have well defined views of right and wrong, and shall, therefore, be most happy to assist in forming yours."

"Well, then, papa, we were walking in the garden after breakfast, when a note was brought to Mrs. Merlin; she glanced her eye over it, and then, turning to me with a smile, said, 'How perplexing! I wished to enjoy you entirely to-day; I have several things to show you; but Mrs. Morley invites us to dinner, and I have already declined her favors three times. What shall we do? You have a cold.'

"I replied, 'I should greatly prefer a quiet afternoon with you, but I have no cold that deserves to be named.'

"Mrs. Merlin stood for a few moments gazing up into the clouds, with the note in her hand; then all at once, in a very animated tone, she exclaimed, 'Oh, we can manage it; only look how heavy the clouds are. I shall press your slight cold into my service, and say, if it be fine, we will give ourselves the pleasure of going; but should it rain, our friend must kindly excuse us. Rain it will; so we shall please ourselves, and not displease any one. The visit *might* have proved tolerably agreeable, but we shall spend our evening much more pleasantly at home.'

"The answer was dispatched, and afterwards, as we came in from a drive, Mrs. Merlin said to the servant, 'James, watch the weather, and let me know the moment it begins to rain.' The rain came just in time to serve our purpose. So when Dr. Merlin returned from his medical round, we sat comfortably down to dinner; in the midst of which, my

first surprise began. 'We were invited to Mrs. Morley's to day, dear,' said Mrs. Merlin; 'but I knew you would be tired, and not fit to go, and I should no have liked to leave you alone, so I declined it.'

"The doctor thanked her with a grateful smile, which I could not help thinking was very little merited. Trifling, however, was this variation, compared with the hypocrisy of the following morning, when Mrs. Morley herself happened to call. I looked so provokingly well, that Mrs. Merlin was forced to say 'she really hoped my cold had almost departed; but, being an only child, I was such a precious charge, that she sometimes felt almost a nervous responsibility. I told my friend,' continued she, 'what an agreeable visit it would be, and charged James to watch the weather to the very last minute.' Now, papa, both these assertions were, *in a sense*, verbally true, but do you not think, in reality, they were falsehoods?"

"Most assuredly. I would not knowingly have placed you under such influence upon any consideration. I cannot feel sufficiently thankful, my love, that you were not contaminated. The reaction produced on your mind is harmless, compared with what assimilation would have been. We will take care how we subject Mrs. Merlin again to such a nervous responsibility."

"Yet, papa," observed Emma, half frightened at the decision with which her parent spoke, "Mrs. Merlin is uniformly kind to me; and she is often an improving, and always a most entertaining companion. The society, too, which I meet there, is calculated to impart a little polish, of which I have considerable need."

"No, Emma, I would not give a farthing for such varnish. May your character shine *throughout* with Christian brightness, springing from the cultiva-



tion, not the destruction of principle. I thought more favorably of Mrs. Merlin; for with characteristic dexterity, when conversing with me, she has suited herself to *my* taste. Even now, however, I would not speak with severity; she has been brought up under much disadvantage, and possibly persuades herself that these subterfuges are harmless, polite, and ingenious. I trust one day she will judge more correctly; but in the mean time I should grieve to subject you to such familiarity with deceit as might lessen your abhorrence of it. I can never consent to any future intimacy with Mrs. Merlin, till I have reason to regard her as a recipient of that grace, which teaches truth in the very heart. You remember the hymn, Emma,—

'Let those who bear the Christian name  
Their holy vows fulfil;  
The saints, the followers of the Lamb,  
Are men of honor still.

Still with their lips their hearts agree,  
Nor flattering words devise;  
They know the God of truth can see  
Through every false disguise.

They hate the varied hosts of lies,  
In all their crooked lines;  
Firm to the truth until they rise  
Where truth resplendent shines.'

"And now, my child," continued Mr. Robinson, "let us turn our inquiries upon *our own* hearts.

'Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,  
In practice or in thought appear?'

"How strange it is that we, who have such high notions of integrity in our intercourse with our fellow-creatures, should so often fail in our transactions with *Him* before whom all things are naked and open, and who will accept only the worship of the heart. O, my child, when our prayers, our praises, our duties, are laid in the balance, what must be said of them all?"

"They are found wanting," replied Emma, with deep and solemn feeling.

"*Most* wanting," said her father emphatically; "corrupt fruits from a wild and poisonous tree. Let us then take those hearts which God's word and our own experience declare to be deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked—let us take them to the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, even the blood of Christ, which cleanseth from all sin. Without his precious atonement and perfect obedience to the divine law, how ruinous must have been our guilt; how utterly naked and destitute our souls! But can we hope that they are pardoned and accepted? Let us seek, also, their daily renewal; continuing instant in prayer, and watching thereunto with all perseverance, let us unsparingly detect all their crooked ways, and pray that the spirit of holiness and truth would work in us to will and to do of his good pleasure. O, how can we sufficiently magnify that complete and great salvation, which redeeming mercy offers to our fallen race? Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath visited and redeemed his people! And blessed be his glorious majesty forever; let the earth be filled with his glory, and let the whole world say, Amen!"

"I *do* say Amen, papa," rejoined Emma, fervently; "and I do hope I am truly thankful for those instructions which have shown me the value of spiritual blessings, and taught me also that in simplicity and godly sincerity I ought to have my conversation in the world."  
S. S. S.

"That's a very bad cough you've got, friend Smith."

"Yes, neighbor Jones, but it's the best I've got!"

The man who is guilty of the theft: frequently the first to cry, "Stop thief!"

## The Hyena.

I AM a very good-natured person ; apt to see things in a favorable light ; fond of picking out pleasant objects to contemplate, and am usually able to find agreeable qualities in every body and every thing. But I must confess, that, with all my disposition to be pleased, I can see very little that is pleasant in the countenance of the hyena. What a horrid fierce look he has ! His countenance seems to bespeak perpetual hunger and thirst for blood ; he looks as if his supper would taste all the better if it were attended by the agonized struggles and cries of the victim upon which he feasts ! He really looks as if pain and distress would be but as pepper and spice to his meal.

But the fact is, no animals are cruel ; that is, fond of inflicting pain from mere malice. Even the tiger slays but to eat, and the hyena, ill-favored as he is, has his part assigned to him by nature, and this is a useful one to man and beast. He is a native of the warm parts of Africa, and the southern part of Asia. He seldom kills an animal except when pressed by want, preferring to feed upon the carcasses of those he may find slain. It is a horrid part of the story of this creature, that he will sometimes go into a grave-yard and dig up the remains of people buried there ; and he will, also, follow the march of an army to feast upon the slain after a battle.

Living in hot countries, and feeding upon the decayed flesh of animals, the hyena is useful by removing putrid masses of flesh that would otherwise infect the air with pestilence. He is thus a scavenger, and shares with the vulture the task of delivering the countries they inhabit from fruitful causes of fatal disease. Though we may not admire the face of the hyena, still we perceive that the world could not well do without him.

There is a common notion that the hyena is so wild in his nature as to be untamable ; but this is a mistake. The creature is frequently tamed in India, and then lives quietly about the house like a dog. He is attached to those who are kind, but is spiteful and revengeful to those who abuse him.

This change in the character made by training, is a strong proof of the force of education ; for not only is the tamed hyena made gentle in reality, but his countenance is actually rendered mild and inoffensive. This shows that the character is written in the face, and bids young people beware how they let their passions mark themselves upon their countenances.

## Jewish Women.

WE do not read that a Jewess was to be seen among the crowds of priests and the rabble who insulted the Son of man, scourged him, crowned him with thorns, and subjected him to ignominy and the agony of the cross. The women of Judea believed in the Savior ; they loved, they followed him ; they assisted him with their substance, and soothed him under afflictions. A woman of Bethany poured on his head the precious ointment which she kept in a vase of alabaster ; the sinner anointed his feet with a perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair. Christ, on his part, extended his grace and mercy to the Jewesses ; he raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain, and Martha's brother Lazarus ; he cured Simon's mother-in-law, and the woman who touched the hem of his garment. To the Samaritan woman he was a spring of living water. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over him ; the holy women accompanied him to Calvary—

## STORY OF PHILIP BRUSQUE.

brought balm and spices, and, weeping, sought him at the sepulchre. His first appearance, after his resurrection, was to Mary. He said unto her, "Mary!" At the sound of that voice, Mary Magdalene's eyes were opened, and she answered, "Master!" The reflection of some very beautiful ray must have rested on the brow of the Jewesses.

### Story of Philip Brusque.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### *Serious Adventures.*

It might seem that, under the circumstances described, Emilie would have been surprised and alarmed as the dark figure emerged from the shadow of the rock, and stood forth in the full light of the moon; but she betrayed no such emotion. On the contrary, she proceeded directly towards the person, and was soon clasped in his arms. The meeting was evidently one of affection; yet apparently there was more of grief than joy—for sobs and sighs seemed to choke the utterance of both. When at last they spoke, it was in broken sentences, yet in a low and subdued voice, as if they were apprehensive of discovery.

After remaining here for nearly half an hour, Emilie bade her companion a hasty farewell, and climbing up the rock, with a light and hurried step proceeded toward the tent which had now become her home. She was still at some distance, however, and as she was passing through a thicket of orange trees, she was abruptly accosted by a man, who placed himself in her path, and calling her by name, took hold of her arm, as if to arrest her progress. Emilie saw at a glance that it was Rogere, and her eye did not fail to re-

mark, at a little distance, a dark group of men; whom she readily conjectured to be his companions.

Emilie felt that she was in danger, but she lost not her self-possession. Shaking off the grasp of Rogere, and standing aloof, she said—"Is it possible that this rudeness is offered by M. Rogere? It is a poor occupation for a gentleman to insult a woman, because she is alone and unprotected!"

"A gentleman!" said Rogere, sneeringly. "I am no gentleman, thanks to the gods—no, no, fair Emilie—I am something better—I am a freeman and a lover!"

"Indeed!" said Emilie. "Is he a freeman who takes advantage of the strength that nature has given him, to injure and distress one who is weaker than himself? Is he a lover, who wounds and insults the pretended object of his regard?"

"Nay, fair lady," said Rogere; "this sounds mighty pretty, and in France would be heroic; but remember that we are not now under the tyranny of artificial laws and despotic fashion. We are now restored to the rights and privileges of nature. There is no government here, save that which is established by the God of nature."

"I will not stay to hear you," said the young lady, indignantly. "Every word you utter is an insult, every moment you detain me you are guilty of insolence and wrong. Shame, shame upon a Frenchman who can forget to be woman's protector, and become woman's tyrant!"

"Mighty fine all this, certainly; but remember that I repudiate France and the name of Frenchman: I am a man, that is enough, and I shall assert man's privileges. You must listen; you shall hear me. Look around, and everywhere you see that in the dynasty of nature all is regulated by force. There

is a power of gravitation, which controls matter, and bids the earth roll round in its orbit. Even matter, then, the very soil, the inanimate clod, the senseless stones, obey the law of force. And it is so with the animal tribes: among birds, the eagle is master of the raven; with quadrupeds, the lion is lord of the forest; with fishes, the whale is monarch of the deep.

"Then, in communities of animals, we see that everything is regulated by power; even among a band of wolves, the strongest has the first choice: privileges are exactly proportioned to power. It is so throughout nature—might is right. It is on this universal principle that I claim you as my own. I am the strongest man on the island; I have therefore a right to whatever I desire. Nay, lady, start not! you must, you shall listen! I have those near at hand who can and will aid me, if I do but utter the word. You shall listen—you shall obey! Why is woman made weaker than man, but that she is to be the servant of man?"

"M. Rogere," said Emilie, sternly, "it is humiliation for me to be obliged to remain for one moment in your presence; it is degradation to be obliged to speak with you. For all this you will be made to answer."

"By whom, pray? Who is there that can call me to account? There is no law here, remember, that can restrain or punish me. Nature has given me power, and I shall use it for my own pleasure."

"I fear not that power; I fear neither you nor your menaces; and if I remain a moment here, it is not from respect to your strength. You dare not lay your hand upon me, for there is another power than that of limbs and muscles. If you are a man, you have a soul, and that soul has power over the body. Before you can, like the wolf, become a

mere creature of selfishness, before you can act upon the principle that might is right, you must rid yourself of that soul, that thing within called conscience. Even now it is at work; it is this which makes you resort to false philosophy and shallow argument to justify an act that your humor dictates, but which your soul and conscience condemn. The wolf stops not to reason, but M. Rogere, who pleads the example of the wolf, cannot wholly shake off reason. He cannot imitate the brute, without offering an apology. The wolf is no coward, but M. Rogere is a coward; there is something within that tells him that he must not, shall not, dare not exert his strength against a woman!"

As Emilie uttered these words, she rose to her full height, her eye flashing with indignation. Rogere looked upon her with astonishment. As she moved to depart, his feet seemed riveted to the ground, and it was not till she had already proceeded a considerable distance towards her home, that he recovered his self-possession. He then set out in pursuit, and had no difficulty in soon overtaking the fugitive; but at the moment he was about to lay his hand upon her shoulder, his arm was arrested, and the well-known form of Brusque stood before him. "Hold!" said the latter, fiercely; "touch not that gentle being, or, by heaven, your audacity shall be punished. I have been near, watching over the safety of this lady, and I have heard your unmanly words to her. I now know your designs. Beware, or even your boasted strength shall be insufficient to protect you from the chastisement which an insolent coward deserves!"

Brusque waited not for reply. Leaving Rogere fixed to the spot and overwhelmed with confusion, he hastened forward, drew Emilie's arm within his own, and proceeded with her to her



house. The poor girl was almost fainting with agitation, and Brusque could do no less than enter the tent. After leaving her in her mother's charge, and giving a few words of explanation, he departed. On the morrow he called to see her, but he found her feverish, and unable to leave her bed.

The next day, Emilie sent for Brusque, and the two friends had a long interview. She thanked him tenderly for his protection from the rudeness of Rogere; and although something seemed to weigh heavily upon his mind, he still seemed cheered and softened by her tenderness. "It is indeed most welcome to me, Emilie," said he, "to hear you say these things—would that I were more worthy of your esteem."

"Nay, dear Philip," said Emilie, "do not be forever indulging such a feeling of humility—I might almost say of self-abasement. What is it that oppresses you? Why are you always speaking in such terms? It was not so once, my dear friend."

"It was not indeed," said Brusque. "Let me speak out, Emilie, and unburthen my bosom. I was at St. Adresse your happy lover. I then dared not only to love you, but to speak of my affection, and seek its return and reward. But I am changed."

"Changed! how? when? what is it? changed? Yes, you are changed; for you are distant and reserved, and once you were all confidence and truth."

"Listen, Emilie, for I will make you my confessor. I left our village home and went to Paris, and engaged with the ardor of youth in the Revolution; so much you know. But you do not know that I shared in the blood and violence of that fearful frenzy, and which I now look back upon as a horrid dream. You do not know that I was familiar with the deeds of Robespierre, and Danton, and Marat. Yet so I was. These

hands have not indeed been dyed in the blood of my fellow-men, but yet I assisted in many of those executions, which now seem to me little better than murders. It is in your presence, Emilie, that I most deeply realize my delusion. There is something in your innocence and purity, which rebukes and reproaches my folly, and makes it appear as unpardonable wickedness. I once loved—nay, I love you still, Heaven only knows how truly; but I should ill act the part of a friend by allying your innocence to my degradation."

Emilie was now in tears, and Brusque became much agitated. "Speak to me, my friend," said he; "dry up those tears, and let your sense and reason come to our aid. I will be guided in all things by you; if you banish me, I will depart forever."

"No, no indeed," said the weeping girl. "You must stay—you must stay and protect my poor parents; you must stay and be my protector also, for Heaven only can tell how soon I shall stand in need of protection from violence and wrong."

Brusque was evidently touched by this appeal, but the gleam that seemed to light up his face for a moment was instantly followed by a cloud upon his brow. Emilie saw it, and said, "Why this doubt? Why this concealment? What is it, Philip, that disturbs you?"

"I will be frank," said he. "Since we have been upon this island, I may have seemed distant and indifferent towards you; but my heart has ever been with you, and indeed often, when you knew it not, I have been near you;—this night, I was on the rocks by the sea-shore, and witnessed your meeting with some one there. Tell me, Emilie, who was that person?"

Emilie was evidently disconcerted, but still she replied, firmly, "That is a secret, and must remain so for the pres-

ent. It shall be explained in due time; but I pray you, do not seek to penetrate the mystery now."

"Well, Emilie, it is not for one like me to dictate terms. My confidence in you is so complete, that I believe you are right, however strange it may seem, that, on this lone island, you are in the habit of meeting a man, and a stranger, upon the solitary sea-shore, and with marks of affection that seem only due to a brother!" Emilie started at these words, but she made no reply. Brusque went on. "I submit to your law of silence; but, my dear Emilie, as you have appointed me your protector, and given me a right to consider myself as such, let me tell you that events are approaching which will demand all our courage, as well as our wisdom; and I cannot but feel the most anxious fears as to the result."

"You allude to the state of the island."

"I do. The anarchy is now at its height. Rogere has rallied round him the rough and the ignorant, and taught them that license is liberty. While he cajoles them with dreams of freedom, he is seeking his own object, which is to become sole master and despot of this island; and I fear these deluded men will be his dupes and instruments. It is always the case that the ignorant and degraded portion of the community are disposed to run after those who flatter, only to cheat them."

"The condition of the island is in every respect becoming alarming. The fruits, that were lately so abundant, are fast diminishing, because they belong to no one in particular; and no one has any power or interest to preserve them. We have no fields tilled, for the lands are common to all. If a man were to cultivate a field, he has no right to it, and if he had, there is no government which can secure to him the product of his toil. Everything is therefore going

to waste and ruin. We shall soon be in danger of starving if this state of things continues. Nor is this the worst. Rogere will soon bring matters to a crisis, and try the law of force."

"And what is your plan?"

"I intend to procure, if possible, a meeting of all the men of the island to-morrow, and after showing them the actual state of things, and the absolute necessity of established laws to save us from famine and from cutting each other's throats, I shall appeal to them once more in behalf of settled government. I have hopes as to the result—but still, my fears outweigh them. It is impossible to yield to the demands of Rogere. Nothing but giving up all to him and his brutal followers, will satisfy him. If we cannot obtain the consent of a majority to the formation of some settled laws, we must come to the question of necessity and determine it by blows. If it comes, it will be a struggle of life and death."

"I know it, dear Philip; I have long foreseen it."

"I am glad that you take it so calmly. I should be flattered if your quiet were the result of confidence in me."

"Well, well, but you are fishing for a compliment, and I will not tell you that I depend on you alone! I may have hopes from another source."

"Will you tell me from whom?"

"Nay—I shall keep my secret; but be assured that in the hour of danger, should it come, Heaven will send us succor. Good night."

"Good night, dear Emilie—good night." And so the lovers parted.

Brusque sought his home, but with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain. The restoration of former relations between him and Emilie, was a source of the deepest satisfaction; but many circumstances combined to cloud his brow, and agitate his heart with anxiety.



### An Incident from Ancient History.

ABOUT 470 years before Christ, Xerxes, king of Persia, was leading an immense army against the Greeks. It is said that it consisted of a million of men. When they were all gathered in a vast plain, the king mounted a throne on the brow of a hill to review them. It was a splendid spectacle! There were the young, and the strong, and the ambitious, and the enterprising;

and some were richly attired, and gallantly mounted on fine horses, and armed with shields and swords of glittering steel. It was, indeed, a proud army. But suddenly the thought came across the mind of the king—"In the space of one hundred years, all these living and breathing men will be in their graves!" It was a solemn thought; and it is said that even Xerxes shed tears.

#### EFFECTS OF PROHIBITION.

MANKIND have seldom a strong desire for any thing lawful, that is easily obtained. We are not driven to our duty by laws so much as by ambition. If it were enacted that persons of high rank only should dine upon three dishes, the lower grade would desire to have three; but if commoners were permitted to have as many dishes as they pleased, whilst the rich were limited to two, the inferior class would not exceed that number. If gaming were reckoned ungentle, cards and dice would lose half their attraction. In the history of the Duke of D'Ossuna, there is a re-

markable instance given of this perverse nature in man.

A rich Neapolitan merchant prided himself upon not having once set his foot out of the city during the space of forty-eight years. This coming to the ears of the duke, the merchant had notice sent him that he was to take no journey out of the kingdom, under the penalty of 10,000 crowns. The merchant smiled at receiving the order; but, afterwards, not being able to fathom the reason of the prohibition, he grew so uneasy that he paid the fine, and actually took a short trip out of the kingdom.—*English paper.*

## Saturday Night.

"Oh! it is Saturday night!" exclaimed Ellen; I had forgotten that. A Bible story, then. I am sure I think the story about Joseph, or that about Isaac, or the prodigal son, or Lazarus and his sisters, as interesting as a fairy story."

"They are a hundred times more interesting," said Charles.

It was the custom of Ellen's mother to tell her children a short story every night after they were in bed. She was very glad to find that the true and instructive histories from the good book, interested her children as much as those stories that were contrived to delight them.

"My dear children," she said, "I shall not tell you a story from the Bible to-night, but I am going to relate an anecdote—which, you know, means a short story—of some little children of our acquaintance.

"There are two children who have a great and kind Friend, who is always taking care of them, whether they are awake or asleep."

"I suppose you mean their mother," said little Charley, who was always impatient to get at the story.

"No, my love; this Friend gave them their father and mother."

"Oh, you mean God," whispered Ellen.

Her mother did not reply to her, but proceeded,—

"This bountiful Friend has given to them the most beautiful and wonderful gems in the world."

"Gems! what are gems, mother?" asked Charles.

"Precious jewels, my dear. Those I am speaking of are very small, but so curiously formed that as soon as the casket which contains them is opened, there is immediately painted on them a

beautiful picture of all the objects toward which they are turned. If it be a landscape, like that which you see every morning from your chamber window, there appear on the gems those beautiful mountains that rise one above another; the mist that curls up their sides; the bright lake that glistens in the depth of the valley, and which you call the mountain mirror, Ellen; the large orchards, with their trees gracefully bending with their ruddy and golden fruit; the neat house opposite to us, with its pretty curtain of vines hanging over the door, and rose-bushes clustering about the windows."

"What, mother!" exclaimed Charles; "all these things painted on a little gem?"

"Yes, Charles, all; the high mountains, and the rose-bushes, every leaf and bud of them. And then, if the gems are turned towards the inside of the house, the landscape disappears, and all the furniture is painted on them, and the perfect pictures of their friends; not such pictures as you see done by painters, looking grave and motionless, but smiling, speaking, and moving."

"Oh, mother, mother," exclaimed Ellen, "this is a fairy story, after all."

"Are there, in reality, any such gems?" asked Charles, who did not like that the story should turn out a fairy story.

"There are, my dear Charles; and the same Friend who gave the children these gems has given to them many other gifts as wonderful. He has given to them an instrument by which they can hear the music of the birds, the voices of their friends, and all other sounds; and another by which they can enjoy the delicious perfume of the flowers; the fragrance you so often spoke of, Ellen, when the fruit trees were in blossom, and the locust trees in flower, and the clover in bloom."



"Oh, what a generous friend that must be," said Charles, "to give such valuable presents, and so many of them. Are there any more, mother?"

"Yes, Charles, more than I can describe to you if I were to talk till to-morrow morning. There is a very curious instrument by which they can find out the taste of everything that is to be eaten; and another that, by just stretching out their fingers, they can tell whether a thing is smooth or rough, hard or soft."

"Why, I can tell that by my fingers," exclaimed Charles.

"Yes, my dear," said his mother; "and cannot you taste by putting food into your mouth? and is there not an instrument set in your head by which you can hear?"

"My ear, mother?" asked Charles.

"Yes, my dear," said his mother.

"And do you mean the eyes by those wonderful gems?" asked Ellen.

"Yes."

"But I am sure there is no painting in the eyes."

"Yes, Ellen; every object you behold is painted upon a part of the eye called the retina; but that you cannot understand now, and you must let me go on with my anecdote of the two children. When they arose in the morning, they found that their Friend had taken such good care of them when they slept that they felt no pain; that their limbs were all active, and they could every moment receive pleasure from the precious gems and instruments I have mentioned. They both looked out of the window, and exclaimed, 'What a beautiful morning!' The little girl turned her gems toward the multiflora, now full of roses and glistening with dew-drops, and she clapped her hands, and asked her brother if he ever saw anything so beautiful; and he turned his gems to a pair of humming-birds, that were fluttering

over the honey-suckle, and thrusting their tiny pumps into the necks of the flowers; and as their bright images shone on his gems, he shouted, 'Did you ever see anything so handsome?'"

"You mean, mother," said Charles, "that he looked at the humming-birds, when you say he turned his gems?"

"Yes, my dear; and when he heard the pleasant humming they make with their wings, it was by the instrument set in the head which you call the ear. There was not a moment of the day that the children did not enjoy some good thing their Friend had given to them. They learnt their lessons by using the memories he had given them, because he had given them minds by which they understood them. They loved their parents, and relations, and companions, because their Friend had given them affections."

"It seems to me," interrupted Charley, "that Friend gave them everything. It must be God, mother, for I know he gives us everything we have."

"Yes, my dear Charley; and I am sorry to say these two children neglected their Friend. They had often been told by their mother never to get into bed without first kneeling and thanking him for all his gifts; but they did not think of him. They used and enjoyed his gifts, but they sometimes forgot the Giver."

Ellen laid her head on her mother's bosom,—

"Mother," she said, "you mean us."

"My dear Ellen," replied her mother, "your conscience is like the ring in the fairy tale. Yes, I did mean you and Charles. I was sorry, when I came into the room to-night, to see you getting into bed without saying your prayers. God has given you a voice to speak, my children. Your dog, Dash, Charles, cannot speak to thank God for anything he receives; but you can."

"And I will!" exclaimed the good little boy, ashamed that he had been ungrateful and thoughtless. "Come, Ellen, we will jump up and say our prayers; and," he added in a whisper, "we'll speak for Dash too."



*Cromwell at Croyden palace.*

## Oliver Cromwell.

THIS individual was one of the most wonderful men that ever lived. He was born at Huntingdon, in England, April 28, 1599. It is related of him, that, when an infant, a large ape seized him, and ran with him up to the top of a barn; there the creature held him, and refused, for a long time, to give him up, frightening the people with the idea that he should let him fall. It is said that, while he was still young, a gigantic female figure appeared at his bedside, and foretold his future greatness.

Cromwell was well educated; but,

after quitting the university, he became very dissipated. At twenty-one, he married Elizabeth Bouchire, from which time he became regular in his life.

In 1625 he was chosen to parliament; and thus began, at twenty-six years of age, that public career which ended in his becoming the sole ruler of England, and one of the most energetic and powerful sovereigns of Europe. He was soon distinguished as a speaker in parliament, always taking part against the court and the established church. In 1642, when civil war was about to com-

mence, he raised a troop of horse, and seizing the plate of the university of Cambridge, appropriated it to the paying of the expenses of the army. He was engaged in several battles, where he displayed the utmost skill and courage. In 1645, the famous battle of Naseby was won by his valor and good management; and, in consideration of his services, parliament voted him the annual sum of £25,000 during his life.

King Charles I., against whom Cromwell and his party were acting, was betrayed into their hands by the Scotch. By the intrigues of Cromwell, he was tried, condemned, and beheaded. Cromwell himself became, soon after, the ruler of the kingdom, under the title of Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland and Ireland. Though he had obtained his power by a series of violent acts, and by the practice of every species of hypocrisy, Cromwell now set himself about promoting the strength, power, and prosperity of his kingdom. Though this was done harshly, yet it was with wisdom and energy. The country flourished at home, and the name of England was much respected abroad.

But though Cromwell had risen to the utmost height of honor and power, he was a miserable man. He was perpetually haunted with superstitious fears, the promptings of a conscience ill at ease. The death of the king, which was effected by his management, weighed upon his spirit like a murder. He went constantly armed, and yet he was constantly in fear. At last, when Col. Titus wrote a book, entitled, *Killing no Murder*, in which he attempted to prove that it was a duty of the citizens to kill Cromwell, he was thrown into a fever, and died, Sept. 3, 1658, leaving his weak brother, Richard, to wield the sceptre for a few years, and then surrender it to a son of the murdered

Charles I. Cromwell was buried in Westminster Abbey; but, after Charles II. came to the throne, his body was dug up and hung on a gibbet, beneath which it was buried!

### Musings.

I WANDERED OUT one summer night—

'T was when my years were few:  
The breeze was singing in the light,  
And I was singing too.  
The moonbeams lay upon the hill,  
The shadows in the vale,  
And here and there a leaping rill  
Was laughing at the gale.

One fleecy cloud upon the air  
Was all that met my eyes;  
It floated like an angel there,  
Between me and the skies.  
I clapped my hands and warbled wild  
As here and there I flew;  
For I was but a careless child,  
And did as children do.

The waves came dancing o'er the sea  
In bright and glittering bands:  
Like little children wild with glee,  
They linked their dimpled hands.  
They linked their hands—but ere I caught  
Their mingled drops of dew,  
They kissed my feet, and, quick as thought,  
Away the ripples flew.

The twilight hours like birds flew by,  
As lightly and as free;  
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,  
Ten thousand in the sea;  
For every wave with dimpled cheek  
That leaped upon the air,  
Had caught a star in its embrace,  
And held it trembling there.

The young moon too, with upturned sides,  
Her mirrored beauty gave;  
And as a bark at anchor rides,  
She rode upon the wave.  
The sea was like the heaven above,  
As perfect and as whole,  
Save that it seemed to thrill with love,  
As thrills the immortal soul.

The leaves, by spirit-voices stirred,  
Made murmurs on the air—  
Low murmurs, that my spirit heard  
And answered with a prayer:

For 't was upon the dewy sod,  
Beside the moaning seas,  
I learned at first to worship God,  
And sing such strains as these.

The flowers, all folded to their dreams,  
Were bowed in slumber free,  
By breezy hills and murmuring streams,  
Where'er they chanced to be.  
No guilty tears had they to weep,  
No sins to be forgiven;  
They closed their eyes, and went to sleep,  
Right in the face of heaven.

No costly raiment round them shone,  
No jewels from the seas,  
Yet Solomon upon his throne  
Was ne'er arrayed like these:  
And just as free from guilt and art  
Were lovely human flowers,  
Ere sorrow set her bleeding heart  
On this fair world of ours.

I heard the laughing wind behind,  
A playing with my hair—  
The breezy fingers of the wind,  
How cool and moist they were!  
I heard the night bird warbling o'er  
Its soft, enchanting strain—  
I never heard such sounds before,  
And never shall again.

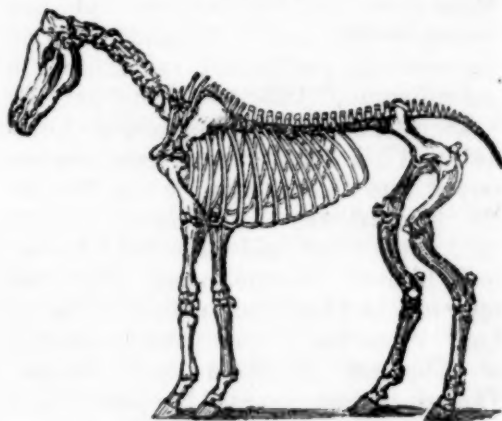
Then wherefore weave such strains as these,  
And sing them day by day,  
When every bird upon the breeze  
Can sing a sweeter lay?  
I'd give the world for their sweet art,  
The simple, the divine;  
I'd give the world to melt one heart,  
As they have melted mine.

*Sou. Lit. Mess.*

ANECDOTE OF AN ATHEIST.—An atheist on his death-bed was addressed by his son,—“Father, the physician says you can live but a few hours.” “I know it, my son. Have you anything to say to me?” “My father, you and my mother have held different creeds; my mother is a Christian—you believe there is no God. Shall I follow her faith or yours?” “My son,” said the dying parent, “believe in the God of your mother.”

Thus it is in the hour of sickness, at the moment when the frail supports of pride and passion are wrecked, that the

sinking atheist clutches at the plank of the Christian. Thus it is that the atheist, when he is brought upon the stand before his Maker, confesses that his creed is not one that he would wish to bequeath to his children.



*Who made this?*

Here is a picture of the bones or skeleton of a horse. What a wonderful piece of mechanism it is! How many bones and joints, and how they are all fitted to each other!

Now, every horse has such a skeleton or frame-work of bones: and who contrives and makes them? Can men make such curious machinery? Certainly not. Men may make steamboats, and ships, and cotton-factories, but they cannot make the bones of an animal; nor can they put muscles and life to these bones. Now, if *man* cannot do these things, who can? God only: he only can do these wonderful things.

WISDOM OF THE CREATOR.—The happy proportioning of one thing to another shows the wisdom of the Creator. Man, for instance, is adapted to the size and strength of a horse. If men were giants, they could not ride horses. If men were either pigmies or giants, they could not milk cows, mow grass, reap



corn, train vines, or shear sheep, with anything like the conveniency they do now. If men were pigmies, they would be lost in the grass and rushes, and their children would be carried off by birds of prey. Every one can see, that, other things being as they are, man would suffer by being either much larger or smaller than he is.

YANKEE ENERGY.—A few days since, a gentleman of the city of New York was standing near the canal, at Albany, when he saw a small yawl-boat approaching him, propelled by a lad about seventeen years of age. The boat contained also the boy's mother, six sisters, and a small brother. Our friend asked him where he was from, and where bound, and was answered, in substance, as follows :

"We are from Ohio. My father died there, and as we were nearly destitute, mother thought we had better go back to Saybrook, Conn., where we used to live ; so we raised money enough to get this boat, and started from Ohio last fall. We came through Lake Erie, and got into the canal, where we were stopped by the ice. During the winter we hauled our boat up by the side of the canal, where we remained till the ice broke up. Sometimes we were considerably cold, and at times were sick a little, but on the whole we all got along right smart. We shall go down the North river, and up the sound to Saybrook."

During this conversation, our friend was walking along the margin of the canal ; our noble Yankee boy, being unwilling to lose any time, kept constantly propelling his boat forward, the younger brother, a lad of only seven or eight years of age, steering the craft. It was Sunday morning, and the mother and daughters were clad in their Sabbath suits, and engaged in reading. A small furnace was standing on the deck

of the boat, and a sail, snugly stowed, was lying fore and aft. The few cooking utensils, bedding, and clothing belonging to this poor family, were securely placed under the deck.

Here is an instance of industry and perseverance, which commends itself to the notice of the rising generation—ay, and the present one too. No doubt, if this boy lives, he will yet make a stir in the world ; and if we knew his name, we would publish it.

WHO MADE MAN?—Look at the foot—how ingeniously is this contrived ! Look at the arm : what piece of mechanism can compare with it ? But of all parts of the body, the eye is perhaps the most wonderful. It has in it a lens, like that of a telescope, through which the rays of light pass ; and at the back of the eye a little picture of whatever comes before the eye is formed. This picture falls upon a nerve which lines the interior of the eye, and thus it is we see. All this contrivance is very ingenious. And observe how the eye itself is placed in the head. See how easily it turns this way and that ! Consider these things, and tell me, who but a Superior Being, one who contrives, one who thinks, could have made man ?

POWER OF GOD.—The sun is as large as three hundred and thirty-seven thousand of our worlds. Jupiter is as large as one thousand two hundred and eighty-one of our worlds. Mercury flies along in its path at the rate of twenty miles in a second. Uranus is seventeen times as large as our world, one billion eight hundred millions of miles from the sun, and flies along at the rate of two hundred and forty miles every minute !

Here, then, is the power of God ! A world, with all its mountains, and oceans, and kingdoms, is but a pebble in the hands of the Almighty !

# THE BIRD'S ADIEU!

THE WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Fare - - well to the mea-dow, For sum-mer is past; Fare-

well, for its leaves Now whirl o'er the blast. Fare-well to the bough Where my

cradle was swung, And the song of my mother Was joy-ous-ly sung.

2

How sweet was that song  
Of the light-hearted bird -  
No other I'll sing—  
'Twas the first that I heard.  
And though to far lands  
I must hasten away,  
Wherever I roam,  
I will carry that lay.

3

How sweet are these scenes,  
For my birth-place is here;  
And I know that in absence,  
They'll be but more dear.  
I'll sing of them there,  
In the land where I roam,  
And, winter departed,  
I'll return to my home.

# MERRY'S MUSEUM.

VOLUME II.—No. 4.

## Merry's Life and Adventures.

### CHAPTER XII.

*Raymond's story of the School of Misfortune—concluded.*

"It was several hours after his arrival at the city before R. had fully recovered his senses. When he was completely restored, and began to make inquiries, he found that all his ship companions had perished. He, who probably cared least for life—he, who had no family, no friends, and who was weary of existence—he only, of all that ship's company, was the one that survived the tempest!

"There was something in this so remarkable, that it occupied his mind, and caused deep emotions. In the midst of many painful reflections, he could not, however, disguise the fact, that he felt a great degree of pleasure in his delivery from so fearful a death. Again and again he said to himself, 'How happy, how thankful I feel, at being saved, when so many have been borne down to a watery grave!' The loss of his property, though it left him a beggar in the world, did not seem to oppress him: the joy of escape from death was to him a source of lively satisfaction; it gave birth to a new feeling—a sense of dependence on God, and a lively exercise of gratitude towards him. It also established in his mind a fact before entirely unknown, or unremarked—that

what is called misfortune, is often the source of some of our most exquisite enjoyments. 'It seems to me,' said R., in the course of his reflections, 'that, as gems are found in the dreary sands, and gold among the rugged rocks, and as the one are only yielded to toil, and the other to the smelting of the fiery furnace,—so happiness is the product of danger, suffering, and trial. I have felt more real peace, more positive enjoyment from my deliverance, than I was able to find in the whole circle of voluptuous pleasures yielded by wealth and fashion. I became a wretch, existence was to me a burthen, while I was rich. But, having lost my fortune, and experienced the fear of death, I am happy in the bare possession of that existence which I spurned before.'

"Such were the feelings and reflections of R. for a few days after his escape; but at length it was necessary for him to decide upon some course of action. He was absolutely penniless. Everything had been sunk with the ship. He had no letters of introduction, he had no acquaintances in New York; nor, indeed, did he know any one in all America, save that a brother of his was a clergyman in some part of the United States; but a coldness had existed between them, and he had not heard of him for several years. R. was conscious, too, that this coldness was the result of his own ungenerous conduct; for the whole of his father's estate had been

given to him, to the exclusion of his brother, and he had permitted him to work his own way in life, without offering him the least assistance. To apply to this brother was, therefore, forbidden by his pride; and, beside, he had every reason to suppose that brother to be poor.

"What, then, was to be done? Should he return to England? How was he to get the money to pay his passage? Beside, what was he to do when he got there? Go back to the village where he carried his head so high, and look in the faces of his former dashing acquaintances—acknowledging himself a beggar! This was not to be thought of. Should he seek some employment in America? This seemed the only plan. He began to make inquiries as to what he could find to do. One proposed to him to keep school; another, to go into a counting-room; another, to be a bar-keeper of a hotel. Any of these occupations would have given him the means of living; but R.'s pride was in the way;—pride, that dogs us all our life, and stops up almost every path we ought to follow, persuaded R. that he, who was once a gentleman, ought to live the life of a gentleman; and of course he could not do either of the things proposed.

"But events, day by day, pressed R. to a decision. His landlord, at last, became uneasy, and told him that for what had accrued he was welcome, in consideration of his misfortunes; but he was himself poor, and he begged him respectfully to make the speediest possible arrangements to give up his room, which he wanted for another boarder. 'I have been thinking,' said R. in reply to this, 'that I might engage in the practice of physic. In early life I was thought to have a turn for the profession.' This suggestion was approved by the landlord, and means were immediately taken to put it in execution. Dr.

R., late of England, was forthwith announced; and in a few weeks he was in the full tide of successful experiment.

"This fair weather, however, did not continue without clouds. Many persons regarded Dr. R. only as one of the adventurers so frequently coming from England to repay the kindness and courtesy of the Yankees with imposition and villany. Various inquiries and stories were got up about him; some having a sprinkling of truth in them, and, for that reason, being very annoying. R., however, kept on his way, paying little heed to these rumors, fancying that, if left to themselves, they would soon die. And such would, perhaps, have been the result, had not a most unfortunate occurrence given matters another turn.

"In the house where R. boarded, several small sums of money, and certain ornaments of some value, were missed by the boarders, from time to time. Suspicions fell upon a French servant in the family; but as nothing could be proved against him, he was retained, and a vigilant watch kept over his actions. Discovering that he was suspected, this fellow determined to turn the suspicion against R.; he, therefore, in the dead of night, took a valuable watch from one of the rooms, and laid it under the pillow of R.'s bed. This was done with such address, that neither the gentleman from whom the watch was stolen, nor R. himself, saw anything of it at the time. The watch was missed in the morning, and the French servant was arrested. But as soon as the chambermaid began to make up R.'s bed, behold, the pilfered watch was there! The French servant was at once released, and R. was arrested, briefly examined, and thrown into prison.

"The circumstances in which he had come to the country now all made against him. The unfavorable rumors



that had been afloat respecting him were revived; all the stories of swindlers that had visited the country for twenty years back, were published anew, with embellishments. In short, R. was tried and condemned by the public, while he lay defenceless in prison, and long before his real trial came on. The subject became a matter of some notoriety; the circumstances were detailed in the newspapers. A paragraph noticing these events met the eye of R.'s brother, who was settled as a minister of the gospel in a country parish not far distant, and he immediately came to the city. Satisfying himself by a few inquiries that it was indeed his brother who was involved in difficulty and danger, he went straight to the prison, with a heart overflowing with sympathy and kindness. But pride was still in the way, and R. haughtily repulsed him.

"The pious minister was deeply grieved; but he did not the less seek to serve his brother. He took care to investigate the facts, and became persuaded that the French servant had practised the deception that has been stated; but he was not able to prove it. He employed the best of counsel; but, in spite of all his efforts, and all his sympathy, R. was found guilty, condemned, and consigned to prison.

"Up to this time, the pride of R. had sustained him; but it now gave way. He had borne the loss of fortune, but to be convicted of a low, base theft, was what his spirit could not endure. His health sunk under it, and his reason, for a time, departed. His sufferings during that dark hour, God only knows. He at last recovered his health and his senses, and then he heard, that, on his death-bed, the French servant had confessed his iniquity. It was from the lips of his brother, and under his roof,

where he had been removed during his insanity, that R. learnt these events. He was released from prison, and his character was cleared of the imputation of crime.

"From this period R. was an altered man. His pride was effectually quelled; no longer did that disturber of earth's happiness,—the real serpent of Eden,—remain to keep him in a state of alienation from his brother. The two were now, indeed, as brothers. But there were other changes in R.; his health was feeble, his constitution was broken; his manly beauty had departed, and he was but the wreck of former days. But, strange as it may seem, he now, for the first time, found peace and happiness. He had now tasted of sorrow, and was acquainted with grief. This enabled him to enter into the hearts of other men, to see their sorrows, and to desire to alleviate them. A new world was now open to him; a world of effort, of usefulness, of happiness. In the days of prosperity, he had no cares for anybody but himself; and mere selfishness had left him a wretch while in possession of all the supposed means of bliss. He had now made the discovery,—more important to any human being than that of Columbus,—that pride is the curse of the human race, and humility its only cure; that trial, sorrow, and misfortune are necessary, in most cases, to make us acquainted with our own hearts, and those of our fellow-men; and that true bliss is to be found only in a plan of life which seeks, earnestly and sincerely, the peace and happiness of others."

Here ended R.'s story of the *School of Misfortune*; and I had no difficulty in discovering that he had been telling the story of his own life, though he had, in some respects, as I had reason to suppose, departed from its details.

(To be continued.)

## Story of Philip Brusque.

### CHAPTER VII.

*A new effort to form a government.—Speeches.—  
Anarchy and violence.—Despotism.*

THE morning after the events detailed in the last chapter, was one of deep interest to the people of Fredonia. Brusque, in connection with others, had taken pains to call a meeting of all the men, to consult once more upon events of common importance, and to make another effort to form some kind of government, that might establish order, protect life, and ensure freedom. There were none whose feelings were more deeply enlisted than those of the women; and, as is usual with this sex in matters of a public nature, they were on the right side. They felt their own weakness and dependence, and appreciated the necessity of government and law to protect them from brutality and violence. Nor did they feel alone for themselves; they perceived that where there is no government, there can be no safe and comfortable home; that children cannot live quietly and securely with their parents; that everything we cherish in life is insecure, and liable to be taken away by the wicked and the violent.

The several dwellings of the settlement being near together, on the occasion of which we are speaking, the women were gathering in groups, with anxious faces; those who had young children, were seen hugging them to their bosoms, as if, before night, these innocent and helpless things might have no other protection than a mother's arm could give. There was much passing to and fro among them, and they spoke with their heads close together, and in whispers, as if fearful of being overheard.

At nine o'clock in the morning, per-

sons began to assemble upon the southern slope of the beautiful hill on which the cave called the "Castaway's Home" was situated. It was a lovely spot, covered with a thick clump of palm-trees, and commanding, through the openings of the branches, a wide prospect of the surrounding ocean. All the men of the island were soon there, and as they gathered under the trees, they were divided into two groups, by their sympathies, feelings, and purposes, though not by design. In one group was the father of Emilie, M. Bonfils, a man of more than seventy years, whose locks were as white as the snow, and whose face beamed at once with benevolence and spirit. There was, however, in his countenance, at this time, a mingled look of grief and anxiety by no means usual to him. By his side sat all the oldest men of the company, together with Brusque, and most of the educated and intelligent men of the island.

The other group was composed of Rogere, most of the sailors, and several other men. They were generally young persons, whose education had been neglected, and whose course of life had left them to the indulgence of their passions. There were two or three of them who were kind-hearted, though ignorant and simple men.

The two parties consisted of about equal numbers, some twenty of each. They sat for some time, looking each other in the face, but saying little. The Rogereites looked gloomy and scowling; the Brusqueites had an air of anxiety, but still of resolution. It was apparent to all, that, if something could not be done for the cause of good order on the present occasion, riot and bloodshed were likely to be the inevitable and immediate consequence.

After a long period of silence, M. Bonfils, being the oldest man in the assembly, arose, and proposed that they

should come to order by choosing a moderator to preside over the assembly. There was instantly a shout of "M. Bonfils! M. Bonfils!" and as Rogere's people took no part, one of the men put it to vote whether M. Bonfils should preside, and it was decided in the affirmative. The old man, therefore, taking off his broad-brimmed palm-leaf hat, his long white hair floating down upon his shoulders, stood before the company. His lip quivered, and for a moment he seemed hardly able to utter a word; but at length, in a tone tremulous and faint, and exceedingly touching from its thrill of feeling, he spoke as follows:

"My friends and compatriots; we are all members of the great human family, companions in the misfortunes that have borne us hither, and the mercy which has saved us from a horrible fate. We should then have a common feeling; we certainly have the same interests.

"I ask you to come to the consideration of the great question to be proposed here to-day, with a sense of our responsibility, and a due regard to these considerations. The question to be here proposed is, I believe, whether this little community shall be delivered from that state of lawless anarchy and violence which now afflicts it, and be blessed with a government that shall at once secure liberty and peace. The real questions are these: Shall our lives be secure? Shall our homes be safe? Shall our wives and children live in quiet? Shall right, and not might, be the governing principle of society?

"It is to decide questions thus vital to our happiness and that of those who are dependent upon us, that we have now met; and I beg you as fellow-men, as brothers, as friends and neighbors, as you value life, and liberty, and justice, and a good conscience, to come to their consideration ready and determined to act for the best good of the greatest

number. Let no man act for himself alone; let no man indulge prejudices or private feelings. Let us look to the good of all—the best interests of society, and proceed accordingly."

Having uttered these words, the aged moderator sat down upon a little elevation that was near. There was then a deep silence around. At last Rogere arose, and every eye was fixed upon him, while he spoke as follows:

"Mr. Moderator; I respect the feelings that have dictated the speech just uttered by yourself. I acknowledge the obligation to cast aside selfishness, and look only to the public good. But in reasoning according to my sense of duty, I come to a very different conclusion from what some others do. We are all bound to consult the greatest good of the whole; but how shall we do it? That is the question. We have already met once before, and the persons here present, after mature deliberation, have decided that they will have no other government than such as is founded in nature; they have decided that an artificial system of government and laws only tends to mischief, to enslave the many and favor the few. Then why this meeting? Are we a parcel of boys or silly women, as fickle as the winds, undoing one day what we have done another?

"Sir, I am opposed to a constitution; I am opposed to enacted statutes and laws. I am opposed to kings, presidents, judges, legislators, and magistrates. What are these but public blood-suckers, living upon the toil and sacrifices of the rest of the community? Away with them, and let every man do what seemeth good in his own eyes. Things will all get adjusted to this system in good time. There is an instinct in the animal tribes which is thought to be borrowed from divine wisdom. The heron and the bittern are astronomers and



navigators by nature; they know by instinct what man learns with difficulty. They are legislators too, but that divine instinct bids them leave things to their natural course. The strongest, by necessity and the laws of nature, become the leaders, and the rest have only to follow and obey. This is the great system of the universe; and man, by adopting an artificial scheme of government, is only sinning against nature, history and experience. I move you, therefore, that this assembly do now adjourn."

Scarcely had Rogere finished, when his party shouted in the most animated manner, and there was a look of satisfaction and triumph in their faces that seemed to say that their leader had settled the whole question. When the applause had subsided, the moderator stated that there was a motion to adjourn, and asked if any one had anything to say against it. Upon this, Brusque rose, and spoke as follows:

"Mr. Moderator; you have already stated the high and solemn purposes of this meeting. We are to decide, in the first place, whether we will adopt some form of government, and if so, what system shall be established? At the very outset, and before the subject has been discussed, a motion is offered that we adjourn. It is moved that we separate, and leave this little colony to that anarchy which is now desolating the island. We are asked to adjourn, and follow the bittern and the heron as our examples in legislation. Man is to be the pupil of the bird; the brute is to be the lawgiver of human beings!

"What, sir, is the state of things? Riot, crime, and violence are now the order of the day. One murder has already been committed, and the man whose hand is stained with his brother's blood is here, as free as the rest; and that murderer's hand is lifted up in an assembly, as if entitled to all the privi-

leges of citizenship. Sir, look at the fruits of the island, lately so abundant; they are fast disappearing, for no one has any interest to preserve or increase them. Not only are we in a state of confusion and fear, not only are the women and children in the community in distress from apprehension, but, sir, our means of living are wasting away,—starvation is at our very doors.

"And what is the remedy for all these evils? A good government, that shall parcel out these lands to the people, and secure to each man his own; a good government, that shall protect a man in his home, his earnings, his property; a good government, that will enforce right and restrain might; a good government, that will punish murder, theft, violence, and crime. This, and this alone, will bring peace to the island; this, and this alone, will give security and happiness to all. Let us have a government, to secure the rights of the people and punish injustice, and this island may become a paradise. Its rich hillsides and lovely valleys will be cultivated, and will produce the greatest abundance of comforts and luxuries. Let us have protection to life, home, and property, and commerce will spring up, and we can get from other lands all that they produce which can minister to our enjoyment.

"Who will till the soil, if any man stronger than himself can drive the laborer away and take the produce? Who will toil, if the violent, and selfish, and powerful man may take away the result of that toil? Sir, we are told to follow nature, to look to the instinct of animals for a guide. And is man, gifted with reason, to throw that reason aside and follow instinct? The proposition is absurd. If we follow animals, we must adopt their modes of life. If you adopt the government of wolves, you must live in rocks and dens, feast



upon blood, and have no other covering than nature provides. If you allow the strong to take what they can grasp, we go back at once to the savage state.

"Let us then be more wise, more reasonable, more just. Let us remember that we men act not only for ourselves, but for others. I beseech you to look upon the anxious groups of wives, mothers, and daughters in that little valley, whose hearts are now palpitating with anxiety; they are waiting the result of our deliberations, as involving interests more dear than life to them. Let them know that you have this day resolved to establish a good government, and they will ask ten thousand blessings on your heads. Let them know that this state of anarchy is to continue, and they will mourn the day that saved them from the billows to which the relentless pirate had doomed them."

This speech of Brusque's had an evident effect, and when the question of adjournment was put, there was a majority against it. Brusque, greatly encouraged, then rose, and moved, that it was the sense of the assembly that the best good of the people required the immediate adoption of some form of government. No sooner was this motion put, than Rogere, fearing that it might be carried, sprang to his feet, and, drawing a dagger, brandished it in the air, at the same time addressing his party as follows:

"My friends, are you not sick of this folly, this hypocrisy, this child's play? Away with it all! let us be men—let us be free. Down with that hoary fool, and this false-hearted knave!" Saying this, and pointing to M. Bonfils and Brusque, he led the way, and rushed upon them. His men followed as with one impulse. The aged moderator was struck to the ground by a single blow, and Brusque, taken by surprise, was

thrown down, and two stout men, seizing upon him, tied his hands and feet fast. The rest of Brusque's party, after a short skirmish, fled down the hill to the village, where they were received with cries of consternation and despair.

M. Bonfils and Brusque were taken to the "Castaway's Cave," which Rogere now made his head-quarters, and where his party soon assembled. After a brief interval, it was proposed by one of the men that Rogere should be chief of the island, with full power in his hands to govern as he pleased. His motion was carried by acclamation, and M. Bonfils and Brusque were required to give their consent. Refusing to do this, they were bound and taken into one of the lower apartments of the cave, and, totally unable to move, they were left to themselves.

(*To be continued.*)

## The Siberian Sable-Hunter.

### CHAPTER IV.

*A meeting with Tunguses.—A great feast.—The travellers proceed.*

THE long story of Linsk being finished, Alexis remarked that, although it was not the best he had heard in his life, he was still obliged, for he had never heard a Samoide tale before.

"Well," said the old hunter, a little snappishly, "if you don't like my stories, you need not listen to 'em. I didn't make 'em myself, and only tell what other people have told me." And as to these Samoides, what can you expect, when the men are not taller than a keg of brandy, and the women are about the height of a five-gallon jug? Can we expect to make a silk purse of a sow's ear? I could tell you a story of Tartar robbers and enchanted castles, if you would like that better."

"I beg your pardon," said Alexis; "I did not mean to offend you. The Samoide story will do, but I should like to hear a Tartar tale very much."

"Well," said Linsk, "I will tell you one;" but just as he was about to begin, they came in sight of some huts belonging to the Tunguses, a very singular race of people, who inhabit the middle portions of Siberia. They resemble the Ostiacks, like them living in houses built of poles set in a circle. They have no towns or villages, but they wander from place to place, living entirely by hunting and fishing, in which they display wonderful skill and perseverance. In summer, they dwell on the banks of the rivers, and in winter retire to the wooded regions, where they pursue the sable, ermine, marten, and black fox. They have no fire-arms, but are adroit in the use of the bow and arrow. In the spring, they carry or send their furs to Yakoutsk, a considerable town on the Olekminsk river, and the great fur-market of Siberia.

In a short time, our adventurers came to the group of huts which they had before descried, and Linsk, who knew the habits of the people, did not hesitate at once to go up to one of them and prepare to enter it through a hole about three feet high, that was left as a door. He was met at the entrance by a man of about fifty years of age, and dressed in a short coat made of a wolf-skin, and a pair of flannel trowsers, that looked as much like a petticoat as anything else. He gazed at the four hunters for a moment with some distrust, but then seemed satisfied, and made a sign of welcome.

The conversation soon brought other persons out of the several huts around. These consisted of men, women, and children—all low in stature, and with skins of the color of a smoked ham. The men were dressed nearly in the

same fashion as the person first described. The women were attired in short cotton gowns and flannel petticoats that reached but little below the knee. The children were half naked, or clad in cotton wrappers. Several of them had on cast-off seal-skin jackets reaching down to the middle, and making them look like half boys and half beasts.

They were a queer-looking set of people, but seemed frank and good-natured, and invited the strangers to spend the night, which was now approaching, with them. Linsk, who knew the language pretty well, accepted the offer, and the party was led to one of the largest huts. Alexis noticed two large rein-deer in a little pen attached to the dwelling, and observed several large dogs, who now awoke from their repose and came smelling suspiciously around the new-comers.

On entering the hut, the scene presented was a curious one. The whole interior consisted of one room. This was circular, of a conical form, and about twenty feet across. Benches were set around, upon which the wife and one or two other women were sitting. The fire was built in the centre, and, there being no chimney, the whole hut was filled with smoke; but the inmates did not seem to mind it. The children were crawling upon the floor like pigs.

After staying a while in the hut, it was announced that supper was ready, and the travellers soon found that it was to be a feast. The men of the party had been on a fishing expedition, and, having been absent a week, had scarcely tasted a bit of food during that period, and their families at home had been fasting in the mean time. One of the huts had been assigned to the cooking of the meal, and it was to be eaten in the same place.

When the sable-hunters came to the hut, they found about sixty people there, of all sexes and sizes. Already had the

revel begun; for the hunger of the party was beyond control. The feast itself was a sight to see. Four large iron caldrons had been set over the fire, filled with fishes of all sorts, though chiefly cod. They were thrown in together without dressing—heads, tails, entrails, fins, and scales! A huge quantity of deer's-grease and a little salt had been put in. A brisk fire had then been kindled beneath, and the whole fried or boiled into a mighty chowder. The steam that gushed from the door of the hut, was almost strong enough for a supper. It was so rank as to satisfy Alexis and his two younger companions, who soon went out of doors, and mingled with the people there.

A feast of wolves could not have been more voracious. Knives, forks, and plates were not thought of; each one ran into the hut with a wooden bowl, and, dipping it into the caldron, brought forth the seething mass, and while it yet seemed boiling hot, they devoured it with a rapacity absolutely amazing. The scalding heat seemed not to be the least hindrance; there was no ceremonious blowing and cooling—down it went, one dishful after another, as if it were a strife to see who could devour the most in the shortest space of time!

In two or three instances the children upset their bowls, and picking up the food from the ground, heedless of the dirt attached to it, ate it down; no matter if it was trodden upon, it was all the same. One of the children was seen by Alexis, flat upon his stomach, lapping up the broth, from the earth, that had been spilt. Among this crowd, the dogs came in for their share; but they were often obliged to dispute their claims to the remnants with the greedy children.

Among all this coarseness, the strangers were treated with the utmost hospitality, as, indeed, they had been ever

since their departure from Tobolsk. After the meal had been finished, a few of the men treated themselves, apart, to brandy, in which entertainment our adventurers were permitted to join. A scene of drunkenness followed, after which the men staggered to their several houses. Linsk and his companions were comfortably lodged, having drank but sparingly.

In the morning the travellers left their Tungusian friends, and set out on their journey, offering to pay for their entertainment, which was, however, refused. Indeed, this had been generally the case, and they had hardly found any necessity of having money. Proceeding upon their journey, Linsk, according to his wont, began to talk, and these Tungusians were naturally the subject of his discourse.

"They are very numerous," said he, "occupying nearly half of Siberia, and being confined to the central portions of it. They are as restless as Tartars, always moving from place to place, and alternately feasting and starving. They go without food as long as a wolf, and, like a wolf, they will gorge themselves when they get a chance. They eat food when and where they can get it. This is the way they are brought up. I have seen them eat candles, soap, and raw pork. I was once at a place where a reindeer died of disease; they threw him whole upon a fire, singed him a little, and then eat him, leaving nothing but the bones! A real hungry Tungusian will eat twenty pounds of meat in a day!"

Alexis would have expressed some doubt of all this, had not the scene he had witnessed prepared him to believe it, and had he not found that Linsk, though loyal to servility, and not a little inclined to superstition, was still a man of veracity in all that related to his own observation and experience. He went



on with his description, therefore, without interruption.

"Yet, greedy as these people are, they have their good points, as I believe all God's creatures have. They are honest, frank, and hospitable. If they love feasting, their willingness to share the meal with a stranger is a greater virtue. And they are not so stupid as one might expect, from their swallowing such oceans of lard. I know of no people so cunning in catching fish and game. In the winter season, many establish themselves in the forests along the branches of the Wittim and Olekminsk regions, lying to the south of where we now are. A young hunter from Tobolsk, whom I knew, and who dwelt there one winter, told me that they were the keenest fellows he had ever met with. They would trace a fox by his foot-prints upon the frozen snow, and could tell whether it was grey or black by the shape of his track! They killed their game with blunt arrows, so as not to injure the skin; and so careful were they of the sable, that when they found one on a tree, they would not shoot him, but make fires beneath, and smoke him, until the creature would fall at their feet.

"The fact is, that the Tunguses are such good hunters that the wild beasts have found them out, and have pretty much left their country. The fine sables are now seldom found where they used to be abundant, and those who would hunt them must go farther north, where we are going. These people have no books, and their religion is a strange belief in stupid gods, whom they worship under the guise of little wooden images. They believe in witchcraft and sorcery; and there are a good many cheats among them, who pretend to practise these forbidden arts."

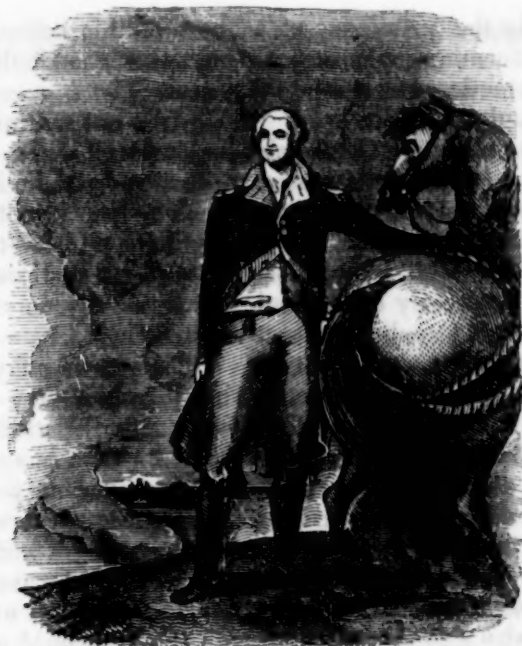
(To be continued.)

## Wisdom of the Creator.

THE fact that the Creator is a Being who thinks, who exercises wisdom, and exerts power, is illustrated by the provision he has made for the wants of animals, arising from their peculiar condition. The human teeth afford a striking instance of this. The infant is to live by milk taken from its mother, and it can take its nourishment in without teeth much more conveniently to itself and its nurse, than with them. Accordingly, it has no teeth; nor do they come till about the time that it takes other food that may require teeth. We see the same careful foresight in providing that the horns of calves and lambs do not grow till they have done sucking, as they would be in the way in performing that operation. But in regard to the human teeth, a still further prospective contrivance is made at the very beginning. The jaw of a grown person is much larger than that of an infant, and the first teeth are therefore entirely too small to fill the jaw of an adult. It is accordingly provided that, at the age of eight or ten years, the first set of teeth shall be shed, and larger ones come in their place. And the preparation for them is made at the outset—a row of teeth being actually set in below the first, ready to grow when these are gone!

The providing of milk for young animals is another admirable proof of the designing wisdom of the Creator. Milk is a fluid of a very nutritious quality, and no art of man can make it. As soon as the young are produced, the milk is ready for it, and not before. And how wonderful, how ingenious, is the whole contrivance by which young animals are provided with food, in a manner the most curious, and of a kind the most suitable!





### Washington a Teacher to the Young.

THERE is no name in the annals of any country more revered than that of George Washington. It is a matter of interest to inquire how he became so good and great, and how he obtained such a desirable reputation; how he was able to do so much good to his country and to mankind; how he was qualified to leave behind him so excellent an example; how he acquired that great wisdom which guided him in life, and prepared him for death—which made him, like Moses in ancient days, the leader of a nation through a wilderness of trial, and suffering, and danger, and now that he has been dead more than forty years, renders him still the teacher, not only of the United States, but all the civilized world.

It is a good plan for every one who wishes to be useful, good, and happy, to study the story of Washington, and see how it was that he became so useful, so

good, and so happy. It is only by study that we can gain knowledge; and the best way to find out the path of duty and of success, is carefully to read the history of those who have been successful. I propose, therefore, to give you a brief outline of Washington's life, taking care to present those points in his career which seem to have been the most influential in forming his character and shaping his fortunes.

George Washington was born in Virginia, on the 22d of February, 1732. His father was a wealthy planter; but he died in 1743, when George was eleven years old. He was, therefore, left to the care of his mother, who was a good and wise woman.

Now you must remember that when Washington was a boy, young people had not the advantages that they have now. In Virginia, there were no academies, high-schools, or colleges. He

had, therefore, only the privileges of a common-school education, where writing, reading, arithmetic, and a little of geometry, were taught.

Now some boys with these simple helps had never been great; the reason why they were sufficient for Washington I will tell you. In the first place, he had a good mother, who, like almost all good mothers, frequently counselled and advised her son to make the best use of his time at school; to pay attention to his lessons; to learn them well; and thus, not only to store his mind with knowledge, but to get into the habit of studying thoroughly, and of improving his mind. In the second place, *Washington had the good sense, the virtue, and the wisdom to mind his mother in these things.* These are the two great reasons why a common-school education was sufficient for so great a man, and they are the two chief reasons why he became so great.

Now this shows that the advantages a boy possesses are of less consequence than the way, in which he improves them. A boy may be sent to a high-school, and go through college, and have good natural capacity, and yet turn out to be a useless, weak, and ignorant man. Merely going through a high-school, or an academy, or a college, cannot make a good, useful, or great man. In order to be good, useful, great, or even happy, it is necessary in youth to do as Washington did.

Another thing to be noticed here is, that Washington had none of that folly which some boys think smartness, or a mark of genius, or manliness—a disposition to disobey a mother or a school-master. Washington was obedient to both of them. If, therefore, a boy wishes to be successful in life, let him cultivate obedience to parents and teachers.

One of the great advantages that followed from Washington's making the

best of his school privileges was, his adopting good habits. *He got into the habit of doing everything thoroughly.* He was not willing to learn a lesson by halves, and when he came to recite, to guess and shuffle his way out. No, indeed! He did not leave a lesson till he had mastered it—till he knew all about it—till he had stamped it so firmly in his mind as to make the impression indelible.

The reason why habits are so important, is, that they hang about a person, and actually guide him through life. When a man has got the habit of doing a thing, it is easy to repeat it, and it is hard to act otherwise. Habits may be illustrated by a rail-road. The cars run easily upon the track, and it is difficult for them to get away from it. What work a car would make in attempting to run over the rough ground! Now, the mind is very like the car; it slides along glibly enough upon the rails of habit, but it works hard and makes little progress over a place where it has not been before. Thus, if a boy gets into the habit of lying, he lies, as a locomotive glides upon its track, with great rapidity, smoothness, and ease. And if he has once got into this habit of lying, and then attempts to tell the truth, he feels as if he had got off the track, and is like a car running over the common ground.

The importance of this matter of habit is seen upon a little reflection. We must remember what has been said before, that the things we do once or twice, we are likely to repeat. We are, therefore, always forming habits, good or bad; and children frequently get them settled as a rail-road track, before they are aware of it. Now, these habits may ruin those who adopt them, and turn into evil the best advantages that they can enjoy,

If a boy gets the habit of studying in

a half-way, slovenly, slipshod manner, he is almost certain to be greatly injured thereby. If he goes to college, he there continues the same habit; when he comes out, he still carries it with him; when he enters upon business, it still hangs about him. He does nothing well, or thoroughly; he is careless and slovenly in all he does; there is imperfection and weakness in his career, and finally he turns out an unsuccessful man. If he is a merchant, he usually fails in business; if a lawyer, a physician, or minister, he is generally at the tail-end of his profession, poor, useless, and despised. Such is the mighty influence of our habits; and remember that they are formed in early life. Remember that every day feeds and fosters our habits.

It is interesting to trace the way that Washington's youthful habits operated upon him. Some of his early school-books are extant, and these show that he was very thorough in writing. He even took the pains to write out, in a fine hand, the forms in which notes of hand, bills of exchange, receipts, bonds, deeds, wills, should be drawn. Thus he cultivated the habit of writing neatly, of being patient in copying papers, and of being accurate in making copies; and at the same time he made himself acquainted with the forms of drawing up business documents. In all this, we see the habit of doing things patiently, accurately, and thoroughly. We see that Washington had so trained himself, that he could sit down and do that which was mere toil, and which some boys would think stupid drudgery.

Another thing that is remarkable at this early period of Washington's life, is, that in writing he was careful to study neatness and mechanical precision. Several quires of his school-manuscripts remain, in which he worked out questions in arithmetic and mathe-

matics. These manuscripts are very neatly executed; there are several long sums which are nicely done and beautifully arranged. There are, also, extensive columns of figures, and all set down with careful precision.

Another thing visible in these manuscripts, is, that Washington studied accuracy; his sums were all right. What a beautiful illustration of the great man's life! His youthful manuscripts show that he learned to render his school-boy pages fair; to work out all his sums right. Thus he started in life—and thus he became qualified to make the pages of his history glorious; the footing up of his great account such as the sentiment of justice throughout the world would approve!

Another thing that had great influence in the formation of Washington's character and in securing success in life, was, that very early he adopted a code or system of rules of behavior. This was found among his papers after his death, in his own hand-writing, and written at the age of thirteen. I will give you a few extracts from this code of manners, or rules of conduct:

## EXTRACTS.

"Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

"Be no flatterer, neither play with any one that delights not to be played with.

"Read no letters, books, or papers in company.

"Come not near the books or papers of another so as to read them.

"Look not over another when he is writing a letter.

"Let your countenance be cheerful, but in serious matters be grave.

"Show not yourself glad at another's misfortune.

"Let your discourse with others on matters of business be short.

"It is good manners to let others speak first.

"Strive not with your superiors in argument, but be modest.

"When a man does all he can, do not blame him though he succeeds not well.

"Take admonitions thankfully.

"Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the injury of another.

"In your dress, be modest, and consult your condition.

"Play not the peacock, looking vainly at yourself.

"It is better to be alone than in bad company.

"Let your conversation be without malice or envy.

"Urge not your friend to discover a secret.

"Break not a jest where none take pleasure in mirth.

"Speak not injurious words either in jest or earnest.

"Gaze not on the blemishes of others.

"When another speaks, be attentive.

"Be not apt to relate news.

"Be not curious to know the affairs of others.

"Speak not evil of the absent.

"When you speak of God, let it ever be with reverence.

"Labor to keep alive in your heart that spark of heavenly fire called conscience."

Such are some of those rules that Washington wrote out in a fair hand at thirteen. Most of these rules turn on one great principle, which is, that you treat others with respect; that you are tender of the feelings, and rights, and characters of others; that you do to others as you would have others do to you.

But another thing, also, is to be considered, which is, that Washington not only had a set of good rules of behavior, all written out in a fair hand and committed to memory, but he was in

the habit of observing them; and he not only observed them when a child, but after he became a man. He got into the habit of obeying every one of these rules, and every one of them became a rail-road track to him, and he therefore followed them; and thus it was that his manners were always so dignified, kind, and noble; thus it was that his character and conduct became so great and good.

Now, I would not have my readers suppose that Washington was always a man; on the contrary, when he was a boy, he loved fun as well as anybody. He liked to run, to leap, to wrestle, and play at games. He had a soldierly turn, even in boyhood, and was fond of heading a troop of boys, and marching them about with a tin kettle for a drum.

Washington, too, was quick-tempered and passionate when a boy; but the beauty of his story in this point is, that by adopting good habits and principles he overcame these tendencies of his nature, and he showed that all quick-tempered boys can do the same, if they please. They can govern their tempers; they can adopt good rules of conduct; they can get into the habit of being calm, patient, and just, and thus grow up to honor and usefulness.

There are many other traits of character belonging to Washington that are interesting and worthy of imitation. He was accurate and just in all his dealings; he was punctual in the performance of promises; he was a man of prayer, and an observer of the Sabbath. And the point here to be noticed by youth, is, that all these qualities which we have been noticing appear to be the fruit of seed sown in his youth. They appear all to have taken root in one great principle—OBEDIENCE—obedience to his mother, obedience to his teachers—obedience to a sense of duty, formed into habit in early life. This is the



real source of Washington's greatness. He was not made greater or better than most others, but he adopted good habits, and under their influence he became great.

Another thing to be observed is, that in adopting good habits, Washington rejected bad ones. He was guilty of no profanity; no rudeness or harshness of speech; he was not addicted to *sprees*; he was no haunter of bar-rooms or taverns; he had no vulgar love of eccentricity; he affected not that kind of smartness which displays itself in irregularity or excess; he did not think it clever to disobey teachers or parents; he was no lover of scandal, or of profane and rude society.

The teaching, then, of Washington's example is this study obedience, patience, industry, thoroughness, accuracy, neatness, respect to the rights and feelings of others, and make these things habitual—rail-tracks in the mind. The path of obedience is the path to glory; the path of disobedience is the path of failure and disappointment in the race of life.

### The Poet and the Child.

THERE is a man in England, by the name of Thomas Campbell. He is a poet, and wrote two famous pieces, "The Pleasures of Hope," and "Gertrude of Wyoming,"—besides many other smaller poems, which are among the most beautiful in our language. A short time since he was passing through one of the parks of London, which are extensive fields ornamented with fine trees, and he there saw a beautiful girl, four years old, led along by a woman. Mr. Campbell seems to be a lover of children, and so he wrote the following

lines about this little girl. They are very pleasing lines; and I introduce them here that my fair young readers may see how kindly a famous poet looks on the face of a child, which bespeaks goodness.

#### LINES ON HIS NEW CHILD-SWEET-HEART.

I hold it a religious duty  
To love and worship children's beauty;  
They've least the taint of earthly clod,—  
They're freshest from the hand of God.  
With heavenly looks, they make us sure  
The heaven that made them must be pure  
We love them not in earthly fashion,  
But with a beatific passion.

I chanced to, yesterday, behold  
A maiden child of beauty's mould;  
'T was near (more sacred was the scene)  
The palace of our patriot Queen.  
The little charmer to my view  
Was sculpture brought to life anew;  
Her eyes had a poetic glow—  
Her pouting mouth was Cupid's bow,  
And through her frock I could descry  
Her neck and shoulders' symmetry.  
'T was obvious, from her walk and gait,  
Her limbs were beautifully straight.  
I stopped th' enchantress, and was told,  
Though tall, she was but four years old.  
Her guide so grave an aspect wore  
I could not ask a question more—  
But followed her. The little one  
Threw backward ever and anon  
Her lovely neck, as if to say,  
I know you love me, *Mister Grey*.  
For, by its instinct, childhood's eye  
Is shrewd in physiognomy;  
They well distinguish fawning art  
From sterling fondness of the heart.

And so she flirted, like a true  
Good woman, till we bade adieu!  
'T was then I with regret grew wild—  
Oh! beauteous, interesting child!  
Why asked I not thy home and name?  
My courage failed me—more's the shame.

But where abides this jewel rare?  
Oh! ye that own her, tell me, where?  
For sad it makes my heart, and sore,  
To think I re'er may meet her more.



### The Ostrich.

EVERY one who looks at an ostrich can see that, having very long legs, he can run pretty fast if he tries. The ostrich is, in fact, swifter of foot than any other animal. He will outstrip the fleetest dog, or horse, or even the antelope.

Not only is he the fleetest of running animals, but he is the largest of birds; but though he is a bird, he cannot fly. In running, he only lifts his wings a little, flapping them slightly, but deriving no aid from them in his progress. The ostrich, therefore, is a remarkable bird, and seems to have been quite a puzzle to a great many wise heads. Pliny, the old Roman, thought it was rather a beast than a bird, and the Greeks and Asiatics esteemed it so like a quadruped in some of its qualities, that they called it a camel-bird.

When a thing is wonderful, people always strive to make it more wonderful; so they tell very large stories about ostriches eating iron and brass with a right good appetite! Upon hearing some people talk about this creature, you would fancy that a shovel and tongs,

and a pair of andirons, would be but a good breakfast for it! Now this is all nonsense. Iron and brass can no more give nutriment to an ostrich than a man; it may be that an ostrich, which, it must be confessed, has a good appetite, sometimes swallows down a spike or a tenpenny-nail to aid his digestion, just as other birds eat gravel; but this is no doubt all that can be said about the matter.

The ostrich is a native of most parts of Africa, and of Arabia in Asia. It is scarce now in all countries, but in the days of ancient Rome it appears that they were abundant, for the brains of six hundred were served up at one famous dinner! It is a bird that likes the company of its own kind very well, and several are often seen together; but it has not a good opinion of mankind. It seeks places remote from the haunts of men, and seems to prefer the desert and the solitude. When pursued, it does not run straight forward, but wheels round in circles, keeping pretty near its enemy, and is thus often killed by being shot, or struck with a kind of spear. The creature is generally inof-

sensitive, and seeks safety by flight; but when attacked, he resorts to the ungentle trick of kicking violently, and he often exercises his skill in this way with serious effect.

In some parts of Africa, the ostrich is tamed, and generally behaves like a quiet, well-bred bird; it is said, however, not to like strangers, and to have a spite against ill-dressed people. This is in bad taste, for the ostrich, having fine silky feathers itself, may seem to show foolish vanity and pride by picking flaws in the dress of other people.

There has been a good deal of discussion among learned authors about the manner in which the female ostrich manages her eggs—which, by the way, are large and heavy, one of them weighing as much as a small baby. It is generally agreed, however, that several ostriches lay in one nest, and that one undertakes to hatch them, but often covers them up in the sand and leaves them during the day, knowing that the heat of the sun will carry on the process of hatching as well without her as with her. I need only add that the ostrich is about as tall as the Belgian giant, it being between seven and eight feet high!

### What do we mean by Nature?

By Nature, we mean the laws by which God works. And what are these? Have they power to plan, devise, or execute, of themselves? Have the laws of God any energy independent of him? Have they, indeed, any existence independent of him? The seed that is imbedded in the soil, shoots up into a plant. Is not this God's work? Is there any being concerned in this but God? Certainly not. What, then, has nature

to do? Nothing—nothing whatever. The Creator makes the soil, the seed, the moisture, the heat, and he gives them their quickening impulse. The stem, the stalk, the unfolding leaf, the fragrant flower, the blushing fruit, are his. He supplies and guides every particle of earth, air, water, and heat, concerned in the process of vegetation; without him, these would remain dead, inert and motionless. The seed would remain but a seed, and the shapeless elements would pause forever in their state of original chaos.

Nature, then, is not an efficient power; it is not a being; it contrives nothing, it does nothing, it plans nothing, it produces nothing. It is only a term, signifying the ways and means by which God chooses to perform his various works. Nature is but a word, used to designate the laws of the material universe. But what are *laws* without the lawgiver? Even if enacted, where is their efficiency without the executive power? What would be our book of statutes, if we had no government to sustain and enforce them? Instead of creating plants outright, God produces them by a certain process, in which earth, air, water, and heat are employed. This process is uniform, and we call it nature. So animals are produced by a certain established process, and this, again, we call nature.

Nature, then, and the laws of nature, are nothing more than the beaten path of the Creator; they show his footsteps, but they should never be confounded with God himself. We should never permit his works to become idols which stand between us and him, casting a shadow over his Almighty image. We should never look upon God's works as God, nor abuse our minds by substituting the thing created for the Creator. This is mere idolatry, and the worshipper of nature as truly bows down before sense-

less images, as he who kneels to Baal or Moloch. Nature may, indeed, declare the glory of God, and show forth his handy-work; it may serve to raise our minds from earth to heaven; it may be a ladder by which we should climb to the skies. But he who goes not beyond nature, stays forever upon the ladder, and reaches not his proper destination. And yet, are we not in the habit of doing this? In referring the seasons to nature; in speaking of the rain, the frost, and the snow—the spring-time, with its bursting buds and flowers; the summer, with its harvest; the autumn, with its fruits; the winter, with its white winding-sheet for the death-bed of the leaves, as the works of nature—do we not lead our minds from their true Author? Do we not wrap up in the mist of words the idea that all these are the works of a being who designs, contrives, thinks, and acts?

### A Vision.

"On parent knees, a naked, new-born child,  
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee  
    smiled;  
So live that, sinking in thy last long sleep,  
Calm thou may'st smile while all around thee  
    weep."

THE beautiful sentiment in the above stanza, translated from the Persian by Sir William Jones, struck me so much the other day, while I was reading the life of that excellent man, that I laid down the book to meditate upon it. It was a rainy, dull afternoon—the fog hung heavily on the mountains—the smoke rose drowsily from the chimneys—the cat and dog had forgotten their feeds, and were sleeping on the rug at my feet. I caught the sluggish spirit of the day, and leaning my head back in my rocking-chair, the room and its

furniture gradually faded from my sight, and the following dream or vision occupied my imagination.

A little girl appeared before me in her freshest childhood, and her mind just opening to the outward world. She held in her hand a pure white blank tablet, which had been given her at her birth, and from which she was never to part, in this world or the world to come.

At first she ran recklessly and gaily forward without heeding the tablet which, nevertheless, received certain impressions from every circumstance of her life. These impressions were, for the most part, gradually effaced as she proceeded, though a portion of them were deepened, and some became brighter and more precious. Among these last were the marks made by the tender love of brothers and sisters, and the watchings, and gentle rebukes, and prayers of parents. These, at first, were scarcely perceived, and often quite unheeded; but I saw afterwards, when the child had become a woman, and had gone far on in her journey in life, she would gather from them courage to go forward, and strength to resist temptation. As she proceeded on her youthful course, I inferred her diligence from the number and distinctness of the images on her tablet; and their value, from the frequency with which she recurred to them, through her whole progress, as to a well-filled store-house for constant use.

As my eye followed her course, I perceived some figures, scarcely visible, hovering around her. I looked long and intently before they were quite defined to my sight; but, by degrees, they became more and more distinct, till at last I saw every expression—every movement—and even fancied I detected their purposes.

On one side was a female of thoughtful and tranquil aspect, who evidently regulated all her steps in relation to tar-



distant objects, to which her clear, penetrating glance extended. I at first thought, from her expression of purity, and her simple robe of snowy whiteness, that she must be Innocence; but I looked again, and saw her glossy hair was wreathed with amaranths:

"Immortal amaranth—a flower which once  
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,  
Began to bloom;"

and which has since ever been, among "the spirits elect," the emblem of Virtue. While the young maiden (for she who started a child had now become a tall and slender girl) kept her eye fixed on Virtue, and followed her footsteps, her tablet was being inscribed with beautiful and ever-brightening characters; and though her way sometimes lay through entangled paths, and clouds were over her head, and darkness round about her, yet, when it was again light, and I could see her tablet, I perceived that during these dark passages of her course she had ineffaceable images. I wondered that Virtue—since, after all, it was but Virtue in the human form—never faltered, or was bewildered in these difficult passages, and while I wondered, a new keenness was imparted to my vision, and I saw the radiant form of Religion bending from Heaven and communicating her holy energy to Virtue.

But there were other figures in the maiden's train, and one in particular, whom I knew at once, by the miraculous variety of alluring forms which she assumed, to be Temptation. She was always full of smiles, and promises, and winning ways, and she carried in her hand a magic glass, by which she excluded the distance from the maiden's eyes, and gave false and beautiful aspects to whatever was present or near; and often did she lure her from the side of Virtue, and plunge her into troubles, from which she could only be extricated by the

intervention and struggles of her true friend.

Though sometimes, when the maiden yielded to Temptation, that deceitful spirit led her through the flowery paths, yet she always left her in the hands of Remorse, a withered hag, whose name was written in letters of fire on her breast, and who held an iron pen, with which she engraved black and frightful images on the tablet.

The maiden looked at them with affright and sorrow; and Penitence, a tender and pitiful nymph, tried to wash them out with her tears; but, though they became fainter, it was impossible to efface them; and the maiden, grieving that these records of her wandering with Temptation must forever and forever remain on her tablet, appealed to Virtue for aid; and Virtue pointed her to Religion, who, it seemed, could alone enable her to resist the wiles of Temptation. And now I saw, that, as her communications with Religion became more frequent, and their intercourse more intimate, though often assailed by Temptation, the maiden was always victorious in the contest, and at every step she gave more and more attention to her tablet, and felt a more intense desire that it should be impressed with beautiful and brightening images.

I know not how much farther I might have traced her course, had not my little Helen come bounding in from school—the dog barked, and I was waked. I told my dream to the little girl.

"And what did the tablet mean?" she asked.

"Oh, it was but a dream, Helen."

"Yes, but all the rest had a meaning, and there ought to be one to the tablet."

"Well, then, my child, let it mean *Memory*; and, if you like my dream, let it persuade you to store your memory with beautiful and indelible images."—*Stories for the Young, by Miss Sedgwick.*



## The Sun and Wind.

### A FABLE.

THE Sun and Wind once fell into a dispute as to their relative power. The Sun insisted, as he could thaw the iceberg, and melt the snows of winter, and bid the plants spring out of the ground, and send light and heat over the world, that he was the most powerful. "It may be," said he, "that you can make the loudest uproar; but I can produce the greatest effect. It is not always the noisiest people that achieve the greatest deeds."

"This may seem very well," said the Wind, "but it is not just. Don't I blow the ships across the sea, turn windmills, drive the clouds across the heavens, get up squalls and thundergusts, and topple down steeples and houses, with hurricanes?"

Thus the two disputed, when, at last,

a traveller was seen coming along; and they agreed each to give a specimen of what he could do, and let the traveller decide between them. So the Wind began, and it blew lustily. It nearly took away the traveller's hat and cloak, and very much impeded his progress; but he resisted stoutly. The Wind having tried its best, then came the Sun's turn. So he shone down with his summer beams, and the traveller found himself so hot that he took off his hat and cloak, and so decided that the Sun had more power than the Wind.

Thus our fable shows that the gentle rays of the Sun were more potent than the tempest; and we generally find in life that mild means are more effective, in the accomplishment of any object, than violence.

### THE KAMSCHATKA LILY.

IN Kamschatka there is a lily called the Sarana, which almost covers the ground with blossoms; the roots of this lily are good to eat when they are baked, and are sometimes made into bread.

There is a little mouse in Kamschatka, which lays these roots by in its own

store-house, and when the weather is fine, it brings them out to dry in the sun; sometimes the people of that country look for the store-house of the little mouse, and carry away the roots; but they always take care to leave some behind for the poor mouse that has had the trouble of collecting them.

## Habits which concern ourselves.

FROM our first days we are much absorbed in the affairs of self. It is necessary we should take food, and we do it for ourselves alone. This leads a very little child to put everything he can reach into his mouth. Now, here is a habit; and it becomes so easy for him to carry his hand to his lips, that he does not know, at length, when and how often he does it.

It is, likewise, a habit of a selfish tendency; for the hand goes to the mouth merely to gratify a feeling he himself has. But he soon comes to do many other things; and in all his little actions he thinks of self. James will not give John a part of his apple, because he is in the habit of eating apples, and whatever else he can get, always by himself. This is wrong; and if he do not reform his selfish habit, he will be a complete miser when he arrives at manhood.

Habit not only effects our impressions, but our active propensities.

Hardly any habit is the source of more faults than heedlessness. It is especially so in children. Why is that boy sitting idle in his seat at school? Because he is heedless. He has formed the habit of looking off his book, and around the school-room, whenever the eyes of his teacher are turned from him. He has done it so often, that he is not sensible of being idle, until his teacher calls him to attend to his studies. The want of attention not only makes us poor scholars, but poor in purse, and poor as men.

I will tell you an allegory, to show you the sad consequences of heedlessness.

"There is a hill called Experience. Many people are going up this hill. On the top of it is a temple, called the Temple of Truth. On the side of the

hill are fruit-trees, bearing good fruits of all kinds; but if the people are not careful, they make themselves sick by eating it, and must take medicine, or they become more and more sick.

"Two men set out to ascend this hill. The name of one was *Observation*, and that of the other *Inattention*. *Observation* looked at everything near him as he went up the hill; and when he became sick, he thought of the fruit which had made him so, and was careful not to eat too much of it and make himself sick again. *Inattention*, when sick, thought of nothing but of being well again; and when he got well, he ate again; and when he had hurt himself he got up again and ran on, without minding what hurt him.

"As *Observation* was going up the hill, he fell in company with *Attention*, and they walked on together, and soon became friends. *Inattention* preferred to walk alone. As he was going on his way, he came to a river by the way-side, and, although he did not know how to swim, he jumped into it without thought, and was near being drowned; when *Observation* and *Attention*, arriving at the place, pulled him out, and saved his life. The three persons then went on together.

"They soon came to another river, and *Inattention*, regardless of the dangers which he had just escaped, and of the advice of his fellow-travellers, would go into it, and was drowned, although they tried to save him. So the friends went on without him; and after many years' travelling, they arrived at the Temple of Truth, on the top of the hill, and were rewarded for their perseverance and care, while *Inattention* was punished for his negligence and folly."

We should form the habit of keeping our good resolutions. If we wish to improve, we must see our errors, and resolve to correct them; without such

resolutions, we shall always do the same wrong things which we do now. But one point we must never forget; which is, that the oftener we break our good resolutions, the less likely are we to keep any we may form. Samuel is very apt to be passionate. He will, when he is angry, sometimes speak improperly to his father, or strike his little sister. He knows this is wrong, and every night he is sorry for it, and resolves not to get angry the next day. But he has broken just such a resolution so often, that it is growing more and more difficult for him to govern his temper. The only way he can reform, is to form the habit of making resolutions very deliberately, and always carrying them into full execution.

It is important that we acquire fortitude. We must bear many disappointments and much pain so long as we live. If we began to bear them firmly in childhood, we should all make brave, patient, and submissive men. God does not send us troubles without intending to make us better by the use of them. But without fortitude, affliction only hardens our hearts.

We have seen very young children bear pain without a single complaint. In sickness, some are so calm and patient, that you would not know, except by their countenance, that they were sick. It is essential to form the habit of keeping our little bodily afflictions to ourselves. It is our duty to do it, for we only make others unhappy by continually talking of our own troubles. And we make the suffering appear the greater to ourselves, also, the more we dwell upon and converse about it. So of extreme cold and heat—we should begin in childhood to bear them without tears and complaints. It will give us no relief to think of them, and magnify our sufferings by relating them to others.

Troubles of mind should be borne

habitually with fortitude. James has broken one of his skates, but no one would know it from his appearance; he does not cry, or fret, or complain to his companions, or at home. His tears he knows will not mend it; he only determines to be more careful in future, and, as soon as he is able, to purchase a new pair of skates.

We should always consider, too, that our Father in Heaven intends to teach us wisdom and submission to his will, by our smaller, as well as greater troubles.

### Anecdotes of Haydn.

THE great musician, Haydn, was the son of a wheelwright. His father used to play on the harp, and on holidays, his mother would sing while he played; and whenever the little boy heard this music, he would get two pieces of wood, like a violin and the bow that plays on it, and he would seem to be playing to his mother's singing; and as long as he lived, Haydn loved to play the airs his mother then sung.

It happened that a relation of his parents, who was a schoolmaster, came to see them, and, thinking the child clever, he offered to bring him up, and his parents accepted the offer. When Haydn was at school, he found a tambourine, and played on it a tune so surprising, that everybody in the house came to listen to it.

He was afterwards taught to sing; and a person who understood good music well, coming to hear him, was so pleased with him, that he emptied a plate of cherries into his pocket.

Such was the beginning of this famous man, who composed many of the beautiful tunes with which we are all familiar.





### The Fox and Raven;

#### A FABLE.

A RAVEN was once sitting upon a tree with a nice bit of cheese in his mouth. A fox near by, being hungry, approached the raven with the design of getting the bit of cheese, if he could. So he began to speak as follows:

"Good morning, Mr. Raven! How fine you look to-day! I never saw your coat so rich and glossy before. Pray give me a bit of that cheese; I am very fond of cheese."

"Hem!" said the raven, taking care not to open his mouth, and seeming to think that he was not such a ninny as to be flattered out of his cheese by a fox. But Reynard is a sort of natural lawyer,

who knows the weak points of people, and has a faculty, as well as a disposition, to turn them to account. He thought to himself, "Now the raven has a hoarse, croaking voice; and the way to flatter any one is to praise that in which he is most deficient." So he began:

"Well, my dear Raven, I told you I wanted the cheese—but, in point of fact, I care nothing about it. I hate cheese, for it spoils the breath; but I really wanted to hear you sing, and the cheese stops up your mouth. I beg of you to sing me a little French or Italian air; you execute those things so deliciously."

The raven, like many other silly people who have odious voices, fancied that he sang divinely; so he dropped the cheese, and began; whereupon the fox picked up the cheese, and holding his bursting sides, ran away, saying to himself, "O, flattery, flattery; it is the key that unlocks all hearts. You have only to use the right kind, and you can make a fool of anybody. But as to these people with croaking throats, who pretend to sing French and Italian airs, bah! it is too much!"

### I don't see why.

I know a little girl who has a very pleasant home, and the very kindest of parents, and who is yet often discontented and unhappy. She pouts her lips, and throws her arms about, and sulks, and stamps with her feet, and makes a strange noise in her throat, between a growl and a cry. It is not because she has not enough to eat of good, wholesome food; nor because she has no time to play, and playthings in abundance, and brothers to play with her. She is not blind, nor lame, nor deformed in any way, but has health and strength, and everything which any little girl could wish, to make her happy in this world, but a good heart.

What was it, then, that made her fretful? Why, she had a kind mother, who told her what she must do, and what she must not do. I will tell you what I heard one day.

"Caroline, you must not take my scissors, my dear."

"Why, mother? I have no scissors to cut off my thread," said Caroline, pettishly.

"Well, my dear, I will give you a pair, but you must not take mine."

"I am sure I don't see why; it's only just to cut my thread."

Now, these scissors were of the finest kind, and highly polished, and Caroline's mother knew that it would soil them if she should handle them; and that if she had them once, she would want them again. Caroline's duty was to obey cheerfully, whether she saw the reason why, or not.

"Caroline, my dear, you must not climb upon the chair to reach your work. You must ask some one to get it for you."

"I am sure I don't see why. It is less trouble to get it myself than to ask anybody for it."

"Very well, my child, you shall do it in your own way, and see."

That very afternoon, Caroline mounted on a chair to get her work. She reached too far, and over went the chair, and Caroline with it. Her work was scattered over the floor—the needle-book in one direction, and the thimble in another, and the spools in another; and what was worse than all, her head struck the edge of the door, and a gash was cut in her forehead. She cried sadly, and did not get over the hurt for weeks. Was it less trouble to get it herself?

If she had trusted her mother, she would have saved herself all this pain; but for the sake of knowing the reason why she could not get upon the chair, she cost herself a severe wound, and a great deal of shame and sorrow.

It is a good rule, through life, to do what God requires of us, whether we see why or not. One of the things he requires of us to do, is to *obey our parents*. (Eph. vi. 1. Col. iii. 20.)

There is a chapter in the Bible, of which you cannot read three verses without crying. What chapter is it?

## Sketches of the Manners, Customs, and History of the Indians of America.

### CHAPTER VIII.

*Character of the Indians.—Employed in the mines.  
—Story of a pickaxe.—Mr. Temple's conduct  
considered.—Humanity of the Indians to him.  
—His reflections.—Dress of the Indian men;—  
of the women.*

IN 1825, Edmund Temple, a young Englishman, went out to Potosi as agent for a mining company formed in London. From his "Travels" I shall select such remarks and incidents as tend to illustrate the present character and condition of the native Indians. We shall then be better able to judge what they have gained by their intercourse with Europeans.

"The Peruvian Indians are a strong, healthy race, though not very tall, and generally laborious, for every kind of labor is performed by them. In Potosi, however, the miners, all Indians, have acquired a character for habits of idleness and a propensity to defraud their employers, which it must be admitted is not altogether without foundation, though I think the cause of the evils complained of may be traced to harsh treatment, or to unwarrantable exactions of some sort, aggression being as frequent on one side as delinquency on the other.

"I know from experience, that, by proper management, their faults and the disadvantages arising from them may be guarded against, and in a great degree corrected. A worm, or, if it be thought more applicable, the adder, will turn when trod upon, and will then resent the injury; so has it been with these Indians before now; but, with kind usage, fair remuneration for their services, and an impartial conduct to-

wards them, they are perfectly tractable, and may become good, faithful, and willing servants.

"During my residence at Potosi I have had occasion to employ many Indians, as well miners as those of other trades and occupations; there is no want of hands, as it has been generally supposed, and I cannot say that I have any cause of complaint against them; they performed the work for which they were engaged to the best of their abilities, and at the completion of it I paid them their hire.

"Sunday, after the hour of early mass, is the customary time of paying the miners, and all persons employed in the *ingenios*; this practice I did not adhere to, having preferred settling all such matters, so far as I had control, on Saturday evening.

"At the appointed hour they assembled in the court before my office, accompanied sometimes by their wives and children, and if I happened to be engaged in any business, (despatching the couriers, for instance, when, in the absence or illness of my companions, I have been employed many hours of the day 'writing against time') these people would remain, without evincing the slightest impatience, and never approach to ask to be settled with till called by name as they stood upon the list of the major-domo.

"They always expressed their thanks when they received their wages, upon which subject we never had the most trifling misunderstanding, and only once upon another, namely, upon the subject of a pickaxe that had been stolen out of our ingenio. It was worth fifteen shillings at Potosi, and might have been worth five in England; but the example, not the value, determined me upon giving a color of infinite importance to the case.

"After the depredation had been made

known to me, and when the workmen had assembled to receive their week's wages, two shillings *per diem* each man, I called them all into my office, merely for the sake of exhibiting myself in the highest possible degree of dignity, (a clerk never looks so dignified as behind his own counter,) and whilst they stood like culprits in humility before me, with their hats off, I sat proudly elevated upon my judgment-seat, with my hat on, and in my hand a pen—a just emblem of my office, it is true, and at the same time calculated to convey terror to the mind of the thief, who knew that, if detected, I should instantly employ it in an application to the *alcade* for the infliction of fine and imprisonment.

"When I had fixed the attention of the party, I commenced the dread inquisition. Alas! many of their forefathers, for crimes of as little note, or even the bare suspicion of them, had been condemned by a more horrible inquisition, and before judges less disposed to render justice and mercy than their present one, although it will appear that even he was obdurately relentless. I put the question,—

"'Who stole my pickaxe?'—Dead silence, each looked at each, and all looked at me.

"'Who stole my pickaxe, I say?'

"'Quien sabe?' (who knows?) said a low voice in the crowd.

"'Who knows?' said I; 'why, some of you know; and I, too, must know, before I pay you one rial of your wages.' I then proceeded to question each individual by name.

"'Gregorio Medrano, did you steal the pickaxe?'

"'No, Señor.'

"'Bernandino Marquete, did you steal the pickaxe?'

"'No, Señor.'

"'Casimiro Chambi, did you?'

"'No, Señor.'

And so on through the whole list with the same profitless result.

The Indians, like the lower class of Irish, preserve inviolable secrecy respecting their own concerns; an informer is looked upon as a wretch unworthy to live among *honest men*, or if permitted to live is loathed as a demon. Assured, therefore, that I should never succeed in detecting the exact thief, although we all well knew he was one of the party present, I proceeded to judgment upon all of them.

"Know, then, *hermanos mios*, (dear brothers,) that my sentence is this; that the major-domo do now, immediately, and on the spot, put into his hat as many grains of *mais* as there are of you here present; that those grains shall be all white save one, which shall be black; and he who draws that black grain shall pay for a new pickaxe.'

"Here consternation became general and evident, but, from the natural darkness of the Indian complexion, it was impossible to discover the delinquent from any change produced on his countenance by the inward workings of his mind.

"Now, señor major-domo, shake your hat well—shake it! I say, that no suspicion of partiality may be entertained. Let each man in succession put his hand in and take one grain of *mais*, then withdraw it, taking care to keep his hand shut, and not to open it until ordered so to do.'

"This being done, they all stood before me with their right arms stretched out at full length, and the hand firmly closed.

"Now for the detection of the thief! Open! *Que es eso?* (what is all this?) Major-domo! what is the reason of this?' said I, for to my astonishment every hand was empty.

"I really don't know, sir; they must have drawn the grains and swallowed



them, for not a single one remains in my hat!" said the major-domo, turning his hat-mouth downwards to prove that nothing was there.

"Amazement was at its height; it was evidently a case of *bruxeria*, (witchcraft.) Inaquinte Sambrano observed that it was the miraculous interference of Saint Dimas,\* to prove that there was no thief among them. But, notwithstanding my surprise and confusion, I determined that the saint should not keep my pickaxe without paying for it.

"I desired the major-domo to give me his hat; upon examining it the witchcraft was explained. In obeying my orders 'to shake the hat well,' every grain of maize had absconded through a rent in the crown, and the floor being covered with thick straw matting, they fell upon it unheard.

"We therefore proceeded with more caution to a second drawing, when the black bean appeared, on the show of hands, in that of Basil Calamayo, from whose wages I directed the major-domo to purchase the best pickaxe that could be had in Potosi. From that hour I never heard of any pilfering."

I do not record this procedure of Mr. Edmund Temple as a pattern of justice. Mr. Temple, in taking the worth of the pickaxe in the manner he did, from Basil Calamayo, without doubt punished an innocent person, and excited the superstitious fears of the ignorant Indians; both, very wrong actions. Still he pities the poor natives, and when *his own interest* does not interfere, speaks very kindly of their character. And well he might when he had such instances as the following to record.

"When I have arrived weary and faint at a Peruvian hut, with what pure feelings of gratitude have I made my acknowledgments to the family, who,

from sheer benevolence, have ceded to me the only little store they possessed. Often have I alighted from my horse at an unseasonable hour and asked for milk, offering dollars.

"The answer invariably was, "*No hai! no hai, Señor!*" They would not take the trouble of getting it for money.

"But when I said, 'I am very unwell, my brother; do me the favor and God will repay you,' my feeble voice, pale cheek, and sunken eye, bearing testimony to what I said, the sire of the family, or the matron, twisting her ball of thread from the silken wool of the *vicuña*, would mutter something in Quichua, (the language of the country,) when instantly an earthen ware pipkin would be seized by one of the younger members, who would glide away in pursuit of the flock, and returning quite breathless from the haste he used, would present me with the milk, without a question as to the payment.

"And this is savage hospitality! could I expect more among the most polished people of the earth? Should I always have obtained as much?"

In another place Mr. Temple observes, "I felt no apprehension of losing a single article of my baggage; it had been entrusted to the Indians, and in their charge required neither guards, nor swords, nor pistols, to protect it, or to insure its safe delivery.

"On the whole, I believe I am not singular in the opinion that the worst qualities of the Peruvian Indians have been *imported*, and that their virtues are their own. They possess a peaceable, unoffending spirit, free from even an *accusation* of those great moral crimes which disgrace civilized nations.

"The dress of the men, excepting the hat, which is precisely the shape of Don Quixote's helmet without the niche in it, reminded me of that of the peasantry of Connaught. They wear coarse brown

\* The patron saint of robbers.

frieze cloth breeches, with the waist-band very low, and always open at the knees, the buttons being for ornament, not for use. Shirts are seldom worn; the legs are bare, with the exception of pieces of hide under the soles of the feet, tied sandal-fashion round the instep and toes.

"The dress of the female Indians consists of a petticoat, worn much shorter by the unmarried than by those that are married, and a scarf of sundry colors round the shoulders, which is pinned on one side of the chest with a *topa*, a large silver pin; but sometimes they use a spoon, the handle of which being pointed serves as a pin.

"*Cholas*, those descended from Spanish and Indian parents, are very fond of dress. I have seen them with *topas* of gold, set with pearls and precious stones of considerable value."

## Charles and his Mother.

### A DIALOGUE.

*Charles.* Mother, may I play with the baby a little while before I go to school?

*Mother.* She is asleep now, my son; but you may go softly and look at her.

*C.* She is just going to wake up, mother! she is smiling and moving her little hands.

*M.* No, she is only dreaming; don't hold the curtain back so far, the sun shines on her face.

*C.* I wonder what she is dreaming about; she looks very sober now; what a pity she can't tell us when she wakes! Mother, I shall be glad when Susan grows a little bigger, and can run about, and talk, and play with me; I don't think a little baby is good for much.

*M.* And what if she should never grow up, Charles?

*C.* What! be always a little baby?

*M.* No, my son; what if she should die?

*C.* Die! O, that can't be; she has only just begun to live.

*M.* Who made her live?

*C.* God, you told me.

*M.* And cannot God make her die when he pleases?

*C.* I suppose he can; but he never does, does he? Does he ever kill such little babies as Susan?

*M.* They very often die, Charles.

*C.* I never heard of that before; I hope Susan will not die. How old is she, mother?

*M.* Eight months

*C.* O, mother, mother, that is too young to die; I am sure she won't. Here am I, seven years old, and I am not dead yet.

*M.* And I am twenty-seven, my dear boy; but for all that, you and Susan may both die before I do, if it should please God.

*C.* What makes the tears come in your eyes, mother? we shan't die, I know. See how Susan keeps stirring about! see how red her cheeks are!

*M.* She is not well; she is feverish, Charles. Do you know there are two little white teeth trying to get through her gums, and they give her a great deal of pain? I shall send for the doctor to-day. The clock is striking nine, Charles, and you must go to school.

*C.* O dear! and where is my little satchel? and where is my spelling-book, I wonder?

*M.* You had better look in the breakfast-room; and, Charles, be sure you shut the window; it is very damp this morning.

*C.* Yes, mother. I wonder what I did with my cap.

*M.* Don't bang the door, Charles—

and don't forget to shut the window. I must take the baby down this morning.

## TUESDAY MORNING.

*Charles meets the doctor coming out of his mother's chamber.*

C. Are you the doctor, sir?

D. Yes, my little man.

C. Is the baby almost well again?

D. O no! no!

C. Why, they told me you were coming to cure her, and you came three times yesterday; for I saw your old horse out of the school-room window.

D. But she is very sick, little boy; somebody left a window open yesterday when it was almost raining, and the nursery maid carried her into a damp room while they were sweeping the nursery.

C. O, doctor, what shall I do? what shall I do?

D. Don't cry, my little fellow; what is the matter, now?

C. It was I, it was I, that left the window open! mother told me to shut it, and I was hunting for my cap and forgot all about it.

D. Well, that was wrong; but hush up; if your mother hears you sobbing so bitterly she will feel much worse. It was a pity you forgot the window.

C. O, my poor little sister! will you cure her? you can cure her sir, can't you sir?

D. I will try, but God must help us.

C. And won't he help you? do you think he will make Susan die?

D. I cannot tell, indeed; but you must ask him to make her well.

C. How can I ask him?

D. In your prayers; do you not say your prayers every night?

C. Yes, the Lord's prayer, and two other prayers; but there is nothing in them about Susan's being sick.

D. And can't you make a little prayer on purpose?

C. I don't know; I never tried.

D. Then go up into your chamber, my dear child, and kneel down where you always say your prayers every night, and pray to God just as if you could see him in the room with you. You may depend upon it He is there.

C. Shall I ask him to help you cure Susan?

D. Ask him to cure her if it is best she should get well.

C. Why, it is best certainly. And will it be wrong to tell him how sorry I am that I forgot the window, and ask him to forgive me?

D. No, it will be quite right.

C. Then I will go this minute. You must come again before dinner—won't you?

D. Yes, I must indeed.

## WEDNESDAY MORNING.

*Charles comes softly into his mother's chamber, half dressed.*

C. Mother, are you there? it is so dark I cannot see you.

M. I am here, sitting by the bed, my son.

C. The fire is out, and the candle is just going out; may I open the shutter a little way, so that I can see the baby, mother? I won't wake her.

M. She is not asleep, my dear boy. But what made you wake at day-break?

C. I kept thinking of Susan when I was asleep, mother. What makes her so still? is the pain better?

M. It is all gone, Charles; she will never feel it again; open the shutters wide and come here.

C. O, mother, mother! (*burying his face in her lap,*) I do not wish to look at her.

M. What is the matter, Charles? tell me.

C. She is dead—she is dead! the tears keep rolling down your cheeks—and she is lying just like my little canary bird—and I do believe she is dead!

*M.* Yes! my baby is dead, Charles! and—

*C.* Don't cry, don't cry! dear mother; you did not cry when I came in—I will leave off crying if you will, mother.

*M.* Look at her little pale face, Charles;—why are you unwilling to look at her?

*C.* I do not know. Will you take her off the bed? are you afraid to hold her in your arms?

*M.* O, no; I have held her a great while to-night, Charles, and she died in my lap.

*C.* And were you all alone?

*M.* No, there were two or three people with me then, and they were very kind; but I sent them all away at last.

*C.* Why, mother?

*M.* Because sometimes I wanted to cry, and sometimes to pray, and I liked better to be alone. I was praying when you came in, Charles.

*C.* Mother, I prayed yesterday about Susan, but God did not mind it. What makes you pray now that she is dead?

*M.* I was praying that I might remember how happy little Susan's soul is, and that I might not be so wicked as to complain because God had taken her away again; and that I might be a better woman now, and think more of heaven.

*C.* You need not pray for that, mother; you are a very good woman, the best woman in the world.

*M.* Nobody can be good without praying, my son; and I had a great many things to beg of God. I was asking him to make the little boy who is spared to me, a good child.

*C.* Ah, mother, that is because I forgot the window!

*M.* No, my child, I was not thinking of that then; but if you should pray to God to help you to cure your faults,

you will find it becomes much easier for you.

*C.* Then why did he not cure Susan's sickness when I begged him so hard?

*M.* Are you sure it would have been better for Susan to live?

*C.* I don't know; she would have cried sometimes, I suppose.

*M.* But she never will cry now, Charles; her soul is with God in heaven, and her body cannot feel pain now.

*C.* But it would have been better for us if she had lived to grow up, mother. What makes you cry again?

*Enter Aunt Catherine.*

*C.* I am glad you have come, aunt; I have made mother cry again, and I cannot help crying too. I do think it would have been better for us if Susan had not died.

*A.* Your mother thought so at first, Charles; but now she knows it would have been wrong to have wished little Susan here just for her own pleasure, when the little creature is happier in heaven. Besides, God would not have taken her if it had been for your mother's real good to let her stay.

*C.* I cannot understand that, do you mother?

*M.* I do! I do! but I cannot talk about it now.

*C.* So sudden! three days ago she was well!

*A.* Come, my dear child, come and let me finish dressing you, and your mother will talk to you about Susan very often; kiss the dear baby's cheek, Charles,—your mother is holding her up to you.

*C.* O, if she could only be made alive again!

*A.* Hush—do not sob so loud! come with me, Charles, and I will tell you how we think God has already made her alive in heaven.





John Doree.

WE must not always judge of a thing by first sight. Here is a picture of a fish called John Doree; and a fierce looking fellow he is; but in point of fact, he seems to be a quiet sort of fish, behaving as well as others of his race. It is difficult to get at the characters of creatures down in the deep where John

lives; but as he is gaily marked with gold spots, we may believe that he passes for a kind of fop among his fellows. His name, John Doree, means the same as Gilded John. Out of the water and cooked, this fish is much esteemed for his flavor; and in England he is a favorite upon the table.

☞ The publishers express their hearty thanks to the writers of the following, and hope the example here set may be followed by many other black-eyed and blue-eyed friends of Robert Merry.

CARMEL, N. Y., June 23, 1841.

*Gentlemen:*—We have seen several interesting notices of your little Magazine in the Saturday Courier, and in other papers, which give it such good recommendation, that we have determined to send for it. We have no doubt that if you would send a subscription paper to this village, many subscribers could be obtained for the Museum. We have enclosed money enough to take the Museum for eight months, and if it proves equal to our expectations we will take it much longer. It is difficult to enclose \$1.50 in a letter, but if we can obtain some subscribers for you, this difficulty can be remedied. You may be curious enough to know why the term *we* is used. We will explain. A short time since, during the winter, it was proposed in the family to which we belong, by one of the members, to do something to help pass away the long evenings more agreeably. One proposed one thing, another proposed

another, but finally all determined to subscribe for some other paper, although we already took four; none of which, however, except the Ladies' Garland, seemed to suit the younger portion of the family. Instead of going immediately to our father for the "money," we thought the better way would be to obtain it by our own industry. So we went to work. Each was to put in at least a penny a week, and more if we thought proper. This method incited the little ones to industry. In a short time we had money sufficient to pay for any Magazine. We sounded around some time to find one which would blend instruction with delight. We sought in vain among the mammoth sheets; for such trash as they contained we thought unworthy to be let loose among the youthful portion of any family. After a while, looking over the Saturday Courier, we came across a notice of Merry's Museum, and, from the hearty recommendations given, we thought we had found the very thing for which we had before sought in vain. And now we, the members of this family, send the cash necessary to take this paper for the time before named; and please direct it to

E. L., Carmel, N. Y.

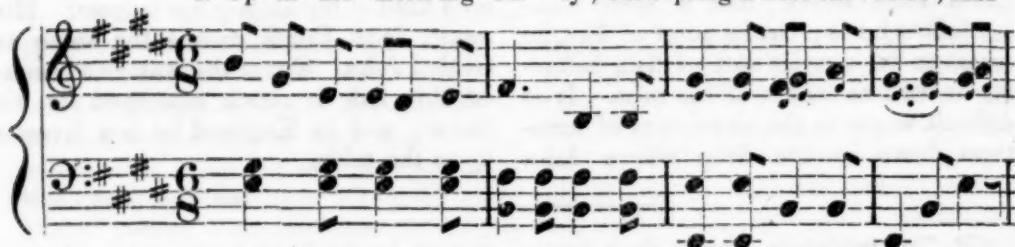
**BEES.**—When a swarm of bees settle in a hive, the first thing they do is to build cells which serve for cradles; and then they lay by something which is called bee-bread. This is gathered from the flowers like honey; and the use of this bee-bread is to feed the young bees. It is said that bees know the persons who are kind to them.

I have heard of a lady who attended a great deal to her bees, and they seemed to be pleased to hear her voice. Sometimes, after a storm, she would gather them up and wipe them, and lay them in her warm hand till they recovered; and they would never sting her, but would buzz about her as if they were pleased and grateful.

## UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

MUSIC WRITTEN FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM, BY GEO. J. WEBB.

1. Up in the morn-ing ear - ly; Glad spring is here once more; And



na-ture wears a smi-ling face: Cold win-ter's reign is o'er.



2.

Up in the morning early,  
And seek the gay, green bowers;  
Before the sun drinks up the dew,  
That glitters on the flowers.

3.

Up in the morning early;  
The birds are on the wing;  
The air is full of music sweet;  
How merrily they sing.

4.

Up in the morning early;  
There's balm in every breeze;  
It comes from every vine-clad bower,  
From blossoms of the trees.

5.

Up in the morning early;  
O, haste to leave your bed;  
Before above the eastern wave  
The sun shall peep his head.

# MERRY'S MUSEUM.

VOLUME II.—No. 5.

## Story of Philip Brusque.

### CHAPTER VIII.

SCARCELY had these events transpired when Rogere issued an order for all the men of the island to come forthwith before him, and acknowledge their allegiance to him; that is, to own him as chief of the island, and promise obedience to his government. About half of them came, but nearly a dozen men of brave hearts resolved to die rather than submit. They were roused to resistance by the women, among whom Emily was first and foremost. This young lady was small of stature, of a light and graceful form, and bearing a general aspect rather of gentleness than spirit; and her general character conformed to this. But now she was greatly changed; her dark blue eye was lighted with unwonted fire, her brow was arched, her lip compressed, and all who looked upon her were struck with the calm, yet determined and resolute bearing of the once tender and timid girl.

The remainder of the day was spent in the village in making such preparations for defence as the case admitted; but when evening came it was seen that it would be impossible to hope to make effectual resistance. It was with expectations of attack, and the gloomiest forebodings, therefore, that the villagers, of whom by far the largest part were wo-

men and children, saw the night approach. In spite of these apprehensions Emily made preparations to go forth alone. Her design was at first resisted by the leaders, but she whispered something to one or two of them, and they permitted her to depart.

She took her course toward the rocky cliff along the sea-shore which has been before described. This was in the rear of the hill upon which Rogere's party was posted; the cliff was, indeed, but the base of the hill, and at a very short distance from the cave where Emily knew that her father and lover were confined; but she knew; also, that they were guarded by Rogere and his men.

The direct course from the tents to the cave was by an open lawn, terminating in a steep ascent up a grassy hill-side. On either hand was a thick mass of shrubbery and trees, enclosing the space in front of the cave, forming it into a sort of natural court. Standing in the middle of this, you could look over the whole island, which lay outspread before you. The place was, therefore, a sort of castle, giving its possessor a complete command of the island.

In the rear of this court, the hill terminated in a rocky precipice of considerable elevation, at the foot of which the surf chafed, foamed and wrestled in ceaseless thunders. It was here that on one occasion we have described Emily as meeting with a stranger, and it

was to this point she now bent her steps. Avoiding, however, the open lawn that led to the cave, she struck off in a different direction, and involved herself in a labyrinth of trees, through which she glided like a spirit of the air. The night was calm, and the moon was shining fair, and therefore she felt the necessity of the utmost caution in order to escape the observation of Rogere's party. This necessity was increasing, by her knowledge that, as she approached the cliff, she must pass near them, and could only hope to avoid detection by keeping in the shelter of the trees that skirted the hill, or of the rocks that beetled along the shore. With a foot, however, as fearless and light as that of the plover, she threaded her way along the dizzy edges of the cliffs, keeping an attentive eye to the two enemies between which she was now making her passage—the wave that thundered below, and the ruthless men that watched above. At last she reached a projecting angle of the rock, behind which she passed, and was soon lost in the deep shadows beyond.

Leaving her to her fate, we must now return to the unhappy and anxious party at the tents. The women and children had been gathered within the dwellings, and the mothers had sat down to watch by their offspring. It is one of the beautiful things in life that children lose their fears and their cares, and sink into sweet repose, when they know that their mothers are at the bedside. There is not, perhaps, in the compass of human experience so blessed a feeling as that of the child going to sleep in a situation of peril, under the guardianship of its mother. It is a feeling of bliss which can only be compared to that of the Christian, who, knowing the uncertainty of life, lays himself down upon a peaceful pillow at night, trusting in his God.

Such were the scenes within the tent. Without, there were about a dozen men, either sitting or standing, and armed with such weapons as they had been able to provide. No fire-arms of any kind had been brought from the ship, owing to the forecast of Brusque, who dreaded their introduction into the island. Neither party, therefore, had in their possession a musket or a pistol. Rogere had a cutlass, and most of his men were provided with daggers. The party in the tent were similarly armed; they relied, however, chiefly upon clubs, if an assault should be made, which various circumstances led them to expect in the course of the night.

About two hours after Emily had departed, a bustle was heard in the direction of the cave, and soon a dark mass was seen descending the hill. This gradually approached the tents, and at last it was seen to consist of Rogere's entire force, saving only one man, who had been left to guard the tent and watch over the prisoners, Brusque and M. Bonfils. They were not only armed, for the most part, with daggers, but with heavy clubs, thus presenting a very formidable array.

Rogere was at the head of his force, and marching near to the tents, which were defended by a rude and slender barricade of boxes, planks, timber and trees, summoned the party within to surrender. After a short pause, the leader, who was the captain of the vessel, mentioned in the early part of our story, replied as follows:—

“M. Rogere, we are here to defend women and children; and you know the duty of men in such a case. You may succeed, for you have five-and-twenty men, and we have but twelve; but we shall each man sell his life as dearly as he can. I say to you, and to the men with you, that we are here to lay down our lives if it be necessary. I warn



you, therefore, that you provoke a struggle of life and death; and though you may prevail, some of you, at least, can hardly fail to fall. And, I ask you, is the object you have in view such as men can consent to lay down their lives for? Is it such as men are willing to kill their fellow-beings in order to obtain?"

To this Rogere replied, "You are fools—madmen; surrender to me, acknowledge my government, and you shall all be free; I will secure to you your rights and possessions."

"It is in vain," said the captain, "for the wolf to preach freedom and security to the lamb. Sir, we know you better; we know that you are a ruthless man, bent upon the gratification of your passions. If you prevail to-night, this island is thenceforth but a scene of cruelty and oppression. These poor women will become the slaves of one who is cruel himself, and who will teach his subjects to become little better than brutes, and these children will be without protection. We have no chance but to do our duty, and, if heaven so decree, to die."

"This is sheer madness," said Rogere; "I am not the brute you take me for. Grant me one request, and I will leave you in safety, at least for to-night."

"And what is that request?" said the captain.

"That you deliver the young lady, Emily Bonfils, up to me," was the reply.

"She is not here," said the leader, "and were she here, she should not be given up. You must pass through twelve stout hearts before you can touch one hair of that young lady's head."

"We will see," said Rogere; and ordering his men to advance, they rushed upon the barricades at several points. The captain's party met them, and a desperate struggle ensued. There was a fierce clashing of clubs, with shouts,

and cries, and groans. In the midst of the confusion, Rogere, backed by two of his party, sprung over the bulwark, and being familiarly acquainted with the arrangement of the tents, entered that in which Emily's parents dwelt. It was now only occupied by her aged mother, who sat upon the ground, with a lamp at her side. Her countenance bore the marks of anxiety, but not of terror. When Rogere entered, she arose, knowing him well, and with dignity and calmness she said, "Why, M. Rogere, is this intrusion into a woman's apartment, and at this hour?"

"I beg your pardon," said Rogere, respectfully; "I was seeking your daughter—where is she?"

"She is not here," said the mother.

"Tell me where she is, then!" said Rogere, his passion rising into rage.

"I cannot," was the calm reply.

"Tell me where she is," said Rogere, in tones of thunder, "or by heaven your gray hairs shall not save you!"

"As you please," said the lady.

"Nay, madam," said Rogere, his fury rebuked by the calmness of the lady, "it is vain to resist my power; and why attempt it? Why not yield your daughter to my care and protection? I am now master of this island; I am its ruler and its sovereign. I will make Emily my companion; nay, I will be her slave. Tell me where she is; give her up to me, and I will treat her tenderly."

"M. Rogere, do you think me so foolish as to be beguiled by words which are belied by actions? You came here with force, and, threatening to take the life of the mother, talk of tenderness to the child! Telling me that my gray hairs shall not save me, you promise to be kind to my daughter, if I will give her up to you! Shall the brooding dove believe the hawk when he asks for her young ones, even though he swears to

protect them? Shall she believe him and give them up? Nay, sir, you came here to use force, and you will have your way. Yet I fear you not! Ruthless as you are, you dare not lay your hand upon an aged and unprotected woman. The blood of a French heart will gush out, every drop of it will leave his breast, before it will nerve a man's arm to such a dastardly deed!"

"Listen to reason," said Rogere.

"Listen, yourself!" said the lady; "leave this place, withdraw your men, restore us all to liberty and peace—then come and ask my daughter; and if she, in the free exercise of a woman's choice, will give you her hand, I will not oppose it."

"This cannot be; I know her heart is set upon that dreamer, Brusque."

"And you, then, are to play the tyrant; force her to forego her wishes; compel her to give up the man she loves, and become the plaything of the man she must abhor! And you call this treating her tenderly! O, God, is there a being on this earth that can be guilty of such tyranny? Yes! man, lordly man, is such a creature when the restraints of government and law are withdrawn."

"This passes all patience," said Rogere, fiercely. "I say, old woman, as you value your life, tell me where your daughter is, or I will strike you to the earth this instant."

"Here! here I am!" was heard from the opposite side of the tent, and Emily, entering at the instant, stood before Rogere. But she was not alone; a youth of a commanding figure, with pistols in his belt and a sword in his hand, was at her side. Placing himself before Rogere, he said briefly, "What means this?"

Rogere was evidently astonished; he gazed at the stranger for a moment, and satisfying himself that he had never seen him before, replied, "Who are

you? By what right do you meet and question me here?"

"By the best right in the world! I am the brother of this fair girl, I am the son of this aged and insulted lady!"

"There is some mistake," said Rogere.

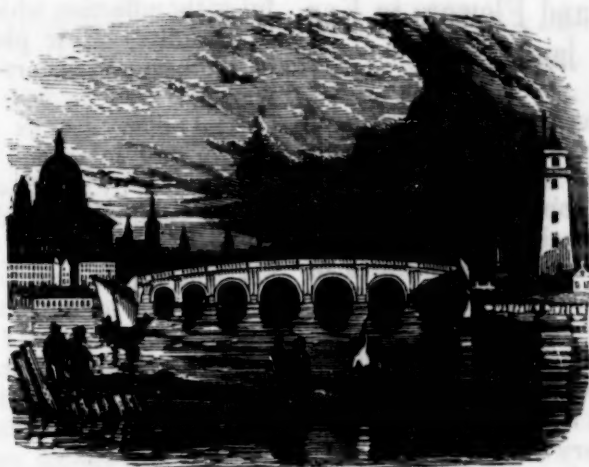
"There is no mistake," said François; for it was indeed he, François Bonfils, who has figured in the earlier part of our story; "leave this place instantly."

"I go," said Rogere, "but follow me."

François followed him out. The battle was raging around, and its issue was still doubtful. Brusque was at the head of the tent party, and among them could be seen the aged form of M. Bonfils. Rogere took in these facts at a glance. His mind seemed for a moment to be bewildered, and his resolution to falter; but in an instant he rallied, and turning upon François struck at him with his dagger. This was returned by a pistol shot, and the ball passing through Rogere's heart, he fell senseless upon the ground.

The two companions of Rogere now fled, and François, rushing to the point where his father and Brusque were engaged in desperate conflict, and nearly overpowered, fired his other pistol into the midst of the assailants. One of them fell, and François, rushing in among them, dealing blows thickly around, soon turned the fortune of the fight. Rogere's two assistants now came up, and saying to the men that their leader was dead, communicated such a panic to his party that they drew back, and after a little hesitation retreated, leaving the tent party in undisputed possession of the field.

**CHINESE METHOD OF EATING.**—The Chinese convey their food to the mouth with wooden rods called *chop-sticks*—in the management of which they are very expert.



### London.

LONDON, the largest city in the world, and the capital of Great Britain, contains nearly as many people as the six New England States. It is about thirty miles in circuit. The river Thames runs through it; and across this river there are seven or eight bridges. That called London Bridge is pictured at the head of this article.

There are a multitude of interesting things in this vast city. There are the Zoological Gardens, in which may be seen quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, and fishes, all living somewhat according to their natural habits. Among these creatures, there are two giraffes, elephants, a rhinoceros, antelopes, tigers, lions, leopards, panthers, monkeys, &c., &c.

In London there are several beautiful parks, which are fine grassy fields with groups of shrubbery and trees, and paths winding about, and in them you see thousands of people taking the air in fine weather.

In London there are splendid edifices, called palaces, in which the royal family resides.

The museums of London are numerous and on a scale of great magnificence. It would take a large volume to describe the curiosities of this mighty city. There are many people living in it, who have never been out of it, and who seem to think that having seen London, they have seen enough.

### AURELIA AND THE SPIDER.

The muslin torn, from tears of grief  
In vain Aurelia sought relief;  
In sighs and tears she passed the day,  
The tattered robe neglected lay.

When, busy at his spinning trade,  
A spider thus addressed the maid:  
'Turn, little girl, behold in me  
A stimulus to industry.

This morning, e'er you left your room,  
The chambermaid's relentless broom

In one sad moment had destroyed,  
To build which, thousands were employ'd.

By constant work a day or more,  
My little mansion may restore;  
And, if each tear that you have shed  
Had been a needleful of thread,

And every sigh of sad despair,  
Had been a stitch with proper care,  
Closed would have been the luckless rent,  
Nor thus the day have been mispent."

## Exotic Fruits and Flowers in England.

THE damask rose was first introduced into England by the learned Linacre, on his return from Italy, about 1500. Thomas, Lord Cromwell, in the reign of Henry VIII., enriched the fruit-gardens there with three different kinds of plums, introduced from foreign lands. The first orange tree appears to have been taken into England by one of the Carew family; for a century afterwards they flourished at the family seat in Surrey. The cherry orchards of Kent were first planted by a gardener of Henry VIII., and the currant bush was introduced when the commerce with Zante was first opened, in the same reign.

Sir Walter Raleigh introduced the potato and the tobacco-plant from America, where they were first found. Sir Anthony Ashly first reared cabbages in England, and in his monument a cabbage is carved at his feet. The figs planted by Cardinal Pole, at Lambeth, in the reign of Henry VIII., are said to be still remaining there. Spilman, who set up the first paper-mill in England, in 1590, is said to have brought over from the continent, in his portmanteau, the two first lime-trees, which he planted at Dartford, and which are still growing there. The first mulberry trees planted in England are yet standing.

## Benevolence of the Deity.

LET us consider the faculties of man, and see how many and how exquisite the pleasures are which we derive from them. What enjoyment do parents find in the love and care they bestow upon their children! How sweet and bliss-

ful is the affection which children return to parents! How pleasant is the love of brothers and sisters—of relations and friends!

And then, let us reflect upon the beauty that is spread over the face of nature. Why are flowers so beautiful, and so infinitely varied, if not to bestow pleasure upon man? Why, if God is not benevolent, has he made hills and valleys, and rolling waves, and rushing waters, so beautiful? Why has he made the forms and motions of birds so charming, if not to give pleasure? If the Creator did not intend to delight us, why did he spread sublimity over the mountains, and teach man to feel it? Why did he robe the heavens in azure, and make a myriad race of beings to feel their mingled majesty and beauty? Why did he clothe all vegetable nature in green, and make human beings with eyes to relish it above all other hues? Why did he teach the birds to sing, the waters to murmur forth melody, the trees to bend in beauty and grace to the pressure of the breeze? Why, if God is not a beneficent Being, did he make this world so pleasant—endow it with light, and color, and music, and perfumes, and place beings here adapted to the appreciation and enjoyment of these things?

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THE HEART.—Every time the heart beats, the blood is sent through the arteries as water gushes through a syringe, and at the same time an equal amount is received from the veins. Thus two hundred and fifty pounds of blood pass through the body every hour.

In the whale, the tube through which the blood is emptied into the arteries is a foot in diameter, and at every stroke of the heart the blood rushes with a velocity like that through the sluice of a mill!



## Sketches of the Manners, Customs, and History of the Indians of America.

### CHAPTER IX.

*Almagro attempts to conquer Chili.—His misfortunes.—Cruelty to the natives.—Battle with the Promancians.—Almagro retires to Peru.—His death.*

THE conquest of Peru by Francis Pizarro, has been already recorded. Among the officers who assisted in the conquest, was Diego Almagro—a chosen friend and fit companion for the ruthless Pizarro. But the friendships of the wicked are easily set aside whenever self-interest operates. Pizarro wanted all the gold of Peru; and he persuaded Almagro to attempt the conquest of Chili.

The Spaniards had heard that Chili was a country rich in gold and silver; and Almagro, flattered with having such a field of wealth entirely to himself, was induced to undertake the conquest.

Filled with these sanguine expectations of great booty, he began his march for Chili near the end of the year 1535. He had an army composed of five hundred and seventy Spaniards and fifteen thousand Peruvians.

Two roads lead from Peru to Chili; one is by the sea-coast, and destitute of water or provisions; the other, for the distance of one hundred and twenty miles, passes over the Andes. This last Almagro took, for no other reason but because it was shortest, and he was impatient to reach his golden harvest.

But he paid dearly for his folly; his army, having been exposed to infinite fatigue and many conflicts with the adjoining savages, reached the Cordilleras just at the commencement of winter, destitute of food, and almost of clothing.

In this season the snow falls almost continually, and completely covers the few paths that are passable in summer.

The soldiers, encouraged by their general, who had no idea of the dangers of the passage, arrived at the tops of the mountains, but could go no farther. One hundred and fifty Spaniards, and ten thousand Peruvians, there died by cold and hunger.

The whole army would have perished, had not Almagro resolutely pushed forward with a few horsemen and reached the plains of Copiapo, and then sent back provisions to the exhausted and dying soldiers. Those of the more robust constitutions were, by this means, saved.

The inhabitants of Copiapo, which is the first province in Chili, received these worn and hungry strangers with all the rites of friendly hospitality. The Peruvians had been long held in respect by the Chilians of that province; and the Spaniards, as incorporated with the soldiers of Peru, were welcomed by the *Ulmen* or governor of Copiapo.

He was probably a vain man, and wished to impress the Spaniards with a high idea of his wealth and power: we cannot otherwise account for the infatuation of his conduct. Had he been a wise man, he would have known that avarice is never satisfied—that to feed is only to increase it.

Be that as it may, he had, it seems, learned the prevailing passion of the Spaniards for gold, and he collected from his people a sum equal to 500,000 ducats, and presented them to Almagro. One would think such a rich present deserved to be gratefully remembered.

But those who worship mammon allow no feelings of friendship or gratitude to interfere with their selfish propensities. Under the pretext that the *Ulmen* had usurped the government which belonged to his nephew, Almagro arrested

the chief of Copiapo, and kept him a prisoner.

About the same time two Spanish soldiers, having separated from the rest of the army, proceeded to Guasco, where they were at first well received, but were afterwards put to death by the inhabitants, in consequence, no doubt, of some acts of violence, which soldiers, freed from the control of their officers, are very apt to commit.

This was the first European blood spilt in Chili,—a country afterwards so copiously sprinkled with it.

Had Almagro wished to preserve peace, and impartially examined the whole transaction, he would, undoubtedly, have found the Chilians justified by the laws of nations and of nature, in the act they had committed. True, it was rash, and it afforded him a pretext, which was all he wanted, to begin his cruel oppressions.

Almagro seized the Ulmen of the district in which his soldiers were put to death, his brother and twenty of the principal inhabitants, and without even accusing them of being concerned in the murder, indeed without assigning any reason at all for his conduct, he ordered them to be burnt. At the same time he also consigned the Ulmen of Copiapo to the flames.

Who will say that the savage crime, even allowing the two soldiers were murdered without provocation, was to be compared in iniquity to that retaliation in which the civilized Christian indulged? But the savage never made gold his god.

The cruelty of the Spanish general, and the intentions he now manifested of enslaving the Chilians, instead of terrifying, at once roused that brave people to resistance.

It is a melancholy task to record the murders and cruelties of war, but we cannot blame a people for resisting the

progress of an invading army, especially when they come, as the Spaniards did, to plunder the country, and make the inhabitants slaves.

Almagro, however, was so elated with his success, and felt so secure of conquering all Chili as easily as he had obtained the command of Copiapo, that he would not hearken at all to his Peruvian allies, who represented to him that the Chilians in the other provinces were numerous and warlike. He advanced into the province of the Promancians.

At the first sight of the Spaniards, their horses, and the thundering arms of Europe, these valiant people were almost petrified with astonishment. But they soon recovered from their surprise, and prepared to defend themselves. They met the Spaniards on the shore of the Rio Claro. Almagro despised their force; he knew that the red men had never been a match for Spanish valor, and so he placed his Peruvian auxiliaries in front, intending, with his Spaniards, to appear merely as spectators of the fight.

The Chilians soon routed these allies, or rather slaves of the Spaniards, and then, nothing daunted by the horses, guns and swords of the white men, they rushed on with a courage which the superior discipline of the Spaniards could not resist. The battle was furious, and continued till night separated the combatants.

The Promancians had lost many warriors, but they had also destroyed many of their foes; and they encamped in sight of the enemy, determined to renew the fight on the following morning. The Spaniards, however, though they had kept the field, had no inclination to dispute another such day. They had been accustomed to subdue immense provinces with little or no resistance; but now they had met with a bold and

independent nation, who did not believe them to be invincible or immortal.

Almagro, finding that his soldiers refused to fight again, abandoned the enterprise, and immediately began his march for Peru. He returned by the sea-coast; his dread of the perils of the mountain road being fresh in his mind. On his return to Peru he attempted to secure that government for himself, and for this purpose fought a battle with Pizarro, by whom he was taken, tried and beheaded as a disturber of the public peace.

Thus perished the first invader of Chili. The thirst of riches was the morning spring of his expedition. He was disappointed; he then sought to dispossess *his friend* Pizarro of the share he had obtained in the New World, and by him was put to death; thus showing that there can be no sincere friendships among the wicked.

### The Rhinoceros.

I KNOW not how it may be with others, but I could never see a rhinoceros without laughing. There was one in Boston a few years ago, and he looked to me like an enormous pig with a very muddy coat on. His shape, his aspect, his ways, were all swinish, and his skin seemed entirely too large for him; it was therefore gathered up in folds across his back and sides. He eat hay, though he seemed to prefer sweet apples, corn and potatoes. He was a curiosity indeed.

I believe the rhinoceros to be the only creature that has a horn upon his nose; and I do not see why that is not a good place for one, if the creature wants a horn. This animal finds his convenient for tearing away the trees in his passage through the woods, and perhaps in digging up roots for food; and in his battles with the elephant, he often gives his enemy a terrible scratch with

it under the ribs. So his horn answers at one time as a pickaxe, and at another it is like a warrior's spear: thus it serves the purposes of peace and war; it brings sustenance, and it affords defence. Who then shall find fault with nature for giving the rhinoceros a horn upon the nose?

If one horn upon the nose is a good thing, two must be better; so there are some of these creatures that have two. The African species, which is very powerful and numerous in some parts, has two horns; the Asiatic species, found in India, has but one. This latter kind is seldom more than six or seven feet long, but those of Africa are sometimes twelve feet. They are, therefore, excepting the elephant, the largest of quadrupeds.

In India the hunting of the rhinoceros is famous sport. The people go out mounted upon elephants, and usually find five or six of these animals in a drove. Their hides are so thick that it is difficult to kill them. One will often receive twenty bullets before he falls. The rhinoceros attacks an elephant fearlessly, and endeavors to get his horn under him so as to rip him open. But the elephant, finding what he would be at, turns his tail to the assailant, who gives him a hunch behind, and tumbles his huge enemy upon his knees. Then the men upon the elephant fire their guns and pepper the thick hide of the rhinoceros with their bullets.

Thus goes the fight, and after many adventures, and much danger, and plenty of accidents and hair breadth 'scapes, and a vast waste of gunpowder and lead, the game usually runs away, or perhaps it is left as a trophy of the sportsman's skill and prowess upon the field.

The rhinoceros feeds entirely upon vegetables, always living near water and taking a frequent wallow in the mud, or a bath in the wave. He is fearful of man, and though dull of sight,



has an acute scent and a sharp ear, which enable him usually to keep out of reach of the being he dreads so much. It is only when hunted and closely pursued, that he turns to fight, and then he is fierce and formidable. In confinement he becomes quiet and stupid, though he sometimes gets into a fury, and then he rends his cage in pieces with ease. It is almost impossible to confine him when his rage is excited.

### Briers and Berries.

'T WAS on a gloomy, smoky day,  
(If rightly I the date remember,  
For certainly I cannot say,)  
About the middle of September,  
When I, astride my pacing grey,  
Was plodding on my weary way,  
To spend the night and preach the word  
To people who had never heard  
The gospel; or, to say the least,  
Had never viewed it as a feast  
Of fat things full of marrow.

In sadness as I rode along  
And crossed the silver Uadilla,  
The robin sung his plaintive song,  
And faintly drooped the fading lily:  
The smoky sky, no longer blue,  
Assumed a dim and dusky grey;  
And Autumn, o'er my feelings threw  
The coloring of its own decay,  
And filled my heart with sorrow.

I, in my mind, was pondering o'er  
The miseries that beset the preacher:  
The persecutions which he bore—  
(The scoff and scorn of every creature—)  
His heated brain—his frame worn down,  
Emaciated and dyspeptic—  
The hardened bigot's iron frown—  
The jeers and satire of the skeptic—  
One mocking revelation's page—  
The other ridiculing reason—  
And then the storms we must engage,  
And all th' inclemencies of season.

In this desponding, gloomy mood,  
I rode perhaps a mile or two—  
When lo! beside the way there stood  
A little girl, with eyes of blue,  
Light hair, and cheeks as red as cherries;  
And through the briers, with much ado,  
She wrought her way to pick the berries

Quoth I, "My little girl, it seems  
To me, you buy your berries dear;  
For down your hand the red blood streams  
And down your cheek there rolls a tear."  
"O, yes," said she, "but then, you know,  
*There will be briers where berries grow.*"

These words came home with keen rebuke  
To me, who mourned life's little jostles,  
And called to mind the things that Luke  
Has written of the first apostles,  
Who faced the foe without a fear,  
And counted even life not dear.

And since, from that good hour to this,  
Come pleasant or come stormy weather,  
I still reflect that human bliss  
And human wo are mixed together:  
Come smiling friend or frowning foe—  
*'There will be briers where berries grow.'*

BROWNE

### The Crows' Court of Law.

THERE is a kind of crow which is seen in the south of England in flocks about the middle of autumn; it is called the hooded crow. These crows go away towards the north in spring; they are very tame, and will go into the yards of houses to pick up food.

They are not very like the common crows, for their backs are ash-colored, and their heads, throat, wings and tail, are black, and they have two cries; one of them being like the voice of the common crow, and the other something like the crowing of a cock.

It is said that in some places where these birds are found, one or two hundred of them will now and then meet together, as if upon some fixed plan, and at these times a few of them sit with drooping heads, and others look very grave, as if they were judges, and others are very bustling and noisy.

In about an hour the meeting breaks up, when one or two are generally found dead, and it has been supposed that this meeting is a sort of trial of some crows who have behaved ill, and who are punished in this severe way for their bad behavior.



## The Story of the Supposed Miser.

A GREAT many miles to the east is a country called France, in the southern part of which is a large city called Marseilles. In this place there once lived a man by the name of Guizot. He was always busy, and seemed very anxious to get money, either by his industry, or in some other way.

He was poorly clad, and his food was of the simplest and cheapest kind. He lived alone, and denied himself all the luxuries and many of the comforts of life.

He was honest and faithful, never taking that which was not his own, and always performing his promises; yet the people of Marseilles thought he was a miser, and they held him in great contempt. As he passed along the streets, the rich men looked on him with scorn, and the poor hissed and hooted at him. Even the boys would cry out, "There goes old Skinfint; there goes old Greedy Gizzard."

But the old man bore all this insult with gentleness and patience. Day by day, he went to his labor, and day by day, as he passed through the crowd, he was saluted with taunts, and sneers, and reproaches.

Thus, time passed on, and poor Guizot was now more than eighty years of age. But he still continued the same persevering industry, still lived in the same saving, simple manner as before.

Though he was now bent almost double, and though his hair was thin and white as snow; though his knees tottered as he went along the streets; still the rude jokes and hisses of the throng pursued him wherever he went.

But, at length, the old man died, and it was ascertained that he had heaped together, in gold and silver, a sum equal to two hundred thousand dollars. On looking over his papers, his will was

found, in which were the following words:

"I was once poor, and I observed that the poor people of Marseilles suffered very much for the want of pure, fresh water. I have devoted my life to the saving of a sum of money sufficient to build an aqueduct to supply the city of Marseilles with pure water, so that the poor may have a full supply."

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## The Mouth.

THE mouth was made to eat and speak with. It is therefore a pretty convenient and useful thing, and we could not well do without it.

But the mouth, like almost everything else, needs to be taken care of. Sometimes the mouth will pout, and make a child look very disagreeable.

Sometimes the mouth will eat very fast, and get too much in at a time. Don't let your mouth do any such things as these!

I forgot to tell you another very curious thing about the mouth, and that is, that it laughs! I believe dogs, and cats, and pigs, and hens, and geese, never laugh; but children laugh, and old people too, sometimes.

It is well enough to laugh, at proper times. I love to see children laugh in their play. I love to see them laugh when I tell a funny story.

But I never like to see any one laugh at the misfortune of another. Tell me, little reader, did your mouth ever laugh at another child because he was poor? or because he was poorly dressed? or because he fell down and hurt himself? or because he happened to know less than you do?

If your mouth has ever done any of these naughty things, I pray you, little reader, teach your mouth better manners.

### Peter Pilgrim's Account of his Schoolmates. No. 3.

ONE of my schoolmates, named Dick Dashall, was a wild rattle-headed fellow, always sure to get into mischief, but slow enough to get out of the quagmire. His parents and brothers were poor farming people, who had hard work to make both ends meet, and could ill afford even the very trifling cost attending Dick's education. Dick had been intended for the hard-working profession of a farmer, but that honest calling did not at all jump with his restless humor. He never could see the fun and philosophy of rising with the dawn, and "yoking up" to follow the plough through the field, or the iron harrow over the furrows. He did not like the tedious work of planting corn and potatoes, and still less the more laborious employ of "covering up" or "hilling up," or getting in the crops; nor did he relish any of the various details of hay-making and harvesting. He had no objection, however, to the merry husking frolic, for then, in the general sport and confusion, he managed to avoid work himself, while he listened with both his big ears to the diverting tales that were often on such occasions related by those present. He disliked as much the tedious employment of riding the old cart-horse in the plough, as he delighted in scampering away on his bare back all over the country side, when he could contrive to get possession of the poor beast. And when he did accomplish that desired object, never was the dull animal so worked by his owners; for away the madcap would ride, without saddle, bridle, spur or stirrup, guiding him only with an old rope, and urging him on with a big bludgeon of a stick, with which he failed not well to belabor the ribs of his steed, till they fairly bled and

ached again. At length, one of his runaway frolics terminated fatally to the poor brute, whom he attempted to swim across a rapid and deep river near the village, in which essay the horse was drowned, and Dick only escaped by skilful swimming, which was almost the only valuable accomplishment that he possessed.

Dick seemed to be filled with the very evil spirit of all mischief. The book and task were perfectly odious to him, and if left to follow his own inclination, he never would have learned either to read or write; indeed, as it was, his best attempts with the pen looked more like pot-hooks and fish-hooks than good civilized letters. No mortal could have deciphered them. And then his copy-book was one blotch of ink from beginning to end. His arithmetic and grammar books, though showing, by their numerous thumb-marks and "dog's-ears," that they had been pretty thoroughly handled by his seldom-washed fingers, were about as intelligible to him as so many volumes of Greek or Arabic; the deep lore contained in their pages was much too profound for his understanding, and never did any ideas from them penetrate the thickness and dulness of his brain; or, if they ever by any chance found an entrance there, they must have laid in a torpid state, for no one could ever discover that such scraps of knowledge existed in his head, through the outlet of the tongue and voice.

But though Dick could not inscribe legible characters with his pen, yet he had a sort of natural talent for drawing rude sketches with pencil, pen, or even a bit of charcoal; and most ridiculous and striking caricatures would he produce with them. The droll expression and awkward figure of the old pedagogue himself furnished him with a fertile subject for his wit, and various and laughable were the burlesque representations

he gave of him. Every scrap of paper that he could lay hands on, every piece of broken slate, and even the very walls of the school-house and the board fences in the neighborhood, were covered with all sorts of strange figures, hit off, too, with no little talent and humor. This love for sketching and caricaturing seemed to be the peculiar bent of his genius, and it proved to him and his mates a source of great amusement.

When the term of his instruction had well-nigh expired, and it became necessary for him to decide to what species of employment he should devote his talents and attention, it happened that an itinerant portrait-painter strolled into the village, and, taking the best room of the inn, announced, through a staring painted placard at the window, that he was ready to paint, for a small consideration, the portraits of the good people of the place, in a most artist-like and expeditious manner. Nor was he long without his patrons. First the squire, and then the parson and his lady, and the doctor with his lady, and a half-score of children, and then many of the most substantial farmers and tradesmen of the vicinity, were seen to enter at the inn-door, and in a few days return to their several homes, each one bearing in his hands a large highly-colored piece of canvass, in which one might perhaps detect some remote likeness to the bearer or some of his family. Finally, the worthy innkeeper himself, with his rosy-faced dame, and some half-dozen overgrown daughters, figured in full-length beauty, in one mingled group, upon the artist's canvass; and presently a span-new sign-board of "the white horse" was seen creaking and swinging in all the freshness of new paint from the tall sign-post at the tavern door. This flaming specimen of the fine arts proved a great object of admiration and remark with all the grown gos-

sips and little children of the village, till at length, the "nine days" having elapsed, the wonder ceased.

Dick very soon made the acquaintance, and gained the good will of the artist, first by running on all his errands, in his communication with his patrons, and afterwards by his unfeigned expressions of admiration at the inspection of the "artist's gallery," which comprised a few dauby copies of the old masters, and a number of unpaid and unclaimed portraits from the artist's own easel. Before the worthy artist took leave of the village, Dick had so far ingratiated himself into his favor, that he agreed to take him with him, and impart to him all the knowledge of his art that he was able to give, receiving in return due assistance from Dick, as a sort of artist-of-all-work, which phrase might be understood to comprise any and all kinds of menial occupation. But Dick was deeply smitten with the love of painting, and eagerly caught at this golden opportunity of ridding himself from the irksome drudgery of book and task, and learn to be a painter of faces himself, while at the same time he should have some opportunity of seeing in his rambles not a little of the men and manners of the world.

Poor little Dick! when he set forth "to fresh fields and pastures new," with an adventurous desire to try his fortunes in the world, he little anticipated the troubles and perplexities that would beset his way. The honest artist to whom he had attached himself was neither a Raphael nor a Vandyke, and the share of patronage he met with in the humble places where he set up his easel, was very limited in degree, and unprofitable to the pocket. In some villages which they visited in their rounds, they found that rival artists had reaped such scanty harvests as the poverty of the villages afforded; and in other



places they found, to their sorrow, that the flinty inhabitants were no upholders of art, and felt no ambition to hand down the "counterfeit presentment" of their features to posterity. So, as there was only starvation to be had, there was nothing to be done but to pack up their slender wardrobe, with the paints and pencils, and migrate to a more enlightened region. The poor artist was, however, both kind and liberal, so far as his means went, to his little charge, and when he received his hard-earned dollar, as the recompense of many a patient hour of toil, he freely shared it with him; and so long as the treasure lasted, they did not lack for the best of good fare, at village tavern or rural farmhouse. Oftentimes it chanced that their treasury was entirely exhausted, and neither paper or specie payments were forthcoming to defray the needful expenses of the way. At such times, the cost of coach-ride, or even wagon conveyance, being beyond their reach, their only resource was, to convey their bodies from place to place upon those natural supports which Nature has kindly supplied us with, but which often complain of an undue proportion of fatigue after a long day's progress in a hot summer's day. But poor Dick ever made the best of it, and shouldering his little bundle, stumped on stoutly at the side of his master, often beguiling the toil and length of the travel with a merry heart, and a cheerful singing voice. The natural beauties of the scenes through which they passed were not lost upon them, nor did the wild rose at the road-side blush unseen of them, or the sweet lily of the valley waste its fragrant breath in vain. They each had the artist's eye and soul to enjoy the loveliness of the bending and painted skies, the waving woods, the verdant grass, and the flowing stream.

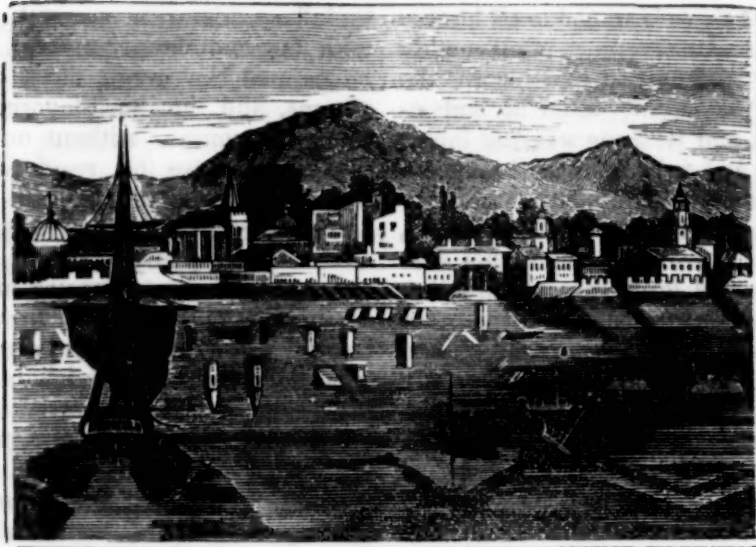
"Even the air they breathed, the light they saw  
Became religion; for the ethereal spirit  
That to soft music wakes the chords of feeling  
And mellows everything to beauty, moved  
With cheering energy within their breasts,  
And made all holy there—for all was love.  
The morning stars, that sweetly sang together,  
The moon, that hung at night in the mid-sky,  
Day-spring and eventide, and all the fair  
And beautiful forms of nature, had a voice  
Of eloquent worship."

Every pretty flower that bloomed in the hedge, or at the wood-borders, Dick would diligently gather, and carefully preserve in a little book, which he carried with him for that purpose. Many a colored butterfly with its wings of powdered gold, and many a nameless insect, streaked or spotted with all the rich hues of the rainbow, would he hunt down and add to his collection. His great delight at the close of the ramble consisted in copying, with his paints, the rich colors of these beautiful objects; and soon he had formed quite a portable museum of pretty prints, flowers and insects; and in this recreation he received no little aid from his kind-hearted teacher. He soon became a proficient in the art of mingling colors, and by a zealous application to the details of art, in a short time was able to sketch a scene or strike off a likeness with considerable faithfulness and ability. So great was his love of the art, that he really derived much pleasure from his rambles, long and difficult as they often were. In the course of a few months' practice, he had learned all that his teacher had to communicate; and it was often asserted by their rustic patrons that the little painter was in no respect inferior to his principal with the brush. Indeed, so conscious were they themselves of this fact, that an equal partnership was formed between them, and whatever sums fell into their exchequer were shared equally between them.



But, alas ! there is an end to all human enjoyment, and a severance of all earthly ties. The poor artist, what with the fatigues of journeying, often at inclement seasons, and with the wearing labors of his long and tedious task, had gradually undermined a constitution naturally infirm ; and his poor little protégé, as he gazed sorrowfully upon his wan face and wasted form, saw plainly that the one was getting paler, and the other thinner and thinner, every day ; and soon was impressed with the certainty that they must soon part from each other, and that that parting would be at the grave's foot. And so indeed it turned out, when a year or two had elapsed from the commencement of their connection. The elder artist, after struggling on with all his resolution, and unwilling to yield to the insidious advances of disease, was at length completely exhausted and subdued. He sank down on the way at the door of a little village public house, where he was obliged to take to his bed, and receive the aids and doses of the doctors, in the feeble hope of a restoration to health. But in vain ; his poor frame, already so much reduced, grew feebler and feebler day by day, and his sunken cheek grew still more hollow, and the little light that sickness had lent to his eye trembled and flickered, and then expired altogether ; and finally the poor fellow, after taking an affectionate and mournful farewell of Dick, and bequeathing to him all the little possessions that he called his own, resigned himself patiently to his fate, and without pain or struggle "passed away." Dick, after following his remains to the humble church-yard, and pouring out his soul in the truest sorrow over his dust, departed sad and solitary on his way. He assumed his poor master's easel and other implements, and followed "the painter's quiet

trade" on his own account. He met with but indifferent success, however ; he painted the rough faces of country squires, and the hard-favored features of their spouses, without number, but the recompense he received therefor scarcely served to find him in "meat and manger." After struggling with adversity for many a weary year, and encountering every species of trial and disappointment with the firmness of a martyr, he at length, in very despair, was obliged to relinquish his beloved profession, and settle down quietly in a flourishing town, where the products of his brush could be turned to better account. He was forced to abandon entirely the higher walks of art, and stoop to a humbler, but more profitable branch of trade ; devoting himself, in short, to the daubing of chairs, tables, and vehicles of every description, and embellishing them with as many of the "scientific touches" of his former calling as the time and pay would justify. In this way he contrived to eke out a humble but respectable subsistence, and after gaining the good will of his employer by his faithful and honest exertions, he scraped together sufficient money to enable him to set up an establishment of his own, where a flaming board proclaimed that Richard Dashall executed sign, house and chaise painting, in all its varieties, "in the most neat and expeditious manner possible ;" assisted by two or three active young apprentices in all his handicrafts. In due course of time he joined to his fortunes a pretty little lady of a wife, and conjointly they reared up and educated a numerous progeny. So ends the history of poor Dick Dashall ; and it is that of many an honest and industrious young fellow, who is cast forth like a weed upon the ocean of life, to sink or to swim as the chance may be.

*The Fata Morgana.*

## Travels, Adventures, and Experiences of Thomas Trotter.

### CHAPTER XIII.

*Messina.—Trade of the place.—The Fata Morgana.—Embark for Naples.—The Sicilian pilot.—The Faro of Messina.—Scylla and Charybdis.—Exaggerations of the ancient writers.—Fatal adventure of a Neapolitan diver.*

WE found Messina quite a lively, bustling place, with a harbor full of all sorts of Mediterranean craft. Several American vessels lay at the quay, loading with oranges and lemons for Boston. These fruits constitute the chief trade of the place, and give employment to a great part of the population of the city and neighborhood. Every orange and lemon is carefully wrapped in a paper before being packed. The paper absorbs the moisture which exudes from the fruit, and prevents the rotting. Labor, however, is so cheap in this country that all this preparation adds but little to the cost of the cargoes. Another article exported is *barilla*, a sort of alkali, or potash, made by burning sea-weed. The *barilla* is used by our manufacturers for bleaching cotton cloth.

The city is very handsomely built and has several fine squares, ornamented with statues and fountains. It has suffered severely from earthquakes at different times and was once nearly destroyed; but its admirable situation for commerce has caused it to be rebuilt after every catastrophe. It stands just within the narrow strait which divides Sicily from the Italian coast, and has a very safe harbor, formed by a strip of land running out into the sea, in the shape of an elbow, which appears almost the work of art. In the interior, the city is enclosed by steep, rocky hills, which rise immediately from the walls, and shut out all prospect of the country; but the view toward the sea is very grand. The strait is six or eight miles wide in this part, though in the clear and transparent atmosphere of these regions, it does not appear to be more than three or four. The mountains of Calabria rise up majestically from the blue sea, dark, craggy, and frowning, with now and then a fleecy white cloud

melting away on their summits. Feluccas, with latine sails, are gliding up and down the straits; and the white walls of Reggio rise from the water's edge on the opposite side.

This is the spot on which that remarkable phenomena, called the Fata Morgana, has been observed. On the Italian side of the strait the inhabitants are sometimes astonished to behold in the air the images of castles, towns, palaces, houses, ships, &c. Being unable to account for these appearances, they ascribe them to magic; and these airy phantoms are supposed to be the work of a fairy named Morgana. The true cause is a certain rarefaction of the air, which brings into view objects far below the horizon; and the phenomena is not difficult to explain by the principles of optics. This appearance is not uncommon, near the shore, in all parts of the world. Lighthouses, towers, ships, &c., appear stretched up to three or four times their actual height. The sailors call this *looming up*. None of these apparitions, however, are so remarkable as the Fata Morgana.

On the 7th of March I went on board an Italian brig bound to Naples. It was a dead calm by the time we got out of the harbor, so we drifted back again and dropped anchor. Next morning the calm continued, and on looking across the water, we saw little specks of white cloud, hanging motionless on the sides of the mountains,—a sure sign that no wind was stirring there. The sea was as smooth as glass, and I expected a long delay; but presently a light breeze came down the strait. Though this was ahead, we determined to take advantage of it. We therefore got out the boats and warped out of the harbor, when we set our sails and beat up the straits to the north. Italian sailors are not very expert in the nicer arts of seamanship, and we made very little

headway by our tacking. About the middle of the afternoon we dropped anchor, close to the Sicilian shore. There was a little village, with a pretty church at the water's edge. The coast exhibited low sand-hills, with patches of green soil. After lying at anchor two or three hours, the wind hauled round, and we set sail again. About sunset we reached the mouth of the strait, where the extreme end of Sicily approaches close to the Italian shore. This is called the Faro of Messina. Here we set the pilot ashore, after an immense bawling and vociferation, occasioned by a dispute as to the amount of his fee. The Italians can seldom bargain to the amount of a shilling, without making a clamor and din as if it were a matter of life and death. The pilot wanted about twenty cents more than the captain was willing to pay. They plunged at once into a noisy dispute;—argued, contradicted, bawled, sputtered, grinned, stamped their feet, and flourished their arms like a couple of bedlamites. The sailors took part in the squabble; every ragged rogue put in his oar, and had something to say, till the hurly-burly became outrageous. The pilot was a queer looking fellow, with a red cap, tattered unmentionables, japanned with tar, a beard like a shoe-brush, and a bluff, burly face, all bronzed by the sun, and weather-beaten—in short, the very picture of an old Triton; and so I called him from the moment he first met my eyes. I never laughed more heartily than at the sight of this squabble; but at length they agreed to split the difference, and old Triton paddled ashore, tolerably well satisfied.

The sun was going down as we passed out the strait. We had but a small breeze before, but almost in an instant we were assailed by violent gusts of wind that obliged us to take in our canvass. The captain pointed toward the

rocky shore, and said to me, "There is Scylla." I looked in the direction, and saw a huge, craggy rock not far from the shore, against which the waves were dashing. Here were Scylla and Charybdis, so famous in classical history, and so terrible to the mariners of old times. Homer, in his *Odyssey*, thus describes them :

"Dire Scylla there a scene of horror forms,  
And here Charybdis fills the deep with storms :  
When the tide rushes in her rumbling caves,  
The rough rock roars, tumultuous boil the waves ;  
They toss, they foam, a dire confusion raise,  
Like waters bubbling o'er a fiery blaze."

The ancients, who were timid and unskilful in their navigation, give us exaggerated accounts of the dangers of the sea. Scylla they imagined to be a horrid monster, who sat on the sea-shore, and devoured the crews of such vessels as came within her reach. Charybdis was a fearful whirlpool, which swallowed up both ships and men. Very little of this description is true. Scylla is no monster, but only a steep, craggy rock, which is dangerous enough should a vessel run against it, but it is so easily seen that none but a very unskilful navigator, need be afraid of it. Charybdis is no whirlpool, but only a spot where the winds and currents, drawing through the narrow strait between Italy and Sicily, cause a rough, chopping sea, with sudden and violent gusts. These, indeed, were great dangers to the small craft used by the ancients, but American sailors would laugh at them.

Some writers are of opinion that there was in reality a dangerous whirlpool in the strait, and that it has been destroyed by one of those violent earthquakes that have so often shaken the earth and sea in this quarter. It is my opinion, however, from a view of the coast on both

sides, that no such alteration has taken place, and that the spot was no more dangerous in ancient times than it is at present. The marvellous part of the description is owing to the fictions and exaggerations of the ancient poets. But, at any rate, the water is very deep in the strait, and, like many other places in different parts of the world, it has the popular reputation of being bottomless. There was a man at Messina, famous for his exploits in swimming and diving, like our "Sam Patch." He used to dive to immense depths in the water, and could walk on the bottom of the sea, if we are to believe his own story, for nobody ever went down with him to ascertain the truth. The king of Naples tempted him to dive into the gulf of Charybdis, by throwing a golden cup into the sea. He plunged in after it, but was not seen again till some days afterwards, when his body was found on the shore, thirty or forty miles distant.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

*A calm among the Lipari islands.—Manners of the crew.—Stromboli.—A natural lighthouse.—A gale of wind.—Fright of the crew and danger of the vessel.—Loss of the topmasts, and narrow escape from shipwreck.—Arrival at Lipari.*

Next morning, as I went on deck, I found the wind had died away, and left us becalmed among the Lipari islands. We were close to the island of Stromboli, which looked like the top of a mountain rising out of the water, with the smoke constantly pouring out at the top. All these islands are volcanic, and send forth flame and smoke occasionally, but Stromboli is constantly burning. Notwithstanding this, there are several thousand inhabitants upon it, who live chiefly by fishing. They pass a strange life, constantly pent up between fire and water. All day we lay



becalmed, and I amused myself with looking at these curious islands through a spy-glass, and watching the odd behavior of the crew. They were picturesque-looking mortals, as all the Mediterranean sailors are: exceedingly ragged, noisy, and good-humored. When they were not telling stories, or cutting capers, they were sure to be eating. Indeed, there was very little time during the voyage that their jaws were not in motion. The principal food was bread and vegetables. There was a pile of greens on the deck nearly as big as a haystack: it was a species of fennel, which the Italians eat raw. The sailors munched it by handfuls as they went about their work. There was no meat in all the ship's stores, but now and then a mess of fish was served up to the crew. They drank freely of red wine, but I never saw any one of them intoxicated.

The calm continued through the day and the following night. After dark, the summit of Stromboli began to grow red, and all night long it shot up streams of fire, giving a light that might be seen a great way off. This island is a natural lighthouse, loftier and more efficient than any work ever constructed by man. Volcanoes, with all their danger, are not without their uses.

A little after sunrise, a light breeze sprung up from the north, and by ten o'clock it blew pretty fresh. This was a head wind again, but we preferred it to a calm, as we were enabled to make some progress northward, by tacking. In a few hours, the clouds rose thick in the northwest, and the wind increased to a gale, with a violent chopping sea. We took in sail as fast as possible, but nothing could surpass the confusion and fright of the sailors. They ran fore and aft, as if out of their wits, and instead of pulling the ropes, did little else but cross themselves, fall on their knees,

and pray to the Virgin Mary. I began to feel alarmed, though I had seen worse weather than this—and there was really no danger to the vessel with proper care—yet, with a crew half frightened to death, any accident might be the destruction of us all. The captain bawled to the sailors, who paid no attention to him, but bawled to one another, and cried, "*Santissima Vergine! San Gennaro! Santa Rosolio!*" and the names of forty other saints, male and female. My apprehensions became serious when I saw matters growing worse, instead of better. The crew did nothing which they should have done, and the vessel pitched, rolled, and floundered about, at the mercy of the winds and waves. The gale came on in harder gusts than ever; the sea dashed over the bows; and amid the roaring of the storm and the cries of the frightened wretches around me, I began to think it was all over with us. There was, however, one savage-looking fellow among the crew, whose looks gave me some hope: he was a real caitiff in appearance, and was evidently born to be hanged; therefore I concluded he could never be drowned.

Meantime, the masts were bending like twigs under the gale; the rigging was slack and crazy—worse than ever was seen on the clumsiest wood-thumper in Penobscot Bay. I saw it was impossible the spars could hold on much longer, unless the wind went down. Presently the foretopmast snapped short, just above the cap, and went over the side with an awful crash! The main-topmast followed almost immediately, and left us little better than a mere hulk. It is impossible to describe the scene of confusion and terror that followed. The miserable crew lost all courage and self-possession. They threw themselves upon their knees, and called upon the saints to save them.

Had they behaved with the least coolness and discretion in the beginning of the gale, they might have guarded against this disaster. For my part, I almost gave myself over for lost; and as to my gallows-looking friend, I am quite certain that he lost for a time all hopes of dying by a rope. In fact, there was not a man in the whole crew but would have given his whole ragged wardrobe for the chance of a dry death. The vessel was now entirely unmanageable, and fell off with her broadside to the wind. A heavy sea came rolling on, and how we escaped being thrown on our beam-ends, I hardly know; but the vessel continued to roll and labor, with the sea dashing over the deck, to such a degree that I expected every moment would be our last. By good fortune at length she fell off still further, and brought her stern to the wind. The crew recovered from their fright sufficiently to attempt doing something to save their lives. With great exertions they got the wrecked spars clear, and set a little sail on the lower masts. By this help we began to scud before the wind. Having once more the vessel under some control, we gathered courage; but the gale was as furious as ever, and the sea increased in violence. We continued to scud for an hour and a half, when the cry of "*terra! terra!*" raised by the whole crew, announced the discovery of land, ahead. Such had been the hurly-burly, confusion, and terror on board, from the beginning of the gale, that not a man of the crew could guess where we were, or what land was in sight. Some thought it was Stromboli, and others imagined it to be the coast of Sicily. I now began to have more fear of the land than of the water, and wished for sea-room. Had there been any shoals in this quarter, we should infallibly have been shipwrecked, but fortunately there were

none, as all the coasts have bold shores.

The land was high and mountainous, and we presently made it out to be the island of Lipari, about thirty miles from Stromboli. We steered as close to the island as we dared, and ran under the lee, where the height of the land broke the force of the gale. In this shelter we cast anchor, and found ourselves tolerably safe, with the probability that the gale would blow over in a few hours. I thanked Heaven for our escape; but formed a resolution never to trust myself at sea with Italian sailors again, as long as I had any other means of pursuing my rambles. In the midst of all these dangers, I would have given more for a couple of Yankee cabin boys than for the whole twenty lubbers of our valiant crew.

(*To be continued.*)

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#### THE PILOT.

THE curling waves with awful roar  
A little boat assailed,  
And pallid fear's distracting power  
O'er all on board prevailed,—

Save one, the captain's darling child,  
Who steadfast viewed the storm,  
And, fearless, with composure smiled  
At danger's threatening form.

"And fear'st thou not?" a seaman cried,  
"While terrors overwhelm?"  
"Why should I fear?" the child replied,  
"My father's at the helm."

Thus when our earthly hopes are reft,  
Our earthly comforts gone,  
We still have one sure anchor left—  
God helps, and He alone.

He to our cries will lend an ear,  
He gives our pangs relief,  
He turns to smiles each trembling tear,  
To joy each torturing grief.

Turn, turn to Him, 'mid sorrows wild,  
When terrors overwhelm,  
Remembering, like the fearless child,  
Our Father's at the helm.

## Merry's Life and Adventures.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### *Sick-room incidents and reflections.*

IN my last chapter I concluded the story which Raymond told me, and which I entitled the "School of Misfortune." At the time, I supposed he only related it for my amusement, but I have since believed that he had a farther design; which was, to show me that wealth, used to puff up the heart with pride, is a source of positive evil; and that poverty, sickness, misfortune, humiliation—provided they make the heart tender toward mankind, and open new springs of sympathy in the soul—are like kind and gentle schoolmasters, teaching us the true art of happiness. I believe now, that Raymond intended to impress this great lesson on my heart, as well because it is useful to all, as because he probably foresaw approaching events, in relation to my own circumstances, which might make it specially needful to me.

There is nothing which more shows the advantages of civilization, than the care and kindness bestowed upon the sick, among Christian nations. With savages, the sick person is usually left to himself, where, like a wild beast, he must await, in solitude, the result of his disease. There is little sympathy offered to him—there is no kind hand to wipe the cold sweat from his brow; no watchful friend at his bedside to supply every want, and alleviate, as far as may be, every pain. Sickness with the savage is solitary and desolate; with Christians, though it has its pains, it has its alleviations. I suffered much during the period of my confinement, as well from my broken limb as the fever that raged in my veins. After this was past, I also suffered from excessive languor.

But still, in the midst of all this, and though my mind was pained with shame

and mortification, for the folly which had brought these evils upon me, I had a sense of peace and happiness shining through it all. This was wholly derived from the kindness of my friends. When Raymond sat by my bed, his benignant eye resting upon me, I felt an indescribable degree of delightful emotion, composed, I believe, partly of gratitude, and partly of a confidence that all that could be done, would be done, in my behalf. Often, as I awoke from my sleep, and saw him patiently watching by me, the tears would gush to my eyes; but they were not tears of unhappiness. I think he perceived my emotion, and I believe he understood my feelings. One thing is certain—that sick-bed was the best schoolmaster of my life; it brought me Raymond's wise counsel; it brought me wholesome shame for my folly; it taught me my dependence on others. It also taught me one other lesson—and that is, never to distrust the kindness and virtue of my fellow-men. It seemed to open a window into the human heart, letting light and sunshine in, where people are too apt to see nothing but selfishness and darkness.

This latter lesson was enforced by many circumstances. Not only was my bosom touched by the kindness of Raymond, but also by that of my uncle. Twice each day did he come to see me, and he always treated me with more tenderness than seemed to belong to his nature. He was a hale man himself, and it was his boast that he had never had a sick day in his life. Indeed, he had little sympathy for sickness, and usually expressed himself in terms of contempt toward everybody that chanced to be less robust than himself. When I was at the height of my fever, he insisted that all I wanted, in order to make me well again, was some roast beef and raw brandy! Still, he did not interfere with the course prescribed by the physi-

cian, and took pains to see that every thing was done for me that was deemed useful or necessary.

My companions of the village often sent to inquire after me, and Bill Keeler frequently stole in just to look at me, and say, "God bless you, Bob!" All these things went to my heart; but nothing affected me more than an event which I must notice with some detail.

The schoolmaster of the village was one of those men who seek to accomplish every object by some indirect means. He was what is called a cunning man, and was, withal, exceedingly fond of power, in the exercise of which he was capricious, tyrannical and unjust. At first he treated me with the greatest attention, and in fact picked me out as one of his favorites, upon whom he lavished his smiles and his praises. He had great faith in flattery, and believed that any person, young or old, might be caught by it; and while it seemed to be his object to propitiate me, he laid it on pretty thick. I was well enough pleased with this for a time, though I had a sort of distrust of the man who could condescend to such means, and enter into such schemes of policy; and even though I yielded to his views, in many things, I had still no respect for, or confidence in, him.

There was in the school a boy by the name of William Bury, son of a poor Irishman, that lived in the village. He was remarkably small of his age, but exceedingly active, and withal lively and intelligent. At the same time he was shrewd and witty, and, perceiving the weak points of the schoolmaster's character, occasionally made them the target of his wit. As the master rendered each boy in the school a spy upon his fellows, he knew everything that was said and done; and poor Bill Bury was often punished for the freedom with which he indulged his tongue.

In process of time, Will and myself became the antipodes of the school: I was the favorite, and he the reprobate. Whatever he did was wrong: whatever I did was right. Under such circumstances, it was natural that we should be rivals, and it was, no doubt, a part of the plan of the politic schoolmaster, to keep us thus divided, that he might rule the more effectually.

During this state of things, several of the school boys were one day skating upon a river that ran along the western border of the town—Will and myself being of the number. It had been filled with heavy rains, and was now of considerable width and depth. In the deepest part there was a breathing-hole in the ice, which, of course, we all sought to avoid. As I was swiftly skating toward this place, with the intention of turning aside as I approached it, one of my skates struck a small stick, which brought me down, and—carried forward by the impetus of my course—I was instantly plunged into the opening of the ice. I sunk beneath the surface of the water for a moment, but then rose, and caught hold of the ice, which, however, broke in my hands as I grasped it.

It was but a few seconds before I was completely chilled; but, by this time, the boys around had raised a shout of terror, and several of them had gathered at a little distance, and were soon either silent with dismay, or raising idle screams for help. Among the number I noticed Bill Bury, and though I had been accustomed to speak lightly of him, I confess that at that fearful moment my only hope rested in him. Looking at me intently for a moment, and then casting a searching glance around, he sped away like an arrow. In the space of a minute, he returned, bringing a rail which he had plucked from a neighboring fence. Calling aloud for all around to give place, he laid the rail down upon the ice, and dex-



terously slid it across the opening, pushing it so close as to bring it within my reach. I was, however, so benumbed, that, in attempting to take hold of it, I lost my grasp of the ice, and sunk senseless beneath the wave.

Will hesitated not an instant, but plunged into the water, and, as I rose, he caught me in his arms. Grasping me tight by the right arm, while he held on to the rail by the left, he supported himself and me; at the same time he commanded the boys to get two more rails. These were brought and laid across the opening, and thus support was furnished for two of them to come and lift us out.

In this way my life was saved: I owed it to the courage, skill, and devotedness of Will Bury—my rival, and, as I had esteemed him, my enemy. I was not so base as to overlook his generous conduct, or to permit the relation in which we stood to abate my praises of his noble action. But the schoolmaster, being one of those people who have always a selfish object in everything they say and do, fearing that his entire system of tactics would be broken up if Will and I should become friends, took a different course. He indeed praised Will for an act that no one, it would seem, could fail to admire; but, at the same time, he sought every occasion, from that day, to ruin him in my estimation. At the same time he tried, in many cunning and sly ways, to poison Will's mind with jealousy of me.

It was not long, therefore, before we were again in antagonist positions, and at last an open breach took place between us. In process of time, Will went to learn a trade of a carpenter, at the distance of a mile or two, and then I seldom saw him. Whenever we met we did not speak to each other. This was the state of things, when the accident happened which laid me on a bed of sickness. While I was recovering, I

often thought of Will Bury, and my heart reproached me keenly for permitting my better feelings to be turned against him. In short, I yearned to see him, and it was while I was one day thinking about him, that I saw him come softly to the door and ask Raymond how I was. I instantly called him to my bedside, and I never felt a warmer emotion than when he came, and I threw my arms around his neck. He, too, was much affected, and tears—the first I ever saw the gay-hearted fellow shed—fell upon my cheek. From that day we were friends; and I thus learned to put a just value upon a generous heart—though it may belong to a poor boy.

*(To be continued.)*

## A Little Child's Joy.

What joy it is, from day to day,  
To skip and sing, and dance and play—  
To breathe the air, to feel the sun,  
And o'er the spangled meadows run.

What joy to move my limbs about,  
To hoop and halloo, call and shout,  
Among the woods, and feel as free  
As any bird upon a tree.

What joy, when hungry, 't is to eat,  
What pleasure in our daily meat;  
How sweet, when sleep the eyelids close,  
To sink in calm and soft repose.

What joy, as morn begins to break,  
Refreshed and vigorous to wake—  
To feel, amid the dews and flowers,  
New life bestowed on all my powers.

But who bestows this constant joy  
On every little girl or boy?  
'T is God, our Father, bright and wise,  
Whose goodness every joy supplies.

Then let me love and praise the Lord,  
And strive to know his holy Word;  
To do no wrong, and think no ill,  
And evermore perform his will.



### The Mammoth.

In several of the United States persons have frequently found the bones of a huge animal, called the Mammoth, or Mastodon. One skeleton, nearly complete, has been found, and set up in Peale's Museum, in Philadelphia.

There is no such creature to be found now, on the earth, as a Mastodon—nor has there been, since the memory of man. It seems that it must have resembled an Elephant, but was twice as large.

In Siberia, a few years ago, a fisherman discovered the body of a Mastodon, imbedded in the ice: the skin was nearly entire, and it was covered with woolly hair. After about two years, this body thawed out, and fell to the ground from the elevated place in which it was first discovered. The flesh, as well as skin, gradually disappeared, but the bones were secured, and being taken to St. Petersburg, in Russia, were set up in a museum, where they are still to be seen.

The remains of many other animals, now extinct, are found in different countries, as well as traces of vegetables, such as are not met with now on the

face of the earth. This is a very interesting subject, and I propose hereafter to say more about it.

### Geordie and the Sick Dog.

#### AN ENGLISH STORY.

It was Saturday afternoon, and had been longed for all the week by little Geordie, as he was called, for he was a very little fellow. Geordie had built himself a boat, and had promised to give it a fine sail in a pond, not a great way from the house in which he lived, called the fen ditch.

So away he went, before he had quite eaten his dinner, with his boat in one hand, and the remains of a slice of bread and butter in the other; for his mother was a poor woman, and Geordie did not get meat every day, and never on a Saturday.

But his cheeks were rosy, and his eye was bright, and his ringlets laughed in the wind as he ran along, looking at his boat with eyes of delight all the way, and every now and then taking a huge

mouthful, and then stopping for breath, for fear the dry crumbs should be blown down his chest.

There was a beautiful breeze, as he called it,—for he called everything beautiful that pleased him. He had a beautiful piece of bread and butter; and a beautiful knife; and a beautiful pair of shoes,—only his toes peeped through them.

He had a kind, cheerful, and tender heart, and so everything appeared beautiful to him, and few things had the power to make him discontented or peevish; but, just as Geordie got over the Warren hills, which led to the place of his destination, he saw Harry Dyke, the groom at the great house of Lady Clover, coming over the swale, as it was called, with several of the boys of the village dancing about him, apparently in great delight.

When he came nearer, he found that Harry was carrying, wrapped up in a piece of an old sack, a little dog, which Geordie recognised as being one which he had before seen, with its two fore paws leaning over the ledge of the sash-pane in Lady Clover's carriage, when she drove through the village.

One of the boys had got a couple of brick-bats, and a long piece of cord, and seemed very officious. He called out to Harry, "Harry, let me throw him in, will you?—there's a good fellow. But wo'n't you give him a knock on the head,—just one knock to dozzle him?"

"Why, they are going to drown that little pet-dog, that us children used to say, lived a great deal better than we did; and, when I have been very hungry, I have often wished I was Lady Clover's lap-dog, for I heard say that she sometimes gave it rump-steak for its dinner, with oyster-sauce." So thought little Geordie to himself; he did not, however, say anything.

"O! here is little Geordie," said one

of the boys. "Geordie, Geordie, come and have some sport!—we are going to drown a dog in the ditch."

"What are you going to drown it for?" said Geordie.

"O! to have some fun, I suppose. No, it is not that; it is because my lady can't bear the nasty thing—it has got the mange, or some disorder. There;—do not touch it. Don't you smell it?"

The poor little dog looked at Geordie, and struggled to get out of the sacking, and gave a whine, as if it would be glad to get away from its enemies.

"Lay down, you beast," said Harry, and gave it a severe blow on the head; "lay down; I'll soon settle your business."

By this time they had come to the fen brook, and the dog was placed on the ground, and taken from the sack-cloth in which it was wrapped. It was a deplorable looking creature, and its hair was off in several places; it yelped wofully as it looked around, while the boys began to prepare the noose and the brick-bats.

"O! do not drown him," said Geordie; "pray, do not drown him. What are you going to drown him for?"

"Why, because he is sick, and ill, and dirty. He is no good to any one," said Harry. "My lady used to be very fond of him; but now, he looks such an object, she says he is to be destroyed."

"Give him to me," said Geordie; "I'll have him, and keep him till he gets well—he shall have half my dinner every day. Here, little dog, have this piece of bread and butter."

"Go away, and leave the dog alone," said the boy who had the cord; "you are not going to spoil our sport. Get out of the way with you." And so he drew near, and fastened the cord to the dog's neck.

"O! do give him to me! Pray don't drown him," said Geordie; "pray

do not. O! do give him to me; I will make him well—indeed I will. Do let me have him?—there's a good Harry Dyke," and the tears came into Geordie's eyes.

"Go along, Mr. Dog Doctor," said Harry; "go along, Mr. Cry Baby."

"Here, Harry, I'll give you my boat for the little dog—it is a beautiful boat; here, put it into the water instead of the dog—do, do, do;" and so Geordie thrust the boat into Harry's hand, and, without waiting to settle the bargain, laid hold of the dog.

"Leave go of him," said the boy with the cord and the brick-bats, "leave go, I tell you; if you do not, it shall be the worse for you. Leave go, or"—

"Ay, you may rap my knuckles," said Geordie, "I do not mind that.—Harry Dyke, Harry Dyke, am I not to have the dog, and you have the boat?" said he, struggling.

"O! I do not care about it," said Harry; "take him, if you will have him; the boat will do for my brother Tom, and I wish you joy of the bargain."

The other boys hearing this, were much disconcerted; and would, no doubt, have molested Geordie still further, but the little fellow no sooner heard Harry's tacit consent, than he immediately set off at full speed, with the dog under his arm, in the direction of home.

When he reached his home he was quite out of breath, and his mother was fearful something had happened to him. "Why, Geordie, Geordie, what is the matter with you; and what have you got under your arm?"

Geordie laid down the dog, and the sight of the poor creature, whose looks told the state of disease in which it was, made the good woman quite afraid to have it in the house; and, without hearing anything of the circumstances connected with the poor animal, or giving

Geordie time to explain, she declared it should not set foot in the house, and drove Geordie and his purchase out of it together; telling the latter to take it from whence it came, and that the house was not to be converted into a hospital for sick dogs.

Geordie was more disconsolate than ever; he went into the fields, with the dog under his arm: now he laid it down, and patted it; then he talked to it, and, in his childish manner, tried to comfort it. The poor creature looked up to Geordie, and wagged its tail, and seemed quite glad to find somebody could feel for it.

"Ay, that is the way of these lady-folks," thought Geordie to himself; "they like their pets, and fondle them enough while they look pretty and frisk about, and play about; but, when they get sick, and ill, or old, then they hang and drown them. I wonder what makes them do it."

What to do with the dog Geordie knew not. At last, however, he thought himself that he would take him up into a little loft, over a small stable which his father had, and there make him a bed with some nice hay, and try and make him better.

So he mounted the ladder, and got into the loft. He soon made the poor thing a bed, and then he thought he would get him something to eat; but Geordie had no money. He had, however, a good many marbles, for Geordie was a capital hand at ring-taw; and so he took his marble-bag, and went into the green, where several boys were playing, and very soon sold his marbles. They produced four-pence, for there were more than fifty, at sixteen a penny.

He then bought some dog's-meat at the butcher's, and a halfpenny worth of milk, and a halfpenny worth of sulphur to mix with the milk; for somebody



once said, in his hearing, that sulphur and milk were good physic for dogs.

He then washed the animal, and fed him; and what with washing, and physicing, and comforting, in a few days the poor dog regained his strength; in a few days more he regained his coat; and it was not many days more before he was as well as ever.

Geordie then ventured to bring him in to his father and mother; who, seeing the animal quite changed in appearance, and a lively, handsome, little dog, and not very old, were quite pleased with him; and no less pleased with their son's conduct, when it was all explained to them.

Some weeks after this, Lady Clover came through the village, in her carriage, as usual, and was astonished to behold her little dog sitting, with his fore paws out of Geordie's mother's parlor window, just as he used to sit out in her ladyship's carriage.

Lady Clover alighted, and went towards the house. The dog immediately began to bark, nor would the soft tones of the lady's voice by any means pacify him. In a few minutes she learned the whole of her former pet's history, and wished to have him again. "She would give Geordie a crown for him," she said; but Geordie would not sell his dog.

"No, I thank you, my lady." "Bow-wow, wow," said the little dog. "He might be sick again, my lady, and then he would be drowned, my lady." "Bow-wow, wow—bow-wow, wow."

"Keep the plaguesome creature quiet," said her ladyship, "and hear me."—"Bow-wow, wow, wow, wow, wow, wow," said the little dog.

Her ladyship could not obtain a hearing, and left the cottage in high displeasure. "I would not sell him for his weight in gold," said Geordie,—*"not to Lady Clover."*

It was some years after this that Geordie grew almost a man, and Chloe, for that was the dog's name, grew old; Geordie's father had prospered in life; and, from being a poor cottager, had become a respectable farmer.

One night he returned from market with a considerable sum of money, arising from the sale of his crops, the principal part of which he had to pay away to his landlord in a few days.

Some evil-disposed fellows had obtained a knowledge of this money being in the house, and determined to break into and rob it—perhaps also to murder those who might oppose them.

It was a very dark night, and all were sound asleep, when Black Bill, and two companions, approached on tip-toe, to make an entrance in the back premises.

By means of a centre-bit they had soon cut a panel out of the wash-house door; they then entered the kitchen without making the least noise. Black Bill had a large carving-knife in one hand, and a dark lantern in the other and, supposing the money to be in the bed-room, was mounting the stairs, to take it at any hazard.

The stairs creaked with the weight of the robber, and in a moment Chloe aroused the whole house with her barking—her shrill voice was heard in every room. In a moment Geordie was up, and his father's blunderbuss at his shoulder.

"Speak, or I will fire!" said he. No answer,—but a scampering through the passage. Geordie followed—he heard the robbers making their escape, he fired—the robber fell.

Lights were procured. It was found that the fellow was only slightly wounded in the leg, which prevented his running away. In the morning it was discovered who the robber was—it was the very boy, now grown a man, who *had the cord and the brick-bats!*

Chloe did not live long after this, but died of sheer old age; not, however, you see, till she had amply repaid the kindness which had been bestowed upon her by Geordie.—Learn from this, my little readers, a lesson of *humanity*!



## The Sable-Hunter.

### CHAPTER V.

*A dissertation upon going on foot.—A fearful adventure with wolves.*

HAVING taken leave of their Tungusian friends, the travellers proceeded on their journey, hoping, before many days, to reach Yakootsk—a large town on the Lena, and the great fur market of eastern Siberia. Here they intended to stay a few days, and then proceed down the Lena, in pursuit of game. Alexis expected also to find a letter there, from his sister, which was to be sent by the mail, and which would, of course, travel faster than the pedestrian party.

Incited, therefore, by several motives, the adventurers pressed cheerily forward upon their journey. But it was now October, and the ground was covered with snow. Every day, indeed, more or less snow fell, and the hunters found

their progress much impeded by it. But in travelling, as in almost everything else, practice makes perfect. A man who is well trained to walking, can travel farther in a month than a horse; and as the power of going from place to place, without being dependent on horses, railroads, or even money, is a great thing, I advise all young persons—particularly young men—to learn to perform journeys on foot. The best way to travel over a country, is to go as a pedestrian. You can then stop and see the people along the road, and thus get acquainted with their manners and customs; their ways of living, acting and thinking.

Some of the pleasantest passages in my own life, occurred when I was journeying on foot; and they are perhaps more delightful in my recollection, that I had then a good sound pair of legs—

and now, alas! one of them is replaced by a "timber toe!" If I had time, I could relate many little incidents, to show that a traveller on foot is ever welcomed to the hut, the log-cabin, or the farm-house, along the road; and that his stories, his news, or even his company, are esteemed good pay for his lodging and his fare.

But I must proceed with my story of the sable-hunter—or I shall never get through with it. When I began, I expected to despatch it in two or three chapters; but the journey, as well as old Linsk's tongue, is much longer than I expected.

For some time after the party started, Alexis found his feet sore and his limbs weary, at night—and more than once, he felt homesick and discouraged. But he was a youth of much energy of character, and he felt the importance of making a great effort in behalf of his father and sister, upon whose happiness the whole power of his soul was now concentrated. Beside these motives to effort, Linsk took pains to enliven the spirits of his party, by putting a cheerful face upon things, and by telling his tales, of which he seemed as full as a hive is of bees. And there was this difference between Linsk's tongue and the little honey-makers—that while they grow torpid as the cold weather comes on, his organ of speech seemed to wag all the faster for it. A flurry of snow was usually a prelude to a story, and a real storm seldom failed to bring out something interesting. Alexis remarked that the tale was always lively in proportion as the day was dark, or the journey tedious; and Linsk seemed, indeed, as ready to attack blue-devils with a joke, as he was to send a bullet after a bear. I note these things with some particularity, because I conceive that cheerfulness is a great virtue, and that it is of infinite importance in those passages of life which

seem to demand of us patient endurance and protracted effort. Cheerfulness is the best of all stimulants, and I advise my young friends to lay in a good stock of it. It produces two excellent effects—it makes a person agreeable to himself and to others!

As I have said, the weather was now stormy, and the country through which the hunters were passing, was to the last degree dreary and desolate. It was generally level, or slightly undulating, and nearly destitute of vegetation. Occasionally they came to extensive forests, consisting of low pines and cedars, and sometimes there was a deep ravine, where the fir trees grew to a considerable height, and so matted together as hardly to admit the light between them.

One gloomy afternoon, as the party were winding their way through a forest, which covered a range of broken hills and ridges, the younger portion had gone before, leaving Linsk a little in the rear. Turning an angle in the road, they lost sight of him, and went on for several minutes, forgetting that he was not with them. By and by, they heard a sharp whistle, and then a rifle-shot, and then a call, that made the sullen woods echo, as if filled with twenty voices. They instantly looked around, and seeing that Linsk was not with them, turned back, and ran with all their might, knowing that something must have happened, to cause so loud and urgent a summons.

Turning the angle in the road, and pushing on for about a dozen rods, they came upon a scene which amazed and alarmed them. There stood old Linsk, battling for life, in the midst of a pack of wolves. One of the beasts lay dead at his feet; but another had hold of his leg, and a huge fellow, nearly as tall as the old hunter himself, was laying his paws upon him, and threatening to seize him by the throat.

The coolness of Linsk was admirable. He waited his opportunity, and then stretching himself to the full height, he brought down his powerful arm, and striking his dagger in the side of the wolf, laid him prostrate in an instant. He then bestowed a kick upon the rude fellow that had hold of his leg, and hitting him by the side of the head, made him roll over and over in the snow. Linsk fell upon him, but the creature, being only stunned, got up, and was about to run away, when the old hunter, now more furious than the wolves themselves, seized him by the tail, and whirling him round and round, sought to dash out his brains upon the frozen earth. The animal seemed amazed and frightened, and set up such a hideous howl, that all the rest of the pack took to flight; and even the beast upon which Linsk had fastened, slipped through his fingers and fled for life. Happening to take the direction of the young men, now coming up and near at hand, he came pretty near Alexis, who levelled his rifle and shot him through the head.

"Well done!" cried Linsk, clapping his hands; "well done, Alexis!—you're a true hunter, after all! Whew! I am all out of breath. Bravo, boys! It's the first bit of fun I have had since we set out! St. Nicholas! that fellow has stuck his forks into my calf, as if I was a piece of pork—the beast! and I suppose he expected to make a supper of me. I guess he'd found me the toughest bit of meat he ever undertook to carve. The knave!—to think of attacking an old fellow, all alone, while his companions had deserted him. The fool! to expect that an old hunter would 'nt give, as well as take. However, he's got his last supper; a bullet in the stomach is hard of digestion, and so he's finished. Poor fellow—I can't help liking a wolf, after all!"

While Linsk was uttering this last

observation, Alexis came up, and although he was curious to know why his old friend could have an affection for an animal that had just threatened his life, and actually thrust his fangs into his flesh, he did not attempt now to inquire into the subject. The hunter was, indeed, in too great a state of excitement for any deliberate conversation. He went on, with one exclamation after another, describing, by snatches, the attack of the wolves, and his own feats in the fray.

After spending some time on the spot, and taking a view of the several animals that had been slain, they proceeded on their way. Linsk was greatly excited by the adventure, and, having talked about it for some time, began to tell of other scenes of the kind, in which, at various times, he had been engaged. Some of these tales were worth repeating, and if I can remember them long enough, they shall appear in the next chapter.

*(To be continued.)*

## The Tongue.

EVERY child has in his mouth a thing to talk with, called the tongue. This is made to tell the truth with. When the tongue tells a lie, it does that which is very wrong.

The tongue is made to say kind and pleasant things to our friends. When it says a saucy thing to anybody, it is a naughty tongue.

When the tongue says a disobedient word to a father or mother, it is a wicked tongue. When it says an unkind word to a brother or sister, it is a very bad tongue indeed.

When the tongue swears, it does that which God has expressly forbidden.

When the tongue speaks dirty words it is a vile tongue. What little boy or



girl would like to carry about such a tongue in his mouth?

Now, my young reader, let me ask you a few questions. What sort of a tongue have you? Does it always speak the truth? Does that tongue of yours ever say saucy words?

Does your tongue ever say any disobedient words to your parents? Does it ever say any unkind words to a brother or a sister? Does it ever swear? Does it ever utter any bad words?

O, my little friend, if your tongue ever does anything wrong, what shall be done? Can you tell me how to correct an evil tongue? I can tell you. Let every child take good care of his tongue, and see that it never behaves ill.

### What is Selfishness?

THERE was once a dog and a cat sitting by a kitchen door, when the cook came out and threw several pieces of meat to them.

They both sprung to get it, but the dog was the strongest, and so he drove the cat away, and ate all the meat himself. This was selfishness; by which I mean, that the dog cared only for himself. The cat wanted the meat as much as he did; but he was the strongest, and so he took it all.

But was this wrong? No,—because the dog knew no better. The dog has no idea of God, or of that beautiful golden rule of conduct, which requires us to do to others as we would have them do to us.

Dr. Watts says,—

“Let dogs delight to bark and bite,  
For God hath made them so;  
Let bears and lions growl and fight,  
For ’t is their nature too.”

But children have a different nature, and a different rule of conduct. Instead of biting and fighting, they are required

to be kind and gentle to one another, and to all mankind.

Instead of being selfish, like the dog, they are commanded to be just and charitable, by which I mean, that they should always give to others what is their due, and also give to others, if they can, what they stand in need of.

If a child snatches from another what is not his, he is selfish, and very wicked. If a child tries in any way to get what belongs to another, he is selfish, and is as bad as a thief or a robber. Selfishness is caring only for one's self. It is a very bad thing, and every child should avoid it. A selfish person is never good, or happy, or beloved.

How miserable should we all be, if every person was to care only for himself! Suppose children and grown-up people, were all to be as selfish as cats and dogs. What constant fighting there would be among them!

How dreadful would it be to see brothers and sisters snarling at each other, and pulling each other's hair, and quarrelling about their food and their playthings! We ought to be thankful that God has given us a higher nature than that of beasts, and enabled us to see and feel the duty of being kind and affectionate to one another.

And as we can see and feel this duty, we ought to be very careful always to observe it.

A THOUGHT.—There are one thousand million people in the world. Each individual has a heart, and that heart beats about seventy times a minute. By means of this beating of the heart, the blood is sent over the body, and life is sustained. How great must that Being be, who can keep one thousand millions of hearts beating seventy times every minute—thus sending the blood through the veins and arteries of one thousand millions of people!

## WINTER.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM, BY G. J. WEBB.

'Tis win - ter; 'tis win - ter; the morning is gray: A cold looking

sky is a - bove us to - day; And see, where the hill-tops are

na - ked and brown, The pret - ty white snow - flakes come qui - et - ly down.

They come in their beauty, like spirits of light,  
And wrap the chilled earth with a mantle of white:  
Beneath it the daisies are sheltered and warm,  
And safe from the blasts of the pitiless storm.

And soon, when the sunbeams of summer shall come,  
They'll start up anew from their snow-covered home:  
They'll spread their green leaves over valley and plain,  
And catch the bright dews in their blossoms again.

# MERRY'S MUSEUM.

VOLUME II.—No. 6.

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## Sketches of the Manners, Customs, and History of the Indians of America.

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### CHAPTER X.

*Second attempt against Chili.—Valdivia reaches Mapocho.—Founds the city of St. Jago.—Temper of the natives.—Terrible battle.—Sends to Peru for help.—Officers taken.—Their treacherous escape.—Valdivia perseveres.—Final success and arrangements.*

THE next who attempted the conquest of Chili, was Pedro de Valdivia, a Spanish adventurer, and, like all the others, eager to distinguish himself, and to gain a fortune. However, he was not so cruel and avaricious as many of the adventurers. He determined to establish a permanent settlement in Chili. He began his march in the year 1540, with 200 Spaniards, and a numerous body of Peruvian auxiliaries; he had also some monks, several women, and a great number of European quadrupeds, with everything requisite for a colony.

He pursued the same route as Almagro, but, as it was in the summer, he passed the Andes without trouble, and entered Copiapo. But he found a cool reception, though it was warm weather. The people had learned the fate of Peru, and were determined not to allow their country to be plundered by the Spaniards, if they could help it.

They, of course, began to attack Valdivia, on all sides; but still the Span-

iards made good their way, and reached the province of Mapocho, now called St. Jago. This lies about 600 miles distant from the confines of Peru. It was a beautiful country, pleasant and fertile, and had such a large population, that its name was interpreted to signify "the land of many people." It lies upon the mountains of the Andes, and is 140 miles in circumference. The mountains in the north part abounded with gold, and in the east were rich mines of silver.

Valdivia admired the country, and determined to possess it. He accordingly began his settlement, by founding a city, which he named St. Jago, in honor of that apostle. At that time, Christians really believed that God was well pleased with having his followers conquer the heathen; and the most cruel and wicked of the Spanish adventurers always made a parade of their religion, or rather, their superstitions.

Valdivia went on, for a time, very successfully with building his city; but the natives were forming plans to destroy him. These he suspected, and seized and confined a number of their chiefs. Still, he was not at ease, and, wishing to watch their movements, he took sixty horse, and went out to scour

the country. The Mapochians in the vicinity, who were watching for such an opportunity, immediately fell upon the colony with terrible fury, burned the half-built houses, and assailed the citadel, where the inhabitants had taken refuge, on all sides.

The battle began at day-break, and was continued till night; fresh troops of Indians constantly pouring in to fill the places of those shot down by the Spaniards. The commander of the fort sent, during the night, a messenger to Valdivia, who immediately returned. The Indians were thus attacked on both sides; the musketry and horse made a terrible slaughter among them; they had no arms but bows and slings, yet they fought most furiously, till nearly all their army was destroyed.

Valdivia thus relieved the siege, and rebuilt the city; but, for six years, the natives were constant in their attacks; they cut off the Spaniards at every opportunity, destroyed the crops, and, finally, rendered all the fertile plains around St. Jago uncultivated and desert; and then retired to the mountains.

The Spanish soldiers had become heartily tired of this fighting life. A few battles did very well, but to spend year after year in warfare was not at all comfortable. So they finally determined to kill their general, and then return to Peru. Valdivia discovered the conspiracy, and finally succeeded in quelling it.

About the same time, he obtained possession of a rich gold mine, in the valley of Quillota; and, by distributing the gold freely among his men, he found that they soon grew contented. But he discovered that he needed more soldiers, as the natives were far from being subdued; and he had constantly to keep a detachment of troops to guard the miners.

At length, Valdivia resolved to send, by land, two of his captains, Monroy and

Miranda, with six companions, whose spurs, bits, and stirrups he directed to be made of gold, hoping thus to entice the Spaniards in Peru to come to his assistance.

These messengers were escorted by thirty horsemen, who were to accompany them to the borders of Chili. They reached Copiapo: here they were attacked by one hundred archers, commanded by Corteo, an officer of the Ulmen. The Spaniards were all slain, except the two captains, who, dreadfully wounded, were taken prisoners, and brought before the Ulmen.

That prince resolved to put them to death; but, at the solicitation of his wife, the Ulmena, he finally consented to spare them. She unbound them with her own hands, dressed their wounds, and treated them like brothers. When they were fully recovered, she desired them to teach her son the art of riding, as several of the horses had been taken alive in the defeat.

The two Spaniards readily consented to her request, hoping that they should find means to escape. This was natural; nor would it, perhaps, have been wrong, had they not committed a most horribly ungrateful crime to effect it. They were not strictly guarded, and frequently rode out with the young prince. One day, as this youth, the son of their benefactress, was riding between them, escorted by his archers, and preceded by his lance-bearer, Monroy suddenly attacked him with a poniard he had concealed, and gave him several mortal wounds; while Miranda wrested the lance from the officer; and, in the confusion caused to the escort by seeing their young prince bleeding on the ground, these two treacherous Spaniards easily escaped.

But this breach of faith was ultimately of great disadvantage to the Spaniards. That one unprovoked murder probably



caused the death of hundreds; because the natives never, after the occurrence, seemed to have put any faith in the professions of the white men.

The succeeding year or two were spent by Valdivia in fighting, and founding cities. The natives were gradually losing strength and hope; many were slain in the wars, and some yielded to what seemed inevitable, and became the allies of the Spaniards.

Still, there was much for these invaders to endure. At one time, the Copiapians, to revenge the murder of their prince by Monroy, killed forty Spaniards; and, not satisfied with that vengeance, they persuaded the Coquimbans to massacre all the inhabitants of a colony which had been founded in their territory, and to raze the city of Serena, which Valdivia had caused to be built, to its foundations.

In 1549, the city was rebuilt in a more advantageous situation: but every advantage had to be purchased at the point of the sword, and paid for by human blood.

After a contest of nine years, and almost incredible hardships, the Spanish power seemed established in that part of Chili which had, formerly, been under the dominion—or, rather, superintendence—of the Peruvian empire. Valdivia then proceeded to distribute the conquered lands among his officers, as had been done in the West Indies and Peru. Then he was ready to undertake the conquest of the remaining provinces of Chili.

He accordingly began his march, with a pretty large army of Spaniards and Indians, and proceeded 240 miles, to the bay of Penco, where, on the 5th of October, 1550, he founded a third city, called Conception.

He had now arrived in the vicinity of the Araucanians; and, before we proceed with the story of the war, I will

give you some account of the character and manners of this brave, free, and, in many respects, wonderful people.

#### CHAPTER XI.

*Chili continued.—Customs, manners, arts, character, religion, language, &c., of that nation of Chili called Araucanians.*

THE word *auca* signifies *free*; and the Araucanians pride themselves on their liberty and independence. They possess great strength of constitution, and enjoy their health and faculties till they are very old. They rarely begin to be gray before they are sixty or seventy, and are not bald or wrinkled till eighty.

Their complexion is of a reddish brown, but much clearer than that of any other Indians. One tribe, the Boroanes, which live on the mountains, have as fair complexions, red and white, as Europeans; but, in general, the Araucanians are well distinguished as “red men.” They have round faces, small, animated eyes, a rather flat nose, a handsome mouth, even and white teeth, and small feet and hands.

The men pluck out their beards, but the hair on their heads they permit to grow to a great length. It is coarse, and black, and they wind it in tresses around their heads, and on no account allow it to be cut. The women are delicately formed, and many of them, especially among the Boroanes, are very handsome.

Their moral qualities are superior to those of any other of the native nations of America. They are courteous, hospitable, faithful to their engagements, grateful for services rendered them, and, generally, generous and humane towards the vanquished. They are exceedingly brave and patriotic, and enthusiastic lovers of liberty.

These noble qualities are obscured by

the vices inseparable from the half-savage state of life they lead, unrefined by literature, and unenlightened by the Christian religion. They are often guilty of drunkenness; they practise polygamy, and they are very proud of themselves, and entertain a haughty contempt for all other nations.

The men dress in the following manner: they wear a shirt, vest, and a pair of short, close breeches; and a cloak, called a *poncho*. It is an oblong piece of cloth, about three yards long and two wide, with an opening in the middle for the head—and is a very commodious and useful garment.

Their clothes are made of wool, which they manufacture into cloth; and all the dress, except the poncho, is colored a greenish blue. This is the favorite color of the nation; but the poncho may be either white, red, or blue, with stripes a span broad, on which are wrought the figures of flowers and animals, in all manner of colors, and the border is ornamented with a handsome fringe.

The Araucanians wear on their heads a bandage of embroidered wool, in the form of the ancient diadem. They raise this, as a mark of courtesy, when saluting any one; when going to war, they ornament it with beautiful plumes. They also wear, around the body, a long woollen girdle, handsomely wrought. Persons of rank wear woollen boots, of various colors, and leather sandals; but the common people always go barefooted.

The dress of the women is very modest and simple. It consists of a tunic, a girdle, and a short cloak: the tunic descends to the feet; it has no sleeves, and is fastened on the shoulders by silver brooches. The color of the dress is always blue, and the fashion is never varied. But women seldom "forget their ornaments;" and these Araucanian ladies decorate their hair, which,

divided into tresses, is allowed to flow gracefully over their shoulders, with a profusion of false emeralds, and they wear necklaces of glass, and rings of silver on every finger, if they can obtain them.

They build their houses of a quadrangular form; the walls are made of wood, plastered with clay, and sometimes of brick; and the roof is covered with rushes. The size of the dwelling corresponds with the number of women a man can maintain, as each wife has her own fire-place. The interior of these houses is very simple, as they have no more furniture than is absolutely necessary. They live in scattered villages, each family on lands inherited from its ancestors—the right of private property being sacredly established. They will not live in walled cities, because they think the walls are a mark of slavery.

They manufacture their cloth from the wool of the Chilihueque, or Araucanian camel. They make use of the spindle and distaff, and have two kinds of looms; the first is somewhat like our common loom. The women perform all the domestic manufacture, and are likewise expert at sewing. They had needles and looms when first discovered by the Spaniards; in short, all the arts I shall describe, existed among them then, in as great perfection as they do at the present day.

From the excellent clay of their country the men manufactured pots, plates, cups, and large jars to hold their fermented liquors. They baked their pottery in ovens, made in the declivity of hills; and they had the art of varnishing their ware. They also extracted gold, silver, copper, tin, and lead from the earth, purified it, and made a variety of curious and useful articles.

They had discovered the art of making salt upon the sea-shore; and, from the juice of plants and from mineral earths, they procured dyes of all colors

for their clothes, and also knew how to fix the color, by means of a certain luminous stone. They used the bark of the tree *guallai*, as a substitute for soap, and obtained oil from the seeds of the *madi*.

They also manufactured baskets, mats, fishing-nets, ropes, and all their implements of labor and weapons of war. Their agricultural labors were considerable. They cultivated Indian corn, pulse of various kinds, potatoes, pumpkins, pepper, and large strawberries. They made use of spades, and a light plough, in tilling their grounds. They had domesticated the *Chilihueque*, an animal shaped like a camel, but having long hair, or rather, wool, which served for all purposes of making cloth. They had also hogs and domestic fowls in plenty.

Their government is like that of Venice—an aristocratic republic. They have three orders of nobility, the dignities of each hereditary in the male line; but these nobles, though they administer the laws, have no power to make laws, but are obliged to govern according to the customs and traditions of the people. The highest rank is the Toquis; next, Apo-Ulmenes; third, Ulmenes. But these chiefs have no power of exacting contributions, or taxes, from the people; nor can they call upon them for their service, except in time of war.

The offences which are deemed deserving capital punishment, are, treachery, murder, adultery, the robbery of any valuable article, and witchcraft. Husbands and fathers are not subjected to any punishment for killing their wives and children, as they are declared to be the natural masters of their lives. In this particular, the odious wickedness of barbarous life is most strikingly displayed. No influence, save that of the *Christian religion*, can protect women and children from oppression; and yet there are women in *Christian countries*, who appear indifferent to, or wholly in-

sensible of, the precious privileges which the Gospel of Peace has bestowed on them!

The ulmenes are judges in all cases between the people; in questions of national importance, the whole body of nobles meet together in grand council.

Whenever the grand council determines to go to war, they elect a commander-in-chief; and he is chosen for his fitness, without regard to rank. Sometimes they elect one from the common class, if there is no one among the nobles more distinguished for bravery.

The new general assumes the title of toqui, and a stone hatchet; and all nobles and people take an oath of obedience to his orders. He is, in fact, dictator; but yet his power is not quite supreme, for he cannot put any one to death without the consent of his officers.

Every Araucanian is born a soldier and a patriot—all are ready to fight for their country; so that there is no difficulty in raising an army, which usually consists of five or six thousand men. The toqui appoints his lieutenants; these appoint subordinates; and so on, till the army is organized.

The army is at present composed of infantry and horse. They formerly had only foot-soldiers; but, perceiving the great advantage which the Spaniards derived from their cavalry, the shrewd Araucanians set themselves to providing horses, and, in 1568—only seventeen years after their first opposing the Spanish arms—they were able to furnish several squadrons; and, in 1585, they had their cavalry regularly organized.

The infantry is divided into regiments and companies; each regiment has 1000 men, and contains ten companies. The cavalry is divided in a like manner. They have all their particular standards, but each bears a *star*, the national device. The soldiers are not clothed in uniform, but all wear, beneath their

usual dress, cuirasses of leather, hardened by a peculiar mode of dressing; and their shields and helmets are made of the same material.

The cavalry is armed with swords and lances; the infantry with pikes and clubs, pointed with iron. They formerly used bows and slings; but, when fighting with the Spaniards, they found these would not do; so, to avoid the effect of the musketry, they adopted pikes and clubs, and immediately closed in and fought hand to hand with the enemy.

They used fire-arms with great skill, whenever they took powder and muskets from the Spaniards; but, as soon as the powder was expended, they returned to their own way of fighting. They were, however, very anxious to learn the secret of making powder, and, it is reported, tried one very extraordinary experiment.

There happened to be a few *negroes* with the Spanish troops; these, the Araucanians thought, were the powder magazines; or, at least, that the Spaniards used them in making powder. So, happening to take a poor black man prisoner, the Araucanians first covered him with stripes from head to foot, and then burned him to a coal, in order, by reducing it to powder, to obtain the so much wished for secret. But the cruel experiment failed!

The troops of this warlike nation are very vigilant, and always choose excellent positions. They are, moreover, acquainted with the art of constructing military works, and of protecting themselves with deep ditches, which they guard with branches of thorn.

When action becomes necessary, they separate the cavalry into two wings, and place the infantry in the centre; the files being arranged in such a manner that a pikeman and one who carries a club always fight side by side. They are brave, indeed utterly fearless, in battle.

Though they know full well that the first ranks will be exposed to almost certain destruction, they eagerly contend with each other for these posts of honor. As soon as the first line is cut down, or swept away by the cannon, the second occupies its place, and then the third, pressing on, until they succeed in breaking the front ranks of the enemy. In the midst of their fury, they preserve the strictest order, and perform all the evolutions directed by their officers. The most terrible of these are their club-bearers, who, Hercules-like, destroy or beat down all before them.

The prisoners they take are usually made slaves, until they are exchanged or ransomed. They seldom put a prisoner to death.

The religious system of the Araucanians differs, in some respects, from that of other Indian nations. They acknowledge a Supreme Being, the author of all things, whom they call *Pillan*—a word derived from *pulli*, the soul, and signifies the supreme essence. This Supreme Being is the great Toqui of the invisible world, and has a number of subordinate spirits, to whom is entrusted the administration of affairs of less import. There is a god of war, a benevolent deity, and the *guembu*, a malignant being; the author of all evil. If a horse tires, the *guembu* has rode him; if the earth trembles, this evil spirit has given it a shock; and he suffocates all who die,—so think the Araucanians.

Then the people believe in *genii*, who have charge of all created things, and who, united with the benevolent meulor, are constantly at war with the power of the wicked *guembu*. These *genii* are of both sexes—the females are lares, or familiar spirits, and always watch over mankind. Every Araucanian thinks he has one in his service. They sometimes invoke these deities, and implore their aid



on urgent occasions; but they have no temples of worship, nor idols of any description; nor do they offer any sacrifices, except in case of some great calamity, or on concluding a peace. At such times they sacrifice animals and burn tobacco.

They believe in the immortality of the soul. This consolatory truth is deeply rooted, and seems innate with them. They think the soul, when separated from the body, goes to a country west, beyond the sea: one part of this land is pleasant, and filled with everything delightful—it is the abode of the good; the other part—desolate and wretched—is the habitation of the wicked.

Missionaries are much respected, and well-treated among them, and have full liberty of preaching their tenets; but yet, very few of the natives have ever been converted to Christianity. Still, they would seem to be the most likely of any of the Indian nations, to become, by suitable instruction, rational and real Christians. Their mode of worship, or manner of thinking respecting religious subjects, is more pure and spiritual than that of any other heathen people; and if books, in their own beautiful language, could be furnished them, and schools could be established among them, and good men and women, teachers of righteousness, in example as well as precept, would devote themselves to the work of instruction, it seems as though this interesting nation might be soon raised to the high rank of a civilized and Protestant Christian republic.

The Araucanians divide time as we do, into years, seasons, months, days, and hours; but in a different method. They commence their solar year on the 22d of December, calling this solstice *Thaumatipantu*, the head and tail of the year; and they denominate June, *Udanthipantu*, the divider of the year, from its dividing it into two parts.

They divide the year into twelve months, of thirty days each, and add five intercalary days to make out the solar year. The months are named from the most remarkable things produced at the time: thus—January is called *Avuncujer*, the month of fruit; February, *Cogi-cujer*, the month of harvest—and so on. The natural day is divided into twelve parts, six being allotted to the day, and six to the night; so that the Araucanian hour is as long as two of ours.

In astronomy, they have made wonderful progress, considering that they have had no written signs, to perpetuate their observations. They have divided the stars into constellations, and named these from the number of remarkable stars that compose them. Thus, the Pleiades are called *Cajupal*, the constellation of six; and the Antartic Cross, *Meleritho*, the constellation of four; because the first has six stars that are very apparent, and the last four.

They are well acquainted with the planets, and believe that these globes are so many earths, inhabited in the same manner as ours; for this reason they call the sky *Guenu-mapu*—the country of heaven; and the moon, *Cuyen-mapu*—the country of the moon. They believe comets to be exhalations or vapors from the earth, inflamed in the upper regions of the air; and never exhibit any fear at the sight of these, or of eclipses of the sun or moon. It is plain that they consider these as natural phenomena, but whether they know the course of eclipses or not, cannot be gathered from the imperfect knowledge we have of their language.

The Araucanians hold oratory in high estimation. The eldest son cannot succeed to the right of his birth, if he is deficient in this talent. So parents accustom their young sons, from childhood, to speak in public, and carry them

to the national assemblies, where the best orators of the country display their eloquence.

They are as careful as ever were the Greeks, to speak their language correctly, and to preserve its purity. They are so particular about introducing foreign words, that when a foreigner settles among them, they oblige him to relinquish his name, and take another in the Chilian language.

The speeches of their orators are in the Asiatic style, highly figurative, allegorical, and elevated. They abound with parables and apologues; and yet they are seldom deficient in all the essential parts required by the rules of rhetoric; they have a suitable exordium, a clear narrative, a well-founded argument, and a pathetic peroration.

Their poets are called *gempin*, signifying *lords of speech*. What a beautiful and expressive name! Unrestrained enthusiasm is the prime characteristic of their poetry. The principal subject of the songs is the exploits of their heroes, somewhat in the manner of Ossian. Their verses are composed mostly in stanzas of eight or eleven syllables—a measure that appears most agreeable to the human ear. They are blank, but occasionally a rhyme is introduced, according to the taste of the poet.

The Araucanians have three kinds of physicians: the *ampines*, who employ only simples. These doctors are skilful in their knowledge of herbs, and understand pretty well the curing of most common diseases. Then there are the *vileus*, a class of doctors who believe that all contagious disorders proceed from insects: these are the regular physicians, and despise the poor herb-doctor as much as our own regular-bred M. D.'s do the quacks. The third class—*machis*—maintain that all serious disorders proceed from witchcraft, and pretend to cure by supernatural means; for

which reason they are employed in desperate cases, when the exertions of the other doctors have failed. Sometimes the three kinds of physicians are called to hold a regular consultation—but they seldom agree.

Besides these professors of medicine, there are surgeons—*gutorne*—who remedy dislocations, and cure wounds and ulcers. And there is also a class who dissect bodies, in order to learn from the entrails if they are infected with poison; and in this way they obtain a tolerably correct notion of the human anatomy.

Before the arrival of the Spaniards, the Araucanians made use of bleeding, blistering, clysters, emetics, cathartics, and sudorifics—all which remedies have their peculiar names in their language. They let blood with the sharp point of a flint, fixed in a small stick; and they still prefer this instrument to a lancet. Almost all their medicines are obtained from vegetables.

The internal commerce—that is, the traffic among themselves—is entirely carried on by barter, and regulated by a kind of conventional tariff, according to which all commercial articles are appraised under the name of *cullen*, or payment, as was the custom in the time of Homer. Thus, a horse or bridle forms one payment; an ox, two—and so on.

Their external commerce is carried on, also, in the same way of barter; the Araucanians receive wine and European merchandise in exchange for *ponchos*, or Indian cloaks, horned cattle, horses, ostrich feathers, curiously wrought baskets, and other trifles.

The Spaniard who engages in this trade, applies directly to the heads of families. If they tell him he may trade, he proceeds to their houses, and distributes, indiscriminately, his merchandise to all those who may present themselves. When he has completed his sale, he

gives notice of his departure, and all the purchasers hasten to deliver to him, in the first village he arrives at, the articles agreed upon as payment; and never has there been known an instance of the least failure of punctuality. Would that those who bear the name of Christians, would always observe as good faith in their contracts as these Indians!

The pride of this people has been before noted. They are as proud of their valor and liberty as ever were the Romans. They believe themselves the only people in the world that deserve the name of men! This high opinion of themselves makes them hold every other nation in great contempt. They call the Spaniards by names which signify *vile soldiers* and *assassins*. The other Europeans they call *moruche*, or strangers. But to each other they are all benevolence; and their language seems formed to express their kindness. They have six or seven very expressive words in their language for the term *friend*. For their relations of the most distant degree, they have terms which express particular regard and good will. In consequence of this mutual affection, they are always ready to assist each other. Not a beggar or an indigent person is to be found throughout all the Araucanian territory; even the most infirm and incapable of assisting themselves, are decently clothed. What a lesson should this furnish to Christian nations!

Nor is the benevolence of the Araucanian confined to his own countrymen: he is hospitable towards all strangers, of whatever nation; and a traveller may live in any part of the country, without the least expense.

They are very eloquent in expressing their good will, and sometimes rather tiresome in their compliments. They are naturally fond of honorable distinction, and they will not endure to be

treated with the least contempt or neglect. If a Spaniard begins to speak to one of them with his hat on, the Indian immediately says—“*Entugo tarmi curtesia*”—take off your hat!

By attention and courtesy, anything may be obtained from them; and the favors they receive are always remembered; but ill-treatment exasperates them to such a degree, that nothing but revenge can appease them.

The Araucanians allow polygamy; a man may marry as many wives as he can purchase and maintain. This is the worst feature in their social policy, and seems almost the only obstacle which retards their civilization, or prevents them from becoming Christians. But even in these marriages, they show a higher sense of the natural laws of man, than the profligate Caribs did. The Araucanians, in their marriages, scrupulously avoid the more immediate degrees of relationship.

Their marriage ceremonies have very little formality, and consist in nothing more than carrying off the bride by pretended violence; and the bridegroom is obliged to give a variety of presents to the parents of the bride, and provide a grand entertainment for all the relations.

The first wife is always respected as the real and legitimate one; the others are called *iardimo*, or secondary wives. The first wife has also the authority of the mistress of the house; but the other wives are not always obedient, and the husband who has a number of these help-meets, has a deal of trouble to maintain harmony among them, though they generally treat him with great respect.

Celibacy is considered as ignominious. Old bachelors and old maids are called by names that signify old, idle, good for nothing.

Besides the usual female occupations of taking care of the house and chil-

dren, spinning, weaving, and so on—that females in all countries perform—the women are not obliged to do much of the labor of living. But they pay the greatest attention to the cleanliness of their houses, sweeping them and the courts several times in the course of the day. Whenever they make use of any utensil, they immediately wash it.

The same attention to cleanliness is paid to their persons; they comb their hair twice a day, and once a week wash it with the soap made from the bark of the *quillai*, which keeps the hair very clean. There is seldom to be seen on their clothes the least spot of dirt.

The men are likewise equally fond of being neat and clean. In warm weather they bathe themselves several times a day, and it is rare, even in winter, that they do not bathe at least once a day.

Children are very kindly treated, and rarely, if ever, punished—the Araucanians holding it as an established truth, that chastisement only renders men base and cowardly.

The usual diet of this people is very simple. They are fond of Indian corn, and potatoes: of the last they have cultivated more than thirty different kinds, from time immemorial. Although they have both large and small animals, and birds in plenty, yet they eat but little flesh, and that is simply boiled or roasted. They rarely eat pork, though they know how to prepare black puddings and sausages; nor do they make much use of fish. They prefer bread and vegetables, especially potatoes, roasted, with a little salt.

Their usual drinks consist of various kinds of beer, and of cider, made from Indian corn, apples, and other fruits. They are extremely fond of wine, which they purchase from the Spaniards; but they have never taken any pains to cultivate the vine, which might be easily raised in the country.

The master of the house eats at the same table with his wives and children. The plates are earthen; the spoons and cups are made of horn and wood. The *ulmenes*, or nobles, have, in general, wrought plate for the service of their tables; but they only make use of it when they entertain some stranger of rank—then they make all the show possible, as they like to be considered rich. In summer, they are fond of dining in the shade of trees, which for this purpose are always planted round the house. Besides dinner, supper, and breakfast, they have, every day, their luncheon, which consists of a little flour of parched corn, steeped in hot water in the morning, and in cold in the evening.

Such is their common mode of living; but, on the occasions of funerals, marriages, or any other important event, they make great entertainments. Sometimes, three hundred persons are present, and the feasting continues two or three days. These are called *cahuin*, or circles, because the company seat themselves in a circle around a large branch of cinnamon wood.

They have also a custom, somewhat similar to our New England raisings, huskings, and quiltings. When there is any work which requires the combined aid of several persons—such as threshing their grain, building a house, &c.—the Araucanians, or all who wish to partake of the feast, assemble, and work until the labor is completed. But they generally come in sufficient numbers to finish the job in a few hours, and then devote the remainder of the day to amusement.

Music, dancing and play, form their customary diversions. Their musical instruments are very rude, their voices rather harsh, and the manner of singing not very agreeable to a stranger. But their dances, of which they have several, are lively and pleasing. The men and



women sometimes dance together, but oftener apart.

Their games are very numerous, and, for the most part, very ingenious; they are divided into sedentary and gymnastic. It is a curious fact, and worthy of note, that they have the game of chess, which they call *comican*, and which has been known to them from time immemorial. They have also a game, *quechu*, which is almost similar to our backgammon.

The youth exercise themselves frequently in wrestling and running, and playing ball, which they like exceedingly. But the *penco* is a favorite game, because it has some resemblance to the siege of a fortress—and they delight in war.

The *penco* is thus played. Twelve or more persons join hands, and form a circle, in the centre of which stands a little boy. Their adversaries, who are equal in number, and sometimes superior, endeavor by force or stratagem to break the circle, and obtain the boy, in which the victory consists. But this is no easy matter. The defenders make almost incredible efforts to keep themselves closely united, and the besiegers are often compelled, by weariness, to relinquish the attempt; and then the defenders shout for their victory.

The aboriginal inhabitants of Chili, from the ocean to the Andes, from Peru to Magellan, all speak the same language. It is a regular, harmonious, and rich language, and so elegant, expressive, and copious, that Europeans who have studied it, think the Chilians must, in former times, have possessed a much greater degree of civilization than at present; because mere savages could never have formed a dialect so perfect.

It differs from every other American language, not less in its words than in its construction. It is so copious, that a complete dictionary of it would require

more than one large volume; and in sweetness and variety it greatly excels the other Indian dialects.

The Araucanians are very particular to teach their children to speak with propriety and elegance; and it is probably this care which has preserved the language so pure. They will not converse in Spanish, though they easily learn that language, or, indeed, any other; but they scrupulously adhere to their own tongue,—and it is through this medium that, if ever they embrace Christianity, they must be taught. It seems, from many circumstances, as though this people were peculiarly prepared to become Protestant Christians, whenever they can be instructed in the arts of reading and writing, and furnished with the Word of God.

Such are the character and manners of the Araucanians of the present day: most of the customs we have described are original, though a few of them have been derived from the Spaniards.

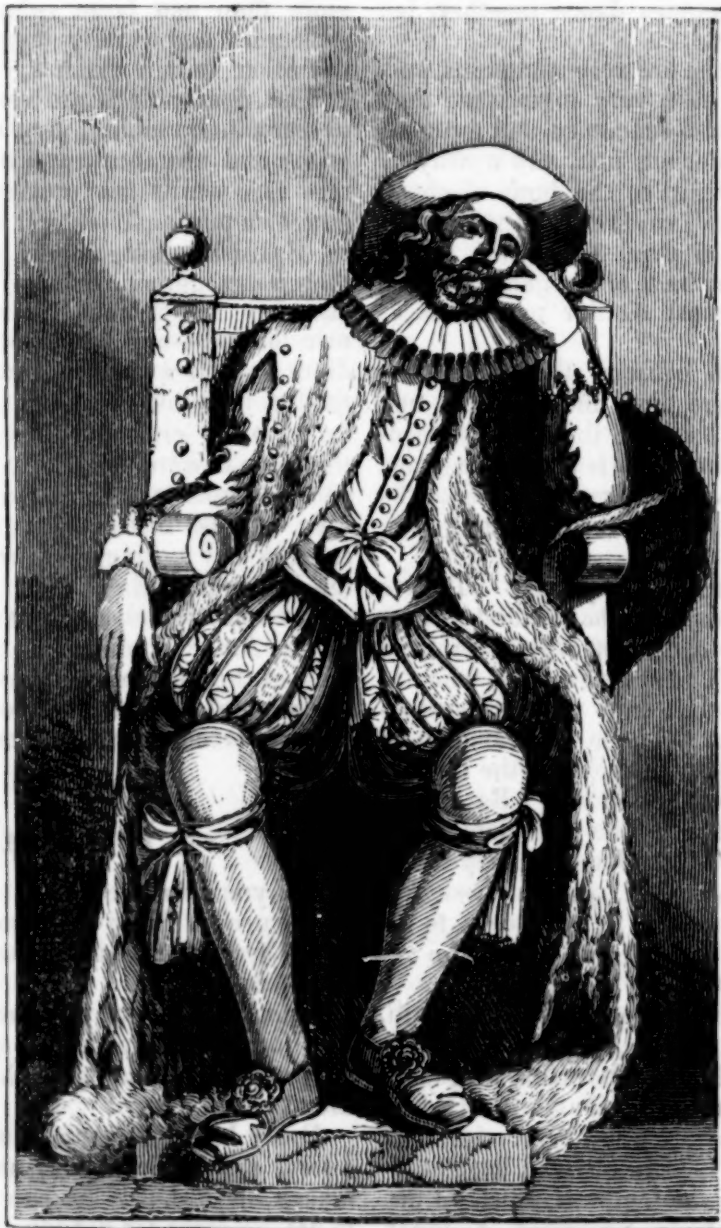
### A Long Nap.

Did you ever see a bear? A bear is a creature as large as a small cow.—Some bears are black, some white, and some brown.

Bears live far away in the woods and mountains. They do not get together, as people do, and build houses: not they!

Every bear looks out for some hole in a tree, or cave in a rock, and there he makes his bed. If he can get enough to eat, he cares for nobody else.

When winter comes, bears of some kinds grow sleepy, and, crawling into a hole, or lying down beneath the shelter of thick trees, they shut their eyes and go to sleep. Like the little striped squirrel, and wood-chucks, and toads and lizards, they thus sleep till spring.



### Lord Bacon.

THE word *bacon* is usually applied to a piece of smoked pork, and sometimes means nothing more than *ham*. But, in the present case, it is applied to one of the greatest and most useful men that

ever lived,—and this may show that the same word may signify very different things.

Now, this Lord Bacon—whose Christian name was Francis—as I have said, was a great and useful man; but what did he do? He was no warrior, and

never fought a battle; he was no king, and never wore a crown; he was no giant, and never performed any great feat of bodily strength: but he did more for the good of mankind than any giant, king, or warrior. He taught the world how to think, how to reason, how to find out truth!

He was born in London, in the year 1561. He was bred a lawyer, and held office under Elizabeth, then queen of England. But, after a time, he offended the queen, and his hopes of high preferment were disappointed. After queen Elizabeth died, and James I. came to the throne, he was made a judge, and held several important stations, and at last was honored with the title of Viscount St. Albans—which meant that he was one of the nobles of the land; or, in other words, that he was to be called a lord.

But the offices and honors he enjoyed, were not the foundation of Bacon's claims to the respect and gratitude of mankind. You must remember that he lived almost three hundred years ago; and then the people, even those who were learned, held many absurd opinions, and, what was the worst of all, they had false and foolish modes of reasoning. Thus it often happened, that even the learning and philosophy of those days rather led to error than to truth.

Now, Bacon applied himself to the teaching of better modes of thinking and reasoning. Instead of bewildering the mind with theories and fancies, he taught the world to study into facts; to gather stores of knowledge; and to make this knowledge the starting-point—the foundation of their philosophy. He taught this great and simple truth, and the result of it has been, that mankind, since his time, have discarded many absurd errors, and gone on making new and wonderful discoveries. Many of the great inventions, and much of the science and knowledge now current

among mankind, are the result of Bacon's wise and useful lessons.

This great man died in 1626; and though he did so much for the world, he can hardly be said to have led a happy life. He was once imprisoned in the Tower of London—a dreary old castle—fined 200,000 dollars, turned out of parliament, and declared unworthy of serving his country! Perhaps he did something wrong, though the general opinion is, that he suffered this on account of unjust accusations. He was liberated from the tower, and the fine was remitted by the king; but from this period, he lived in privacy, devoting himself to the writing of books. They are now held in great estimation, for their stores of wisdom.

### Habits which concern Others.

Not only for our own sakes, but on account of all with whom we associate, it is our duty to take great care of our habits. The general principle which should lead us to do this is, that we cannot live for ourselves alone. We must think of others; we must speak and act with them in our minds. And we are bound to form such habits as shall tend to their good—to make us useful in the world. We must, in a word, deny ourselves. If, while we are children, we take pleasure in giving a part of what we enjoy, be it only a bunch of flowers, or an apple, to one of our school-mates, we shall thus prepare ourselves to make others good and happy, when we come to manhood. But a selfish habit will be very hard to change hereafter.

We should form the habit of associating with good persons. A lad may have many pleasant things about him; he may be witty, or bold, or smart; but, if he is coarse in his manners—if he is

vulgar, profane, or addicted to falsehood, we should shun his company. We are apt to become like those with whom we freely associate; and although we do not mean to imitate their faults, and do not think there is any danger of it, yet we may soon fall into the same bad habits. To be safe, therefore, we should never trust ourselves unnecessarily with any but good people.

You may think it will be easy to break away from the company and acquaintance of a boy, when you find him to be very bad; but it will not be so. Many have been ruined for life by the friendships they have formed with vicious children, while at school with them. They continued to associate with them, and caught their vices in youth, and even up to manhood. If we wish to do good in the world, we must be good; and we cannot be good, if we are very intimate with bad persons.

It is our duty habitually to speak well of others. We are accustomed to do the opposite of this—to say all the bad things of others which we think the truth will allow. This is wrong. A little boy once said to his mother—"When will these ladies be gone, so that we can talk about them?" And what was to be said about those ladies? Probably the family were in the habit of speaking of the faults of their visitors. If there was anything that could be ridiculed in their dress or their remarks, then was the time to discuss it.

Now, we all know the power of habit; and if we could only learn to think what *good* things we could say of others, and keep all that was bad to ourselves, what an immense improvement there would be among school-children, and in the whole world! It is our duty to love all men; let us, therefore, try to speak well of every one, and we shall soon love them. If we talk much against them, we cannot love them.

We should practise punctuality, for the sake of others, as well as ourselves. He who is punctual, will accomplish far more in a day, than he who is not so. Washington was remarkable for this virtue. He once rode into Boston without any escort, because the soldiers were not punctual to meet him on the line, at the time they promised. His mother taught him, when a boy, to have certain hours for every employment, and to do everything at the appointed time. This habit helped, in his after life, to make him a good man. He was able to do what, without it, he never could have done.

We injure others by a neglect of punctuality. A girl says to herself—"It is a little too cold, or a little too warm, to go to school to-day;" or—"I feel a slight headache;" and so she remains at home. Now, she thus not only loses all she might that day have learned, but gives her teacher trouble. He must note her absence; and when the time comes for a recitation the next day, she is behind her class, and gives him and them farther trouble. We ought never to say—"It is only once—I will not do so again;" and think thus to excuse ourselves; for, from the force of habit, the oftener we are tardy, or otherwise fail in our duty, the more frequently shall we be likely to do so, and the more injury shall we do others, of course, by this fault. So that, on every account, we should be punctual.

Among the habits essential to a good character, is moral independence. We hear much said about being independent in regard to property. Some persons think that condition all-important. But it is only so, if it can be proved indispensable to a higher and nobler independence—that of character. Let us inherit a patrimony, or earn a fortune by industry and economy, or by the power of superior talents; we shall still be miserably dependent on others, if we



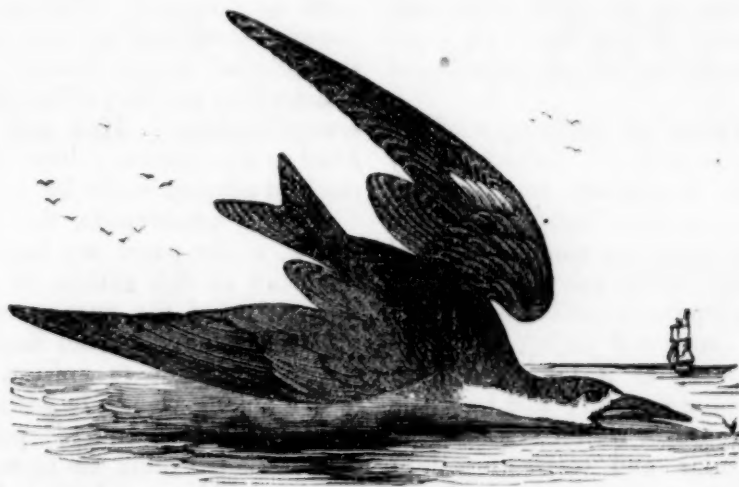
do not form our own opinions, as respects our duty, and practise what we feel to be right, and not merely what others tell us is right.

We should first understand in what true independence consists. It is not eccentricity, or oddity, or affectation; nor is it an unreasonable pride and confidence in ourselves. We sometimes see boys, at school, who put on airs, and pretend to be very independent in all they say and do. There is no virtue in this. Ann is called very smart, because she is not afraid to *speaking her mind*, as she terms it, about everybody and everything. She does it, when she knows it will give others pain. This is not true independence.

Sarah is always saying queer, strange, and, what some call, independent things. But she does this merely for display. She is very dependent, for she lives on

the opinion of others. She is always imagining what people will say of her. Another girl is trying to be eccentric. If she can find out what her companions expect her to think, or do, or say, she will strive to think, act, or speak, in exactly the opposite way.

True independence is a habit of forming our own opinions on all subjects, without regard to those of our neighbors. It leads us, under all circumstances, to think, speak, and act according to what we believe to be our duty. We should never wait for others to act, through fear of doing differently from them. It is our duty to be considerate of the feelings of others, and to be prudent and accommodating where their happiness is concerned. But if we feel any course to be right, we should always pursue it, let us suffer as we may from the unjust censure of others.—*English Magazine.*



### The Black Skimmer of the Seas.

THIS bird, which is sometimes called *shearwater*, is a lover of the ocean, and spends nearly his whole life in skimming along its surface, or in sitting upon its shores.

A person, on looking at the creature's bill, might think it a very clumsy contrivance; for the lower mandible, or jaw, is a great deal longer than the upper one. People used to think that there was some mistake of nature, in giving this bird what seemed to them so in-

convenient a tool for getting a living with. But this was only one of those instances in which ignorance led to presumption, and presumption to folly. A better knowledge of the sheerwater's ways of life has served to show, that in this case, as in all others, the Author of nature has shown wonderful skill in adapting means to ends; in supplying His creatures with the best possible contrivances for the trade or profession they are to follow.

Now, the black skimmer is made for a fisherman; he is made to feast upon shrimps, and small fishes of various kinds, that live near the surface of the water. Accordingly, he is provided with a bill, the lower part of which is the longest, and which he can dip in the water while he is skimming close over its face. In order to prevent this from impeding his progress, it is shaped like the blade of a knife, and thus it cuts the water with ease. As he speeds along, his bill scoops up the little fishes, and by the impetus of his flight, they are carried along in his bill, and swallowed as he goes.

No better proof of the success of the ingenious contrivance furnished by nature to the sheerwater can be needed, than that he is a lucky fisherman, and seems to enjoy an almost perpetual banquet. His wings are made of vast length, on purpose to assist him in sustaining his continued flight; and thus he seems to sail as if the wind were made on purpose for him; and he feasts as if the wide ocean were his larder.

This singular and interesting bird comes to us along the northern shores of the Atlantic, in May, and retires to the south in autumn, where he spends the winter. His favorite haunts are low sand-bars, raised above the reach of the tides. He builds his nest on dry flats, near the ocean. His body is nineteen inches long, and his wings, when ex-

panded, are forty-four inches from tip to tip. Thus the sheerwater, instead of being shabbily treated, is a striking instance of the adaptation of nature's work, to the purposes of its great Author.

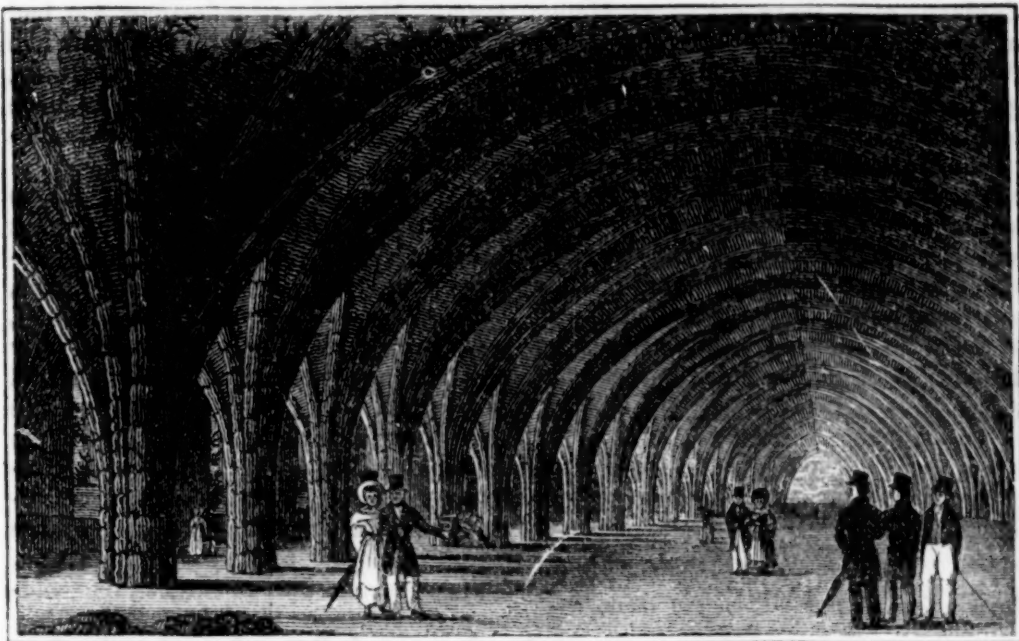
## The Squirrel.

THE more we examine the works of nature, the more we shall be made to feel that there is infinite variety in them—that almost every part of the universe is filled with inhabitants appropriate to it; and that each individual thing is fitted to the place it occupies. Among plants, for instance, there are nearly a hundred thousand kinds already recorded in the books of the botanists; among animated beings, there are, perhaps, even a greater number of species. And what a countless number of each individual kind, whether in the vegetable or animal world! Every part of the earth is occupied. The earth, the air, the sea—each and all are inhabited by myriads of living things. And how wonderfully are they all adapted to their several designs! How well is the fish fitted to his element; how admirably is the bird adapted to the life he is to lead!

Among quadrupeds, the lively little fellow, whose name we have placed at the head of this article, is a pleasing illustration of the success with which nature accomplishes her designs. The squirrel is made to enliven the forest, to live among woods, to gather his food and make his nest, and spend a great part of his life amid the branches of the trees. And how perfectly is he at home in his domain! He springs from limb to limb—from tree to tree; he ascends or descends the trunks at pleasure, and seems to be as safe, in his airy evolutions, as the ox, or the horse, upon the solid ground—or the bird in the air, or the fishes in the river.

How perfect an instance of adaptation is this! How nice must be a piece of machinery, that could be made to operate with such celerity, in such a variety of ways, and with such certain success!

And how pleasing, as an object of mere beauty, is the squirrel! How graceful his form—how cheerful his aspect—how seemingly happy his existence!



### Gothic Architecture.

THE modes of building in different countries, and in different ages of the world, have resulted in several distinct styles of architecture.

Among the ancient Egyptians, it would seem, from the low and massy forms of their edifices, that they were fashioned in imitation of caves—the first habitations of savage man. The temples, of which many ruins remain along the borders of the Nile, seem almost like structures hewn out of the rock; so heavy are the columns, and so low the arches.

Among the Greeks, the style of architecture seemed to be suggested by the

wooden cabin, supported upon the trunks of trees. Thus the lighter and loftier columns supporting their edifices, seem to be a leading feature of their buildings.

In China, the houses appear to be fashioned after the tent, as if the idea had been borrowed from the pastoral age, when the inhabitants subsisted upon flocks, and dwelt in tents.

The Gothic architecture appears to be an imitation of the grove; the roof being supported by pillars, branching upward. The engraving will give some idea of this style of building. It flourished from the year 1000 to 1500, A. D., and was particularly used in the construction

of churches, monasteries, and other religious buildings, during that period. In France and Germany there are still to be seen many churches in this style; and though they have an ancient and gloomy appearance, they are very beautiful, and the sombre light within, seems well fitted to a place of worship. In England, also, there are many Gothic edifices of the olden time, among which Westminster Abbey, in London, is a fine specimen. In Boston, Trinity Church is somewhat in the Gothic taste; and at Hartford there is a fine specimen, in the Episcopal Church. There are also several other edifices in this country, of recent structure, which are imitations, in part, of ancient Gothic buildings; but a pure example of this style is hardly to be found, except in Europe, and among the edifices of past centuries.

## Merry's Life and Adventures.

### CHAPTER XIV.

*Recovery from sickness.—Change of character.—  
Story of a quack.*

IN about two months after my accident, I rose from the sick bed, and was permitted to walk abroad. Although it was autumn, and the sere and yellow leaves were now nearly stript from the trees, the face of nature bore an aspect of loveliness to me. I had so long been shut up, and excluded alike from fresh air and the out-door scenes of life, that I was like a man long deprived of food, with a ravenous appetite and a full meal before him. I enjoyed everything; the air, the landscape, the walk—each and all delighted me. My fever was entirely gone, and, having nothing but weakness to contend with, I recovered my former state of health and strength in the course of a few weeks.

But I was not restored to my full flow of spirits—nor, indeed, from that day, have I ever felt again the joyous gush of boyhood emotions. My accident, attended by the wholesome shame it produced, had in no small degree abated my self-appreciation. I was humbled, if not before the world, at least in my own esteem. My sick-bed reflections, too, had served to sober my mind, and give me a sense of responsibility I had never felt before. I had, in short, passed from the gay thoughtlessness of a boy to somewhat of the sobriety of manhood.

I did not, myself, remark the change in my manners or my character; but others did. My uncle, particularly, noticed it, and became uneasy, or, rather, vexed about it. He was a jolly old man, and wished everybody else to be jolly too. Nor could he readily comprehend why such a change should have come over me: he did not easily appreciate sickness, or its effects; nor did he estimate the sobering influences of reflection. He insisted upon it that I was "*in the dumps*" about something; and, half in jest and half in earnest, he scolded me from morn to night.

In spite of all this, I continued to be a much more serious personage than before, and my uncle at last became alarmed. Though a man of pretty good sense, in general, he entertained a contempt for physicians, especially those engaged in regular practice. If he had faith in any, it was in those who are usually called quacks. He believed that the power of healing lay rather in some natural gift, than in the skill acquired by study and practice. As usually happens in such cases, any impudent pretender could deceive him, and the more gross the cheat, the more readily was he taken in, himself. Having made up his mind that I was, as he expressed himself, "*in a bad way*," he was casting about as to what was to be done. When, one evening, a person,



notorious in those days, and an inhabitant of a neighboring town, chanced to stop at the tavern. This person was called Dr. Farnum, and, if I may use the expression, he was a *regular* quack.

I happened to be in the bar-room when the doctor came. He was a large, stout man, with grizzled hair, a long cue adown his back, and a small, fiery, gray eye. This latter feature was deep-set beneath a shaggy eyebrow, and seemed as restless as a red squirrel upon a tree, of a frosty morning. It was perpetually turning from object to object, seeming to take a keen and prying survey of everything around, as we sometimes see a cat, when entering a strange room. The doctor's dress was even more remarkable than his person: he wore small-clothes—the fashion of the time—and top-boots, the upper portion being not a little soiled and fretted by time and use. His hat had a rounded crown, in the manner of an ancient helmet; and the brim, of enormous width, was supported on each side by strings running to the crown. His over-coat was long and ample, and of that reddish brown, called butternut color. I noticed that the hat and boots were of the same hue, and afterwards learned that this was a point of importance, for the person in question assumed and maintained the designation of the "*but'nut* doctor."

Having greeted my uncle heartily, and said "good day" to the loungers around the fire, he took a seat, spread his feet apart, and, sliding his hands up and down his legs, from the thigh to the shin-bone, called for a glass of flip. This was soon provided, and taking a large quid of tobacco out of his mouth—which he held in his hand, to be restored to its place after the liquor was discussed—he applied himself to the steaming potation. Having tasted this, and smacked his lips, a lickerish smile came over his face, and

turning round to the company, he said, in an insinuating tone—"Does any on ye know of any body that's sick in these parts?"

There was a momentary pause—and then Mat Olmstead, the standing wag of the village, replied: "Nobody, I guess, unless it's Deacon Kellig's cow."

"Well," said the doctor, not at all abashed at the titter which followed—"well, *I* can cure a cow; it's not as if I was one of your college-larnt doctors; I should then be too proud to administer to a brute. But, the scriptur' says, a marcfiful man is marcfiful to a beast—and I prefer follerin' scriptur' to follerin' the fashion. If Providence has given me a gift, I shall not refuse to bestow it on any of God's critters that stand in need on 't."

"Well," said Matthew, "do you cure a cow with the same physick that you cure a man?"

"Why not?" said Farnum; "it's better to be cured by chance, than killed by rule. The pint is, to get cured, in case of sickness, whether it's a beast, or a man. Nater's the great physician, and I foller that."

"What is nater?" said Olmstead.

"Nater? Ah, that's the question! Nater's—nater!"

"Indeed?—but can't you tell us what it is?"

"I guess I could, if I tried: it's the most mysteriousest thing in the univarsal world. I've looked into 't, and I know. Now, when a cow has lost the cud, so that it won't work up or down, I go to a place where there's some elder; then I cut some strips of the bark *up*; and I cut some on 't *down*; and I cut some on 't *round and round*. I then make a wad on 't, and put it down the cow's throat. That part of the bark that's cut up, brings the cud up; that part that's cut down, carries it down; and that part that's cut round and round,

makes it work round and round: and so, you see, there's a kind of huzzlety muzzlety, and it sets everything agoin', and all comes right, and the critter's 'cured as clean as mud. That's what I call nater!"

This speech was uttered with a very knowing air, and it seemed to derive additional authority from the long cue and broad brim of the speaker. He looked around, and perceived a sort of awful respect in the countenances of the hearers. Even the shrewd and satirical Matthew was cowed by the wisdom and authority of the doctor. My uncle, who had hitherto stood behind the bar, now came forward, and, sitting down by his side, inquired how it was that he had gained such a wonderful sight of knowledge.

"Why," says Farnum, "there 't is agin, squire; it's nater—it's clear nater. I never went to college, but I had a providential insight into things from my childhood. Now, here's my but'nut physic—it's true, an Indian give me the fust notion on't; but I brought it to perfection, from my own study into nater. Now, all them doctors' stuffs that you git at the pottékary's, is nothin' but pizen; thur's no nater in't. My physic is all yarbs—every mite on't. I can cure a man, woman, or child, jest as sure as a cat'll lick butter! There's no mistake."

"Well, how did you find it out, doctor?" said my uncle, seeming 'anxious to give him an opportunity to unfold his wisdom.

"Can you tell why a duck takes to water?" said Farnum, with a look of conscious importance. "It's because it's in him. 'T was jest so with me. I had a nateral instinct that telled me that there was something very mysterious in the number seven. I expect I got some on't from the scriptur', for there's a great deal there about it.

Well, one dark, rainy night, as I was goin' along thro' some woods, thinkin' about somethin' or other, I came to a bridge over a river. The wind was blowin' desput hard, and it seemed to go through me like a hetchel through a hand of flax. I stood there a minit, and then I looked down into the dark water, wolloping along; and, thinks I, it's all exactly like human nater. Well, now, if you'll believe me, jest as that are thought crossed my mind, I heerd a hoot-owl in the woods. He hooted jest seven times, and then he stopped. Then he hooted seven times more, and so kept goin' on, till he'd hooted jest forty-nine times. Now, thinks I to myself, this must mean somethin', but I could n't tell what. I went home, but I did n't sleep any. The next day I could n't eat anything, and, in fact, I grew as thin as a June shad. All the time I was thinkin' of the bridge, and the wind whistlin', and the river, and the dark rollin' water, and the hoot-owl that spoke to me seven times seven times.

"Well, now, there was an Indian in the place, who was famous for curin' all sorts of diseases with yarbs. I went to see him one day, and tell'd him I was sick. He ax'd me what was the matter, and I related the story of the owl. 'You are the man I have been seeking for,' said he. 'The spirit of the night has told me that I shall soon die; and he has commanded me to give my secret to one that shall be sent. In seven weeks from the time that you were at the bridge, meet me there at midnight.'

"True to the appointment, I went to the bridge. It was a rainy night agin, and agin the wind howled over the bridge—agin the owl was there, and agin he lifted up his voice forty-nine times. At that moment I saw the dark Indian come upon the bridge. He then told me his secret. 'Man,' said he, 'is subject to seven times seven diseases

and there are seven times seven plants made for their cure. Go, seek, and you shall find!' Saying this, the dark figure leaped over the bridge, and disappeared in the waters. I stood and heard a gurgling and choking sound, and saw somethin' strugglin' in the stream; but the Indian disappeared, and I have never seen him sence. I went from the place, and I soon found the forty-nine yarbs, and of these I make my pills. Each pill has seven times seven ingredients in it; though but'nut's the chief, and that's why it's called but'nut physic. You may give it in any disease, and the cure for 't is there. I've tried it in nine hundred and thirty-seven cases, and it haint failed but six times, and that, I reckon, was for want of faith. Here's some of the pills; there's forty-nine in a box, and the price is a dollar."

Such was the doctor's marvellous tale, and every word of it was no doubt a fiction.

It may seem strange that such an impostor as this should succeed; but, for some reason or other, mankind love to be cheated by quacks. This is the only reason I can assign for the fact, that Dr. Farnum sold six boxes of his pills before he left the tavern, and one of them to my uncle. The next day he insisted upon my taking seven of them, and, at his urgent request, I complied. The result was, that I was taken violently ill, and was again confined to my room for a fortnight. At length I recovered, and my uncle insisted that if I had not taken the pills, I should have had a much worse turn; and, therefore, it was regarded as a remarkable proof of the efficacy of Farnum's pills. Some two or three years after, I saw my own name in the doctor's advertisement, among a list of persons who had been cured in a wonderful manner, by the physic of the butter-nut doctor.

I have thought it worth while to note

these incidents, because they amused me much at the time, and proved a lesson to me through life—which I commend to all my readers—and that is, never to place the slightest confidence in a quack

### The Apple; a German Fable.

THERE lived a rich man at the court of King Herod. He was lord chamberlain, and clothed himself in purple and costly linen, and lived every day in magnificence and joy. Then there came to him, from a distant country, a friend of his youth, whom he had not seen for many years.

And to honor him, the chamberlain made a great feast, and invited all his friends. There stood on the table a great variety of excellent viands, in gold and silver dishes, and costly vessels with ointment, together with wine of every kind.

And the rich man sat at the head of the table, and was hospitable to all; and his friend who had come from a distant country, was at his right hand. And they ate and drank, and were satisfied.

Then the stranger addressed the chamberlain of the king: Such splendor and magnificence as your house contains, is not to be found in my country, far and wide! And he spoke highly of his magnificence, and pronounced him the happiest of men.

But the rich man, the king's chamberlain, selected an apple from a golden dish. The apple was large and beautiful, and its colour was red, approaching purple. And he took the apple and said, This apple has rested on gold, and its form is very beautiful! And he reached it to the stranger and friend of his youth.

And the friend cut the apple, and behold! in its middle was a worm! Then the stranger cast his eyes on the chamberlain. But the lord chamberlain looked upon the ground and sighed.



### The Pretender and his Sister.

"*The Pretender!* What a curious title!—and pray who can he be, Mr. Merry? And who is the girl at his side, that you call his sister?"

I will answer these questions, my gentle reader,—and let me tell you now, that there is nothing I like better than

to answer the inquiries of my young friends, when I am able.

Well, as to this Pretender—he was a personage that figured in the history of England, some hundred years ago. His name was Charles Edward. He was a grandson of Charles II., a king of Eng-



land, who was driven from the throne about the year 1690; and, thinking that his father, James III., ought to be king of England, he determined to make an effort to set him upon the throne. He was born 1720, and when he was twenty-two years old, he entered upon this great project.

Being at Rome, he induced the Pope to espouse his cause; he then went to Paris, and king Louis XV., having promised to assist him, fitted out a fleet, with 15,000 men; but they were defeated by the English, as they were on the point of sailing. After this, the French king would do no more for Prince Charles Edward, and the daring young man set out, in 1745, in a little vessel of eighteen guns, and arms for 1500 men.

He landed on the northwest coast of Scotland, and the people there seemed delighted to see him. He was a descendant of the former kings of Scotland, of the Stuart line, and it was natural enough for them to have a feeling of favor for one who thus claimed kindred with them. Accordingly, the Scottish nobles flocked to the standard of Edward, bringing with them hundreds of their brave soldiers.

He was soon at the head of a large and powerful army. With this he marched forward, defeated the English troops that advanced to meet him, and, in three months after his arrival, he took Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland.—France now sent him aid, and, with a force of 7000 men, he marched southward into England, and took the town of Carlisle. At Preston Pans, he defeated an English army of 4000 strong; and such was his success, that the English government, under King William, of Orange, trembled for their safety.

They therefore made great efforts, and in April, 1746, they sent a large army against him, under the Duke of Cumberland. At Culloden, the two

armies met, and a terrible battle followed; Prince Edward was defeated, and his army entirely dispersed. He was scarce able to save his life by flight; and, indeed, he wandered about, from place to place, among the wilds of Scotland, being every day in danger of being seized and given up to the English government, who offered \$150,000 to anybody who would bring him to them. It seems strange that so large a bribe could be resisted; but, such was the love that the Scottish people bore him, and such their fidelity, that no one was found to betray him, though many people were entrusted with the secret of his being among them. Even the poor mountaineers refused to give him up, though offered a sum of money that would have made them very rich.

At last, a faithful Scottish nobleman, by the name of O'Neil, took him in charge, and after wandering along the sea-shore in a skiff, flying from island to island, and experiencing the greatest sufferings and dangers, he was put on board a French frigate, that had been sent for his rescue. He was now taken to France, and soon after, giving up all hopes of seeing his family restored to the throne, he settled in Italy, where he died in 1788, in the 68th year of his age. He was the last of the Stuart line, and was called the *Pretender*, on account of his *pretending* to set up claims to the throne of England.

## Winter.

DECEMBER has come! Winter is here! These are common-place words, but they mean more, perhaps, than we are apt to consider.

Winter, then, means that the myriad leaves of the forest are shrivelled and torn from the trees, and scattered in the

valley: it means that the sap of the trees has ceased to flow, and that these giants of the vegetable world have passed into a state of stupor, in which they must remain till spring again returns.

Winter means that the myriad races of annual weeds and plants are dead, to revive again no more; that myriads of blossoms have faded forever from the view; that the verdure of the forest has passed away; that the gemmed garment of the meadow is exchanged for the thin, brown mantle of leanness and poverty; that the velvet of the lawn has given place to the scanty covering of dried and faded grass.

Winter means that the minstrelsy of the birds is gone, and that the field and forest, so lately cheered by a thousand forms and sounds of happy existence are now silent, or rendered more dreary and desolate by the moaning winds. It means that the birds are gone to their southern retreats; that the myriad races of insects are dead; that the whole generation of butterflies has perished; that the grasshoppers have sung their last song; that even the pensive cricket has gone to his long home. It means that death has breathed on our portion of the world, and that nature herself, as if weary of her efforts, has fallen into a cold and fearful slumber.

Winter means all these melancholy things; but it also means something more. It means that the granary of the farmer is full; that his barn is supplied; that there is good and ample store for the beasts that look to man for support, and for man himself. It means, too, that the comfortable fire will be kindled, around which the family will assemble, and where, secure from the bitter blast without, there will still be peace, comfort, and content. It means, too, that there is such a thing as poverty shivering, without fire, without

food—perhaps, without sufficient shelter; and it means that charity should seek and save those who are suffering in such a condition.

And winter means something more than all this: it means, by its examples of decay and death, to teach us that we, too, must pass away; and that it is well for us to make preparation for the great event. Winter also brings us to the end of the year, and suggests a serious self-inquiry, and self-examination. It would ask us if the last year has been one of profit or loss? Are we better, and wiser, than when it began? Are we more kind, more just, more patient, more faithful, more fond of truth?—Summer is the season for the harvest of the field; winter is the season for the moral harvest of the heart. Let it not pass with any of us as a barren and unproductive season, in which we neither sow nor reap the fruits of wisdom and peace.

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## The Hand.

EVERY limb and member of the body is made for some good purpose.

The eye is made to see with; the ear is made to hear with; the nose is made to smell with; the mouth is made to eat and speak with.

The feet are made to run and walk with; the hands are made to work with, to write with, and to do many other things.

But do you think children's hands were ever made to strike their brothers, or sisters, or playmates? Were your little hands ever made to snatch away things from each other?

Who gave you hands? God gave them. Did he give you hands to steal with? Did God give you hands that you might throw stones at geese, or

dogs, or hens, or cows, or any other innocent animals?

Did God give you hands to injure or wound any of the creatures he has made?

Take care of your little hands, then, my children! Take care that the hands God has given, do nothing that God disapproves.

### Nuts to Crack.

THE WORD "FAST."—This is as great a contradiction as we have in the language. The river is *fast*, because the ice is immovable; and then the ice disappears *fast* for the contrary reason—it is loose. A clock is called *fast* when it goes quicker than time; but a man is told to stand *fast*, when he is desired to remain stationary. People *fast* when they have nothing to eat, and eat *fast* when opportunity offers.

MILITARY COURTESY.—Gen. Meadows, equally renowned for his wit and bravery, being on a reconnoitring party, in the Mysore country, a twenty-four pound shot struck the ground at some distance from the General, and was passing in such a direction as would have exposed him to danger had he continued on his route; quick as lightning he stopped his horse, and, pulling off his hat very gracefully, as the shot rolled on, good-humoredly said: "I beg you to proceed, sir; I never dispute precedence with any gentleman of your family."

A DOCTOR, in Scotland, was employed by a poor man to attend his wife, who was dangerously ill. The doctor gave a hint, amounting to the suspicion that he would not be paid. "I have," says the man, "five pounds; and if you kill, or cure her, you shall have it." The woman died, under the hands of the

doctor, and, after a reasonable time, he called for his five pounds. The man then said: "Did you kill my wife?—did you cure her?" "No." "Then," said the poor man, "you have no legal demand," and turned upon his heel.

HOW TO SHAKE OFF TROUBLE.—Set about doing good to somebody: put on your hat, and go and visit the sick and poor—inquire into their wants, and minister to them; seek out the desolate and oppressed, and tell them of the consolations of religion. I have often tried this method, and have always found it the best medicine for a heavy heart.

A FATHER'S IMPULSE.—When Lord Erskine made his *debut* at the bar, his agitation almost overpowered him, and he was just going to sit down: "At that moment," said he, "I thought I felt my little children tugging at my gown, and the idea roused me to an exertion, of which I did not think myself capable."

THE SUBLIME.—Over the stall of a public writer, in Rue de Bac, at Paris, is the following inscription: "M. Renard, public writer and compiler—translates the tongues, explains the language of flowers, and sells fried potatoes."

FEELING FOR ANOTHER.—A Quaker, once hearing a person tell how much he felt for a friend who needed his assistance, dryly observed: "Friend, hast thou ever felt in thy pocket for him?"

"What are you writing such a thundering big hand for, Patrick?" "Why, do you see, my grandmother is deaf, and I am writing a loud lether to her."

A KNOTTY CASE.—Not many years ago, a man appeared in court, whether as plaintiff, defendant, or witness, tradition does not inform us. Be this as it

may, the following dialogue ensued:—  
Court—"What is your name, sir?"  
"My name is Knott Martin, your honor."  
"Well, what is it?" "It is Knott Martin."  
"Not Martin, again! We do not ask you what your name is *not*, but what it *is*. No contempt of court, sir."  
"If your honor will give me leave, I will spell my name." "Well, spell it."  
"K-n-o-t-t, Knott, M-a-r, Mar, t-i-n, tin—Knott Martin." "O, well, Mr. Martin, we see through it now; but it is one of the most *knotty* cases we have had before us for some time."

GOOD.—It was a judicious resolution of a father, as well as a most pleasing compliment to his wife, when, on being asked by a friend what he intended to do with his daughters, he replied: "I intend to apprentice them to their mother, that they may become like her—good wives, mothers, heads of families, and useful members of society."

A LEARNED CHARACTER.—"Give me 'Venice Preserved,'" said a gentleman, last week, on going to a celebrated bookseller's at the West-end. "We don't sell preserves," said an apprentice, newly-imported from the country; "but you will get them next door, at Mr. Brown's, the confectioner."

TEN TO ONE.—Strict attention to office hours is a duty incumbent upon every public officer. We heard of a case of an American consul, in a foreign country, who was not remarkable for his attention to duty. A gentleman, calling one day, found his office shut, and a label sticking upon the door, with these words: "In from ten to one." Having called again several times within those hours, without finding him, he wrote at the bottom of the label—"Ten to one he's not in."

## To the Black-ey'd and Blue-ey'd Friends of Robert Merry.

It is now about a twelvemonth since our acquaintance commenced; and I hope the feeling is such between us, that there is a mutual desire to continue it. I know that the young, the happy, and the gay-hearted, are apt to think that we old fellows are sour and sad—disposed to look with an evil eye upon childhood and its sports; and more ready to preach than practise charity.

I will not pretend to deny that, now and then, a person gets cross and crabbed as he grows old, and like cider too long kept, turns to vinegar: but this is not my case, or, if it be, my ill-humor never displays itself toward the young. They are to me the buds and blossoms of life, and their presence ever brings the welcome feelings that belong to sunshine and summer.

Old age has been often compared to winter—the close of the year; the season of desolation; the period of storms and tempests; the funeral-time of the vegetable world; the time when the leaves, the fruits, and the flowers are laid in their tomb, and covered over with a winding-sheet of snow. This is a sad picture at first view; and I believe many a child is led to avoid old people from the habit of regarding them in this light—from the idea that they are shrivelled, frost-bitten, bitter, and disagreeable.

Now, I will not deny that there is some resemblance between winter and old age: an old man has not the warm blood of youth; his pulses are, perhaps, like the river, chilled and obstructed by ice; his temper is sometimes capricious and gusty, like the winds of December; and his head, bald, or covered with a few silvery hairs, is like the oak, stripped of its covering, and having its boughs powdered with snow.



All this may be true enough; but it is not good reason why the old should be deserted by the young. I remember very well, that, when I was a boy, there was a fine old walnut-tree, upon a hill-side, not far from where I lived. Now, I never thought or cared about this tree, till the time when winter approached. Then, when the leaves were scattered, the nuts were all ripe, then it was that the tree became an object of interest to me. Then it was that I loved to visit it; to climb its limbs and give it a shake, and hear the fruit rattle down like hail. Never, in all my boyhood days, did I meet with anything more delightful than this!

And let me tell you, my black-ey'd and blue-ey'd friends, that this old walnut-tree was like many an old person you may meet with. You will remark that, in this case, it was when winter had come, or was near at hand, that the fruit was ripe, and ready for those who would climb up for it and gather it. And let me tell you, that old people, like this tree, have many a good nut to crack, many a good story to tell, to those who will climb up in the lap and ask for it.

This is my view of the matter; and I hope that young people, instead of running away from me, as a crusty, crabbed, one-legged old chap, will treat me as I did the old walnut-tree—give it a shake, and see if the nuts don't rattle down!

I am not fond of making great promises; but, as I am anxious to have my readers, who have set out on a journey with me, still keep me company—at least for one year more—I am ready to engage to do my best to please them. I shall, if I live, tell the rest of my own story, and bring the history of Brusque to a close. The tale of the Sable-Hunters, the travels of Thomas Trotter, the stories of the Indians, will be continued and completed; and a variety of other things are in store.

I can promise one thing more—and

that is, some tales from the pen of Peter Parley. That pleasant, kind-hearted old man is no more; but I knew him better than anybody else, and all his papers are in my hands. Among them are several tales, and I intend to publish them in my magazine. My young readers, perhaps, do not know how shabbily poor old Peter was treated. The fact was, that several people in this country, as well as in others, wrote stories, and put his name to them; thus pretending that they were actually his! Some of these were very silly, and some were very improper. This cut Peter to the heart, and it served greatly to shorten his days. I am sorry that, even now, people are palming off trumpery works of their own as Peter Parley's.

But the tales that I propose to give, are genuine; there is no mistake. They are by the same hand that wrote the tales about Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; and I hope they may be as acceptable as those were.

I return a thousand thanks to my many young friends, who have written me letters, whether of criticism, advice, or commendation. I am glad to know that so many of them like Bill Keeler: let them be assured his whole story will come out in due time. I shall be very glad to get the bear story, which L. S., of Vermont, offers to tell. The Indiana legend of the Wolf and the Wild-cat, is received, and will appear soon. Jane R—— will accept my thanks for—she knows what! If she were not so many hundred miles off, I should ask her to let me see whether she is a blue-eyed or black-eyed friend. The basket of chestnuts were duly received from Alice D——, and were very welcome. Ralph H—— will see that I have done as he requested; I have given a portrait of the fine gray squirrel he sent me, in this number. He is well, and as lively as ever.

ROBERT MERRY.

## WINTER — A SONG.

THE WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.

“ Tell me what does win - ter mean!” ’Tis a drea-ry change of scene—

When the meadow yields its bloom, And the blös - soms seek their tomb.

Win-ter is the time of storms, When the cloud in an - gry forms,

O'er the land in, ter - ror sweeps, And the sigh - ing for - est weeps.

’Tis the funeral time of flowers,  
Withered in their lovely bowers;  
While the zephyr sings in grief,  
O'er each shrivelled stem and leaf.  
’Tis the dreary time of snow,  
Falling chill on all below,  
As a winding-sheet it weaves  
O'er the graves of myriad leaves.

Winter is a time of tears,  
For the poor, in youth or years,—  
Where the storm drives keenly in,  
And the blanket’s brief and thin.  
Winter is the time of wreck,  
When the billow cleaves the deck,  
And the mariners go down  
Where the battling surges frown.

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